THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning

The Manikin Makers—By Samuel G. Blythe

Let the Del Monte experts do your canning

Come out of the hot kitchen

Save time, labor and expense-

You know what a hot, tedious job home canning is — you know how difficult it is to get perfect fruit of uniform ripeness and size — how much waste there is to it all — and how often, through no fault of yours, you are disappointed with results.

Then, instead of sweltering long hours over a scorching hot stove putting up your own fruits and vegetables, why not let the DEL MONTE specialists do your canning this year?

More than 60 years of experience in growing, harvesting and canning fruits and vegetables have equipped the DEL MONTE organization to save you all this trouble and annoyance, and bring you the choicest products from the world's finest orchards and gardens — ready to serve whenever you want them — without the least inconvenience — and at less expense than if you canned them yourself.

Right now in the 89 model DEL MONTE kitchens over a hundred delicious varieties are being "packed where they ripen the day they are picked" with all their natural fresh charm and delicacy, so that you may put summer freshness into your next winter's menus.

This is the service that DEL MONTE offers you through every good grocer in the land. Why not give your dealer an order now for the DEL MONTE varieties you want delivered next fall — and forget all the unnecessary, long, hot hours in the kitchen?

For many simple and economical ways to use fruit right now, in making cool, refreshing hot-weather dishes, send for a free copy of our new recipe book. Ask for publication No. 610.

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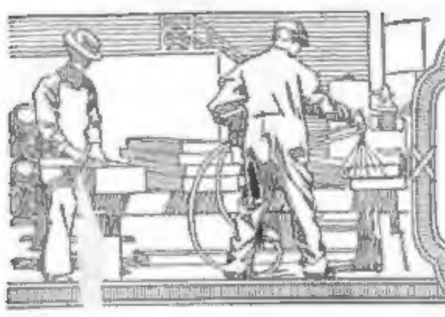
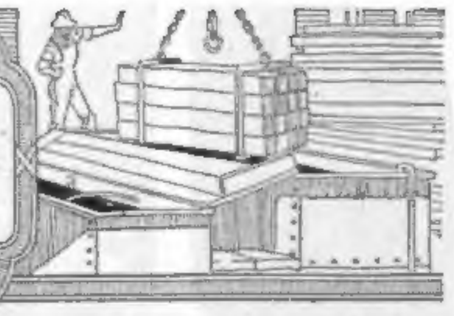


WOOD PRESERVATION

A timely talk of interest to all users of structural wood



PUBLISHED BY US EVERY FEW WEEKS IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

R. S. Kellogg, Secretary of the News Print Service Bureau, and Chairman of the National Forestry Program Committee, says:

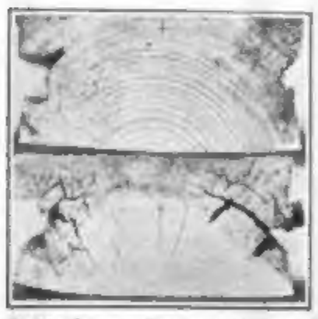
"The maintenance of an adequate and permanent timber supply is one of the most vital of our internal problems. Wood is a basic material which enters into countless articles of necessity, from the chairs in which we sit to the daily newspap which none of us can do without.

R. S. Kellogg

"The plan for national leadership and co-operation with the states and the forest industries to promote continuous forest production, embodied in the Snell bill (H. R. 129) and the McCormick bill (S. 1869) now before Congress, is the most practical forestry measure yet presented, and should be speedily enacted into law as part of the program for the economic independence of the United States.

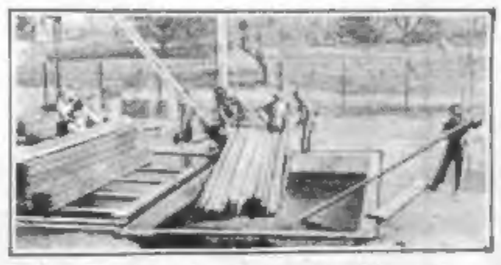
"Forest conservation means the wise handling of our forest resources from the growing of the tree crop to the final utilization of the product. In this, the selection of the right wood for each purpose and preservative treatment to lengthen its services play an important part."

The economy of wood preservation is not limited to the saving it accomplishes in the cost of labor and materials required for replacements and repairs to rotted wood construction.



Rotted specimens removed from roof-deck of textile mill weave shed after less than three years' service. There is no greater fire hazard than decayed timber. (Photograph courtesy of F. J. Hoxie)

Great though this direct saving is, the indirect saving may easily be greater, especially in the case of industrial buildings. Decay of structural lumber causes accidents to workmen, increases the fire hazard, and frequently necessitates "shut-downs" for repairs.



Left: Treating lumber by the Open Tank process in mill yard. Right: Insulating old weave shed roof with carbosoted lumber. After sweeping off slag, ⅞" treated sleepers were nailed on, over these ⅞" treated boards, leaving a ⅞" air space. On top of this a new roof covering was laid. (Photos courtesy of F. J. Hoxie)

Permanent, Insulated Roof-Decks

Probably no one in America is more familiar with the roof-deck problems of textile and other mills where excessive humidity exists than Mr. F. J. Hoxie, of Boston, Engineer of the Associated Factory Mutual Insurance Companies.

In a paper recently presented to the American Wood Preservers' Association, Mr. Hoxie suggested the novel method, shown in the above illustrations, of checking decay where it has already developed in the roof-decks of weave sheds. He said:

"A new use for treated boards and planks is developing for the heat insulation of roofs of cotton weaving mills and paper mills. The object is to stop the rot which is rapidly progressing in them, by keeping the temperature above the dew point of the air in the room below. Two such roofs were installed two years ago, in New England, and are giving good results, not only in stopping rot but in preventing sweating, which has been troublesome in cold weather."

For new mills, Mr. Hoxie has designed a type of roof-deck construction that is fully decay-resistant and at the same time should provide excellent insulation. The details are shown in the diagram.

Sply Barrett Specification Roof
2nds Creosoted plank
Inch dir space and 2 inch Strips
Inch Asbestos Lumber to form finished surface

A Remedy for Wet Process Plants

For textile mills, paper mills and other wet process plants where high humidity causes rapid decay, preservative treatment of lumber used for roof-decks, flooring, framing, and even the wood parts of manufacturing equipment, is an effective and money-saving practice.

Few untreated roof-decks, of the species of wood generally available, last longer than four years.

Proper preservative treatment makes wood a durable, economical structural material, even under most severe conditions of service. Carbosota can be applied effectively to structural lumber by the simple Open Tank process.

Tenfold Increase in Mine Timber Costs

In a recent issue of Coal Age it was stated that the cost of timbering in Pennsylvania bituminous mines had increased 1,252.1% during the five-year period from 1915 to 1920. During the same period the per ton cost of production increased 359%.

Plant for creosoting posts made of timber from cut-over land: two treating tanks of laminated lumber, metal-lined, with steel coils, derrick and second-hand storage tank

A careful survey made last summer indicates that over 50% of the present timbering cost in bituminous coal mines could be saved by the practice of wood preservation.

Preservative treatment with Carbosota, employed in the Open Tank process, is immediately available to practically every mine operator in the country.

A Suggestion for Railroads

A portable Open Tank carbosoting plant can be built on flat cars and moved about as required for creosoting fence posts, and structural lumber for which "pressure" treatment may not be available. Almost any species of wood that will hold nails makes serviceable fence posts when carbosoted. Many railroads have a practically limitless supply of post timber adjacent to the right-of-way, which could thus be utilized at small expense.

Small-town "stockyards," which are generally permitted to rot. Could be protected against decay, also made more durable and sanitary with Carbosota

Farm Implements

Wooden parts of farm implements, wagon bottoms, etc., are subject to quick decay. When repairing these parts many farmers paint the new wood with Carbosota to insure longer service. But how much better it would be if manufacturers of farm implements made the wooden parts "rot-proof" at the factory, by thorough treatment with Carbosota.

Farm Buildings

No building is better than its foundation. When sills, floor beams and stringers rot away, costly repairs are inevitable if the building is to be maintained in usable condition. Carbosoting avoids premature failures and repays the comparatively small cost of treating many times over.

Our nearest office will be pleased to furnish any needed information, also will send you our free bulletin, "Long Life for Wood," upon request.

Carbosoted implements are rot-resistant, also vermin and rodent repellent

Free Bulletins

Send to our nearest branch office for the free Bulletins:

Creosoted Poles are Economical	No. 406
Preserving Wood Roof-Decks with Carbosota	No. 408
Long Life for Mine Timbers	No. 409
How to make Farm Timbers Rot-Proof	No. 401
Long Life for Wood (a comprehensive booklet on wood preservation of value to all wood users)	No. 402

Barrett

Carbosota

Liquid Creosote Oil

For Preserving Wood

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Cherry Pie

—learn how to keep it from soaking the crust!

How can juice be kept in fruit pies?

This is just one of scores of cooking problems solved in "The Whys of Cooking," the cook book in which Janet M. Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School, tells the cookery secrets that have made her famous, and gives many of the choicest of her exclusive recipes. This book gives the practical cookery help that every housekeeper wants. Well bound. Illustrated in color. More than 100 pages. Every copy costs us 26c wholesale, but is sent to Crisco users for 10c in stamps. Not for sale elsewhere. Send for your copy now, to Section K-7, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

BAKE a juicy pie in a glass plate in a hot oven (with the heat coming from below) and it will have a dry, crisp crust. The glass heats quickly and bakes the lower crust before the juice can soak in. Reduce the heat to finish baking the pie.

There are remedies as simple as this for every one of your pastry troubles. Using Crisco for shortening will prevent many of them. Crisco helps to prevent tough pastry because it is the richest shortening and works into the dough with little handling. It prevents indigestible pastry because it is a healthful vegetable product. It prevents all greasy taste because it has neither taste nor odor; its delicacy permits the full flavor of the pie filling to prevail.

Make pie crust once with Crisco, according to the approved domestic science rules (see cook book offered to the left) and you never will go back to the old-fashioned methods. This modern cooking fat is different from anything you have used—unlike lard in origin and effect. Use it for all your cooking. See how much it improves everything that you make.

Get Crisco from your grocer, in sanitary dust-proof containers, holding one pound or more, net weight. It never is sold in bulk.

Crisco is also made and sold in Canada.

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For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making

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THE MANIKIN MAKERS

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Mr. Enderly Has the Honor to Inform Mrs. Simpson That the President of the United States Will Partake of Mrs. Simpson's Celebrated Hash This Morning"

CATO ENDERLY was having one of his corned-beef-hash breakfasts that Sunday morning, and he stumped out to the kitchen to talk to Maggie the cook about it—stumped because his knees were stiffening of late, and as he was a short and heavy man, almost squat, his movements lacked their earlier ease and vigor. Half a dozen doctors had told him he must restrict his diet or his knees would stiffen still more, but Enderly pushed them all aside. He said he preferred bad knees to bad food. So, on his progress to the kitchen, he stumped.

Maggie was at the range. There was a mingled and savory smell of browning hash, of hot biscuits, of coffee. Enderly stopped at the door, cocked his head sidewise at Maggie and sniffed. What the sniff discovered to his nostrils was alluring, so he filled his lungs with a long, luxurious inhalation of the delightful aromas, and as luxuriously exhaled them.

"Maggie," he asked, "how's the hash?"

"No better nor no worse than usual," Maggie answered, continuing her ministrations at the range.

"That's good enough," said Enderly, stirring no farther than the jamb of the door. "Good enough for anybody, but I thought I'd tell you that the President is coming this morning."

Maggie received this announcement unemotionally. She opened the oven door and looked critically at her biscuits, pushed the door shut with her foot, cast an appraising glance at the huge pan of hash, and put a pile of plates on the heater.

Enderly's shoulders shook with suppressed laughter as he waited at the door for comment. None came. Then assuming an exaggerated pose he announced orotundly: "Mr. Cato Enderly has the honor to inform Mrs. Margaret Simpson that the President of the United States will partake of Mrs. Margaret Simpson's widely known and justly celebrated hash this morning."

Maggie turned her head a little and said tartly, "I heard you the first time."

"Your manner led me to fear that you hadn't heard me."

"Presidents don't mean nothing to me. I've seen too many of them to get excited about this one."

"No doubt; but, my dear Maggie, you must admit that, in his way, a President is an important person."

"While he is he is."

Enderly appeared to ponder over this. "While he is he is," he repeated slowly. "You are pleased to be cryptic this morning, Maggie. Just what do you mean by that?"

Maggie faced about. Her broad face and her bared arms were reddened by the heat. She held a large spoon in one hand, and regarded Enderly militantly.

"I mean these Presidents is Presidents only while they are; that's what I mean. I've seen a kit and caboodle of them come in and go out, and being President don't change them none for me, nor for you neither. They're just the same kind of men in the White House they was out of it; and that ain't much, a good many times."

"Heavens, Maggie!" Enderly protested. "Your cynical view of chief executives shocks me."

"And," continued Maggie aggressively, "none of them is President forever. This one will be going out some day."

Enderly appeared to ponder that statement also. His face was grave, but his eyes twinkled.

"Quite true," he commented after his pause for consideration of this rejoinder. "Distressingly true in fact. I grasp your meaning precisely, but you astound me, Maggie. Indeed, you confound me. You stamp yourself as a practical politician, when I had no idea of your talents in that direction."

Maggie waved the big spoon at Enderly as if to dismiss him. "Get along with you," she commanded. "I haven't been cooking in this house for twenty years for nothing. I know a few things."

Enderly laughed. "Well, then," he said, "since my news that the President is coming to breakfast leaves you cold, I beg to inform you, further, that a couple of potential Presidents will be guests also. Does that impress you?"

Maggie Turned Her Head a Little and Said Tartly, "I Heard You the First Time"

"What kind of Presidents is them?"

"Why, possible Presidents—men who may be President, you know."

"Who?"

"Mr. Turnbull, for example; or Mr. Westacott ——"

"Oh, them! You're thinking of making one of them President, are you?"

"We are thinking of it, Maggie—we."

"We!" Maggie repeated with fine scorn. "We! You are thinking of it, you mean."

"Maggie, you flatter me. You overrate my poor powers in the matter."

"Huh," was Maggie's answer to this modesty.

She went back to the range and Enderly lingered at the door, watching her numerous and complicated operations.

"Well," he said after a considerable silence. "I'm going now. Have everything good, won't you?"

The oven door slammed a reply to this. Enderly waited, smiling and expectant.

Maggie rattled a pan or two, shifted the plates on the heater, stirred something with the spoon and then called over her shoulder: "I'll see that them po-ten—them Presidents you're hatching gets plenty to eat."

"But not ostentatiously, Maggie; not to the detriment of the other distinguished guests."

"I'll see they get plenty to eat!"—this with decision and emphasis.

Enderly started back as if astonished. "Why, Maggie, you amaze me!" he exclaimed. "You are the most practical sort of a practical politician."

"I had a good teacher," she said, and began some mysterious rite over the coffee.

Maggie's corned-beef hash was renowned. Men who had eaten it spoke of it reverently, and ranked an invitation to breakfast where it was served as one of the great gastronomic prizes of the capital. It was not merely hash, nor merely good hash; it was art. It was made of the choicest meat, corned by Maggie herself, and shredded to a silky fineness by her skillful hands. In it were combined exactly the right proportion of especially prepared potatoes, just the perfect savor of onion, which under Maggie's bestowal became a perfume as well as a savor; and it was cooked to a deep, gorgeous, reddish brown—a rich, shimmering, rubescent brown—and served in symmetrical mounds on great platters.

The aroma of it filled the room when it was brought in. The taste of it lingered on the palate. And with it came hot biscuits, not the minute, meager hot biscuits of some kitchens, but big, luscious, browned hot biscuits, with crust that was a poem and crumb that was a song. The fragrance of the biscuits made richer and more appetizing

the fascinating redolence of the hash. The coffee glowed and lustered in the china cups. There were battalions of poached eggs, each perched gallantly on its bit of thin crisp toast, although an epicure would scorn to profane this hash with an egg, and those who did forever had Maggie's contempt; and Maggie's own marmalade, not sirupy, boughten stuff, but honestly made of ripe oranges and with real sugar.

Maggie superintended the serving of the hash on these occasions. Enderly always introduced her ceremoniously to the newcomers, and she made them stiff curtsies, and listened to their praises calmly as if the highest encomium were her due. Presidents, senators, representatives, ambassadors, generals, cabinet ministers, authors, artists, great financiers, diplomatists, reporters, political bosses, preachers, editors, doctors, scientists, philosophers, professors, publicists and many others ate Maggie's hash, and there was not one of them who did not clamor for second and third helpings; not one who did not gorge himself with her biscuits, and lick his lips over her marmalade; not one who did not cast narcotic discretion to the winds and drink prodigiously of her coffee.

The guests began coming a few minutes before eleven o'clock, all intimate friends of Enderly's, of various Washington notability, but mostly associates of his in those two enterprises that walk hand in hand at the capital—politics and finance. It was a gathering that at the moment comprehended the Government of the United States, because some of the dozen or so men who were there to eat hash were the leaders and directors of the dominant party, and thus in control of the governmental machinery, and others of them were silent, powerful and contributing partners in that enterprise.

Senator Henry M. Hollister was most conspicuous among them, a man so broad and thick that he seemed shorter by inches than the seventy-four he measured, with a great voice that began its rumblings in the cavern of a mighty chest. He joked a slight gray wisp of a man, booming jests at him about some recent display of the little man's secretiveness and silence, and lecturing on him to the party as the greatest gumshoe artist in the world.

The little man was Senator Lemuel Pondevero, and the two, and Senator Cato Enderly, the host, were the three great party leaders of the time.

Hollister's laughing tirade was interrupted by several heavy thumps on the front door.

"There's Jim now," said Enderly, "trying to beat his way in to the hash with the door knocker. I'll go," he told a maid he intercepted in the hallway, and he opened the door.

"Hello, Cato," said the President. "How are you, and how is everybody, including Maggie?"

"Everybody's fine," Enderly replied. "Glad to see you, Jim. Breakfast is ready."

"Good; so am I, for I walked over." He dropped his hat on a table, and shucked off his overcoat and exclaimed: "I'm ravenous! Nothing but some profitless conversation has passed my lips this morning."

"What did you do with the secret-service boys?"

"Told them to come back at two o'clock. Lord, but I'm glad to get away from my keepers for a little. I feel like the chief inmate of some sort of institution over there. Who's here?"

"Hollister, Westacott, Pondevero, Turnbull, Elliott, Cornwall, Hibbs—all our crowd."

"Bully! Not a discordant note shall mar our hash. Where are they?"

"In here," said Enderly, leading the way to the living room.

The President followed him, a lithe active figure of a man, rather under middle height, but well set-up and with good shoulders. He wore a sack suit of gray that was excellently tailored, and his tie and linen and boots were impeccable. He was clean shaven, with a broad forehead, blue eyes wide apart that showed engaging wrinkles at the corners of them, a straight nose, full lips that smiled easily, and a squarish chin that stood guard below the easy smile as if to warn people who assumed indulgent good nature that the smile might be subject to reservations at times.

"Good morning, everybody," he said.

"Good morning, Mister President," chorused the guests, save Hollister, who emitted a deep bass "Mornin', Jim."

They came forward and shook hands, and he called them by their first names with a hearty "Hello, Bill" here and a cordial "How are you, Charley" there, until he had greeted them all. Hollister was the last. He lumbered up and put out a huge hairy hand.

"Hank," said the President, "I am glad to see you. I am always glad to see my pet and favorite pirate. Wicked as ever, I suppose?"

"Worse," Hollister answered. "My only regret is that the catalogue of crimes I can commit for the organization is so limited in scope."

"Fee, fi, fo, fum!" cried the President. "What a terrible and delightful person you are. All right, Cato," he called to Enderly. "Lead us to the hash."

They went into the big sunny dining room, where a round table was in readiness for them, a round and utilitarian table, with no decorations save dishes of golden marmalade and china and silver—a table adequately and excellently set forth for the breakfast purposes of hungry men, with no gewgaws whatsoever.

Enderly took a chair, asked the President to sit on his right, told the others "Scatter yourselves wherever you like, boys," and put out his hand to touch a bell.

"This World is Full of Trouble, and I've Had More Than My Share With Lon Thane. I Wish He Was in—in—Kamchatka"

"Wait a minute, Cato," said the President. "As I understand it, any person who attempts to talk politics or patronage ——"

"What's the difference?" asked Hollister.

"None whatever in the apprehension of the Honorable Henry Mansfield Hollister, as a long and painful experience in trying to find jobs enough for his constituents to satisfy his clamor has taught me," the President answered; "and trusting that I shall not be further interrupted I repeat: As I understand it any person here who attempts to talk politics will be deprived of his hash, denied his coffee and cast incontinently from the room. Am I right?"

"You are," Enderly replied, "with this amendment: As host I reserve the right to introduce a little politics later in the morning."

"Oh, Cato!" protested the President.

"Only five minutes, Jim, and not until the very end."

"All right," said the President. "With that exception politics is adjourned until to-morrow. Ring the bell."

The bell tinkled. The door opened and Maggie entered, immaculate in a gingham dress, followed by two serving maids carrying great platters, and by another with an enormous coffeepot of burnished copper.

Everybody rose. The President stepped away from the table, bowed and said: "Good morning, Maggie. I am glad to have the privilege of eating your hash once more."

Maggie advanced serenely, made a curtsy, and the two shook hands. "I hope you will enjoy it, Mister President," she said.

"No fear that I shan't. I wish I could get you over to the White House to cook ——"

"Here, here!" interrupted Enderly. "You stop that, Jim. Even if you are President you can't come over here and try to steal my cook."

"I am very well satisfied where I am, thank you, sir," said Maggie with an air that showed that Presidents did, indeed, mean little to her.

"That's the talk, Maggie!" applauded Enderly; and turning to the President he continued: "You see, Jim, there's at least one person in Washington who doesn't give a hoot for White House recognition."

"That makes me doubly glad to see her. Shake hands again, Maggie. I congratulate you both on your loyalty and your perspicacity."

Maggie gravely shook hands with him again, and greeted the others, all of whom had eaten her hash at other breakfasts. Each had a pleasantry for her. Then the plates were filled, the coffee poured and the biscuits began to move. Maggie passed back and forth between the table and the range, and there was much intimate talk as the meal progressed, for this was no haphazard gathering of breakfast guests.

These men were close personal and political friends, who had fought the battles of their party together for years. Every person there had done his sufficient and skillful share towards nominating and electing the President who sat with them. He had played the game with them back yonder when the chance that he might some day be President was remote, and he was merely a soldier in the party ranks.

Formally and publicly and officially they accorded the President every deference due his high position, defended him, upheld him, and were most dignified and respectful in their attitude towards him. Then he was their party leader and their President. Here they were old, close, tried friends eating hash together, and they joked him and joshed him and were on the former familiar terms with him, as he was with them.

II

AFTER the President had finished his second plate of hash, and while he was embellishing a biscuit with marmalade he said, "Van Aucken was in to see me this morning."

"Why didn't you bring him along?" asked Enderly.

"I thought of that, but decided not to. He isn't fit company for a cheerful gathering like this in his present state of mind."

"What's the matter with him?"

"The report of the administrators of the estate of old Tim Pollock was printed in the morning papers and Van is howling his head off over it."

"What difference does that make to Van?" asked Hollister.

The President put some cream and sugar in his third cup of coffee, and stirred it for a moment. Then he laughed and said: "You'll have to hear Van tell it to get all the fine nuances of the tale, but if you like I'll repeat it as well as I can as he told it to me."

Enderly rapped on the table. "Jim's going to tell a story about Van Aucken," he called, and after a few final rattles of spoons in cups and forks on plates there was silence. The President leaned back in his chair, smiling over the recollection of his conversation with his visitor.

"Van telephoned up this morning from his hotel," he began, "saying that he wanted to see me, and I told him to come on up. He burst in on me about half past ten, red faced, waving a newspaper and almost inarticulate. He rushed over to me, shoved the paper in front of me and demanded: 'Did you see this, Jim? Did you see it? Did you see what it says here about that triple-plated, five-X, horse-faced old Pharisee, Tim Pollock?' Inasmuch as it is Sunday morning I'll omit Van's profanity, but it was eloquent and copious.

"'Why, no, Van,' I told him. 'I haven't seen anything much about Pollock since he died. What is it?'

"'What is it?' he shouted. 'What is it? Oh, mother of Moses, don't sit there and ask fool questions. Why, the dad-bingled old faker was double-crossing me all the time.'

"'I don't understand you, Van,' I said. 'All what time?'

"'All every time!' he raged. 'All my time and your time and his time.'

"'Well, that was his custom. What of it?'

"'What—of—it?' he repeated, glaring at me with mingled astonishment and fury. 'That's a hell of a question for you to be asking.'

"'But I am asking it,' I said. 'What of it?'

"Van tore about the room. 'What of it?' he shrieked. 'What of it? Oh, holy suffering mackerel! Wait till I get back home. I'll desecrate his grave!'

"'Now, Van,' I insisted, taking him by the shoulders and shoving him into a chair, 'you sit down there and calm yourself and tell me what all this row is about.'

"He wriggled and ramped in his chair, but I kept him in it, snorting, choking, furious. Finally I got him under control, and this, barring a line of the most devastating objurgation I ever heard, is what he told me: 'You know that Palladium newspaper, Jim—that sanctimonious,

holier-than-thou sheet that has been riding me for years and years back home; that never could support me because I am an organization politician; that always faked up some uplift reason for opposing me, and you too, a good many times; that that pie-faced Maxwell is the editor of, and that is always reforming something except when it has an ax of its own to grind.

"'Well, I've fought my fights out there mostly with the big handicap of the Palladium against me, for it is a great power in our state, that newspaper is; but a couple of years ago, when I wanted to run for senator—and had a cinch to win, too, if the Palladium would lay off me, and no chance at all if the Palladium opposed me—I figured that if I could coax old Tim Pollock to go to Maxwell for me and get him to lay off I could put it over. The Palladium was pretty consistently friendly to old Tim, and he was the big political power in our state. Now and then it took an editorial fall out of Tim, but not often, and not on things that affected any of Tim's personal political ambitions or plans; mostly when he was merely standing on the side lines, and never when he was in a fight himself. I figured that Tim might help me, because I had heard he had some inside influence with Maxwell, the editor.

"'So one morning a few months after his wife had died I called Tim up and told him I wanted to talk to him. He asked me to come up right away. He said he was going to walk out to the cemetery to lay a few flowers on the grave of his departed wife, and I could walk along with him and we could talk things over. So I got a big bunch of flowers, too, that set me back fifteen dollars, and we walked out to the cemetery, me toting that bouquet like a hired mourner, and I told him what I had in mind. Old Tim was sympathetic. He agreed that I deserved the place and that I had a fine chance to win if the Palladium would support me, and he said he would see what he could do about it. And we got a cab back, and I paid the fare.

"'A week or so later I called him up to see what he was doing. He told me he was just starting out to the cemetery to lay a few flowers on the grave of his dear dead wife, and would I come up and go along and we could talk as we walked. I got another bunch of flowers—twenty dollars' worth this time—and we walked out to the cemetery. Old Tim did most of the talking, and what he talked about was the freedom of the press, and the difficulty of controlling it, which, he said, was great because the press is the tribune of the people, and a whole lot of damned rot like that.

"'When we got to the grave we laid our floral tributes thereon, and standing there old Tim put his arm around me and said: "Frank, I'm sorry, but there doesn't seem to be a thing I can do. I'd do anything in the world for you. You know it, and my dear dead wife, at whose grave we stand, knows it, but I am powerless. I find I have no influence with the Palladium. It is opposed to you and I can't swing it. I have tried my best. I regret that I cannot be of this service to such an old and valued friend. I am pained and grieved and disconsolate over the ill fortune that has attended my efforts." He shed a few tears. It was an affecting scene, there in the cemetery, with my twenty dollars' worth of flowers reposing on the greensward of the grave of the dear dead wife, and a cab fare to pay. He advised me to forget about the senatorship—not to run—to retire in favor of Estabrook, which advice he felt would be concurred in by his dear dead wife, who was also so fond of me and considered me one of her boys. Perhaps later, but not now. Nothing could be done at the time.

"'Of course I knew that Estabrook was old Tim's lobby-gow and belonged to him politically, body and soul, but I had done a lot for the old fraud, too, and helped him in most of his fights. It would take a harder fight than I could finance to win, with the Palladium against me. In fact, I didn't think I could win, finance or no finance, because the folks in our party out in my state consider that paper their political Bible, and I quit, which was the rational thing to do. It was our year to win. Estabrook cantered in and Estabrook is senator now when I should be, and would be if old Tim Pollock had been on the level.'

"'Wasn't he on the level?' I asked him.

"Van jumped up from his chair and slammed the paper down on my desk. 'On the level!' he shrieked. 'On the level! Read that!' I looked at the paper and this is what I read: 'The report of the administrators of the estate of the late Hon. Timothy Pollock shows that Mr. Pollock owned sixty per cent of the capital stock of the Daily Palladium for many years and exercised an absolute, although secret, control of that paper in every way.'"

They all laughed over the President's recital of Van Aucken's woes, for they knew Van Aucken and had known Pollock. Westacott recalled an incident in the career of the dead politician, and Turnbull another, and the talk became reminiscent of the days when they were privates and corporals in party politics instead of colonels and generals, and clerks and managers in finance instead of magnates thereof. All men of middle age, or past, they sought laughter and found it in the recital of the doings of youth, and told old stories and sang old songs as men at or beyond the meridian of life do when they come companionably together. Most of them began their relation with "Do you remember the time ——" They all remembered, but clamored, nevertheless, for the narration, and welcomed it with joyous shouts. With youth far behind them they quested for it through the avenues of happy recollection.

If any one of them had told a story or done a recitation or sung a song particularly well in the old days, that was the story, the recitation or the song that was demanded, no matter how familiar it was to them. They put Cornwell up on a chair and gave him their glad applause while he did the side-show lecture that began "Well, well, good people, here we are again," and continued through a grandiloquent cataloguing of the marvels within the tent, including the boneless wonder, the Assyrian snake charmer, the ravishing Albino, the liberally educated pig, the ample but charming young lady who weighed half a ton, the human skeleton, the eight-foot giant, the incredible pygmy and the wild man from Borneo, all to be seen for the small sum of one dime—children half price—get your tickets here.

The President and Enderly did the Sagwa lecture which they used to hear as boys when the Kickapoo Indian Medicine Company came to town, and then there were calls for Hollister.

"The Johnstown Flood, Hank!" they cried. "Give us the Johnstown Flood."

Hollister rose, shoved back his chair, shot his cuffs, lecturer-wise, drew his hand across his brow, assumed an

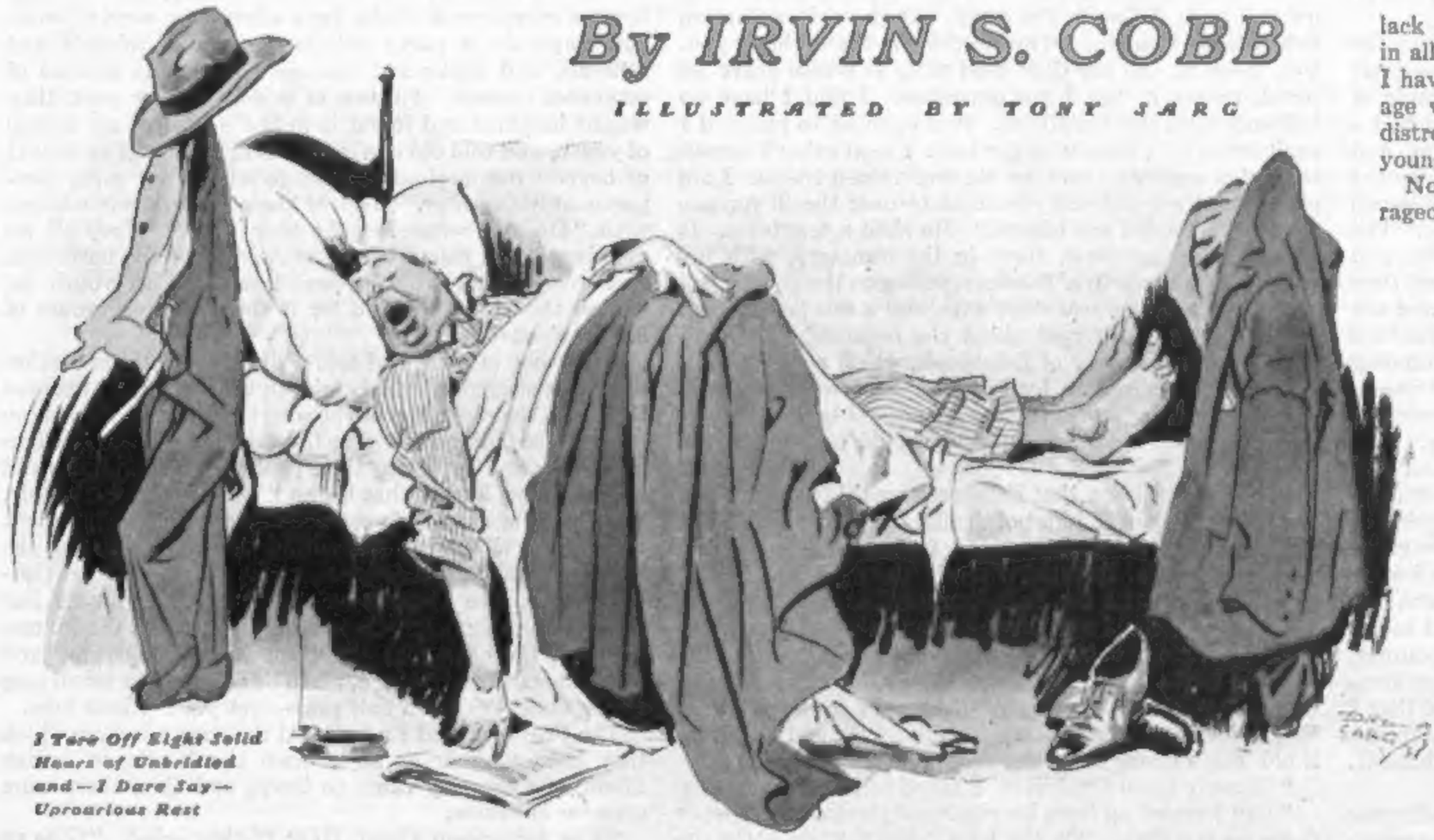
(Continued on Page 34)

The President Said, "Good Morning, Maggie. I am Glad to Have the Privilege of Eating Your Hash Once More"

ONE-THIRD OFF

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



I Tore Off Eight Solid Hours of Unbridled and—I Dare Say—Uproarious Rest

WELL, as I was saying last week, I made up my mind, having tried violent exercise in the gymnasium, coupled with violent language in the steam room, and having found neither or both had been of the least avail in trimming down my proportions, but on the contrary had augmented them to the extent of nearly ten pounds, live weight, that I would let well enough alone. If 'twere my ordained fate to be fat—why, then so be it; I'd be fatly fatalistic and go on through life undulating and rippling. If an all-wise Providence meant to call me to the estate of being the bulkiest writing man using the English language for a vehicle, then let Hilaire Belloc look to his laurels and Gilbert K. Chesterton to his upholsterings. There was one consolation: Thank heavens the championship would remain in America!

The years go marching by in ordered processional. A great war bursts and for a space endures. In our own land prohibition is nationally enacted and woman's suffrage comes to be, and Irving Berlin, reading the signs of the times, decides to write The Blue Laws Blues. Fashions of thought change; other fashions, also. A girl who was born without hips or eyebrows and who in childhood was regarded as a freak, now finds herself, at the age of eighteen, exactly in the mode, thus proving that all things come to those who wait. Czecho-Slovakia is discovered. The American forces spend three days taking Château-Thierry and three years trying to learn to pronounce it.

The Chimes of Old Cinchona

IRELAND undertakes to settle her ancient problem on the basis of self-extermination. Several rich retail profiteers die, the approval being hearty and general, and on arriving at heaven experience great difficulty in passing through the Needle's Eye, or tradesmen's entrance. General Pershing returns from the battlefields of Europe universally acclaimed a model of military efficiency and wearing so many medals that alongside him John Philip Sousa, by contrast, looks absolutely nude. His friends project him into the political arena and the result is summed in a phrase—"Lafayette, he ain't there!" Unavailing efforts are made by a rebellious and unreconciled minority to find a presidential candidate willing to run on a platform of but four planks, namely: Wines, ales, liquors and cigars. Harding wins, Cox also ran; slogan: "He Kept Us Out of McAdoo." Manhattan Island, from whence the rest of the country derives its panics, its jazz tremblors and its girl shows, develops a severe sinking sensation in the pit of its financial stomach, accompanied by acute darting pains at the juncture of Broad and Wall. This is the way Thomas Carlyle used to start off a new chapter, and I like it. It denotes erudition. Ziegfeld builds a new Follies show around twelve pairs of winsome knee joints. North Dakota blows down the Nonpartisan League and discovers the darned thing was loaded in both barrels. The Prussians are pained to note that for some reason or other a number of people seem to harbor a grudge against them. Nine thousand Kentucky mint patches are plowed under and the sites sown with rosemary; that's for remembrance. In New York plans are undertaken for construing the Eighteenth Amendment along the lines of the selective draft, upon the theory that booze is a bad thing for some people and much too good for many of the others. The word "intrigued" creeps into our language and becomes common property, but the fiction writers saw it first. A business men's cabinet, composed almost exclusively of politicians, succeeds a business men's cabinet composed almost exclusively of politicians. In order to hurry along the payment of Installment One of the Indemnity France whistles up the reserves and that chore is chored. Pessimists, including many of the old-line Democrats, practically all the maltsters, and Aunt Emma Goldman, are filled with a dismal conviction that creation has gone plum' to perdition in a hand basket. Those more optimistically inclined look upon the brighter side of things and distill consolation from the thought that nothing is so bad but what it might have been worse—Trotzky might have been born twins. Great Britain has her post-war industrial crisis, Serial Number 24. The Sinn Fein enlarges the British national anthem to read God Save the King Till We Can Get at Him! By a strict party party Congress decides the share in the victory achieved by the A. E. F. was overwhelmingly Republican, but that the airship program went heavily Democratic. Popular distrust of home-brew recipes assumes a nation-wide phase. This brings us up to the early spring of this year of grace, 1921, which is what I have been aiming for all through this paragraph.

Quite without warning, I discovered along about the first of March that something ailed me; something was rocking the boat. About my heart there was a sense of pressure, so it seemed to me, or else my imagination was at fault. Mentally, I found myself—well, for lack of a better word to express it—logy. Otherwise, in all physical regards, I felt as brisk and peart as ever I have, despite the circumstance of having reached the age when a great many of us are confronted by the distressing discovery that we are rapidly getting no younger.

Now when a man who has always enjoyed such outrageously perfect health as it has been my good fortune to enjoy takes note that certain nagging manifestations are persisting within him it is his duty, or at least it should be his duty, to try to find out the underlying cause of whatever it is that distresses him and correct the trouble before it becomes chronic. I did not get frightened—I trust I am not a self-alarmist—but I did get worried. I made up my mind that I would not wait, as those who approach middle age so often do, for the medical examiner of an insurance company to scare me into sudden conniption fits. But I also made up my mind that I would find out what radically was wrong with me, if anything, and endeavor to master it while the mastering was good.

This, though, was after I had harked back to the days of my adolescence. I was born down on the northern edge of the southern range of the North American malaria belt; and when I was growing up, if one seemed intellectually torpid or became filled with an overpowering bodily languor, the indisposition always was diagnosed offhand as a touch of malaria. Accordingly, the victim, taking his own advice or another's, jolted his liver with calomel until the poor thing flinched every time a strange pill approached it, and then he rounded out the course of treatment with all the quinine the traffic would stand. Recalling these early campaigns, I borrowed of their strategy for use against my present symptoms—if symptoms they were. I took quinine until my ears rang so that persons passing me on the public highway would halt to listen to the chimes. My head was filled with mysterious muffled rumblings. It was like living in a haunted house and being one at the same time.

Breaking it Gently to the Doctors

IT REQUIRED all of two weeks of experimenting with my interior to convince me that whatever it might be that annoyed me, it surely was not a thing which an intensive bombardment of the liver would cure. I had the aversion to seeking professional guidance for the curing of a presumably minor disorder that most robust male adults have. In personal tribute I may add that I have never been hypochondriac in any possible respect. However, toward the end of those three weeks I formed the decision that I would go to see a doctor or so. But I would sneak up on these gentlemen, so to speak. I would call upon them in the rôle of a friend rather than avowedly as a prospective

To Observe Mr. Bryan Breakfasting on the Morning When a National Democratic Convention is in Session is a Sight Worth Seeing

patient, and take them into my confidence, as it were, by degrees. Somewhere in the back part of my brain I nursed a persistent fear that my complaints might be diagnosed as symptoms of that incurable malady known as being forty-four years old, going on forty-five. And I knew that much already without paying a physician fifteen dollars for telling me so the first time and five dollars for each time he told it to me all over again.

Rather shamefacedly, with a well-simulated air of casualness, I dropped in upon a physician who is a friend of mine and in whose judgment I have confidence; and then, after a two-day interval, I went to see a second physician of my acquaintance who, I believe, also thoroughly knows his trade. With both men I followed the same tactics—roundabout chatting on the topic of this or that, and finally an honest confession as to the real purpose of my visit. In both instances the results were practically identical. Each man manifested an almost morbid curiosity touching on my personal habits and bodily idiosyncrasies. Each asked me a lot of questions. Each went at me with X-ray machines and blood tests and chemical analysissies—if there isn't any such word I claim there should be—until my being was practically an open book to him and I had no secrets left at all. And the upshot of all this was that each of them told me that though organically I was as sound as a nut—in fact much sounder than some of the nuts they knew professionally—I was carrying an overload of avoirdupois about with me. In other words, I was too fat for my own good. I was eating too much sweet stuff and entirely too much starch—especially starch. They agreed on this point emphatically. As well as I could gather, I was subjecting my interior to that highly shellacked gloss which is peculiar to the bosom of the old-fashioned full-dress or burying shirt upon its return from the steam laundry, when what my system really called for was the dull domestic finish.

What to See in Lincoln

"WELL, doc," I said upon hearing this for the second time in language which already had a familiar sound—"well, all that you say being true, what then?"

"For one thing, more exercise."

"But I take plenty of exercise now."

"For example, what?"

"For example, golf."

"How often do you play golf?"

"Well, not so very often, as the real golf bug or caddie's worm would measure the thing—say, on an average of once a week in the golfing season. But I take so many swings at the ball before hitting it that I figure I get more exercise out of the game than do those who play oftener but take only about one wallop at the pill in driving off. And when I drive into the deep grass, as is my wont, my work with the niblick would make you think of somebody bailing out a sinking boat. My bunker exercises are frequently what you might call violent. And in the fall of the year I do a lot of tramping about in the woods with a gun. I might add that on a hunting trip I can walk many a skinny person into a state of total exhaustion." I stated this last pridefully.

"All right for that, then," he said. "We'll concede that you get an abundance of exercise. Then there is another thing you should do, and of the two this is by far the more essential—you should go on a diet."

Right there I turned mentally rebellious. I wanted to reduce my bulk, but I did not want to reduce my provender. I offered counter-arguments in defense. I pointed out that for perhaps five years past my weight practically had been stationary. Also I called attention to the fact that I no longer ate so heavily as once I had. Not that I wished actually to decry my appetite. It had been a good friend to me and not for worlds would I slander it. I have a sincere conviction that age cannot wither nor custom stale my infinite gastric juices. Never, I trust, will there come a time when I shan't relish my victuals or when I'll feel disinclined to chase the last fugitive bite around and around the plate until I overtake it. But I presented the claim, which was quite true, that I was not the consumer, measured by volume, I once had been. Perhaps my freighterage spaces, with passing years, had grown less expansive or less accommodating.

Likewise, I invited his consideration of the fact, which was not to be gainsaid, either, that many men very much less elaborated than I in girth customarily ate very much more than I did. I recalled, offhand, sundry conspicuous examples of this sort. I believe I mentioned one or two such. For instance, now, there was Mr. William Jennings Bryan. The Bryan appetite, as I remarked to the doctor, is one of the chief landmarks of Mr. Bryan's home city of Lincoln, Nebraska. They always take the sight-seeing tourists around to have a look at it the first thing.

To observe Mr. Bryan breakfasting on the morning when a national Democratic convention is in session is a sight worth seeing. A double order of cantaloupes on the half shell, a derby hat full of oatmeal, a rosary of sausages, and about as many flapjacks as would be required to tessellate the floor of a fair-sized reception hall is nothing at all for him. And when he has concluded his meal he gets briskly up and strolls around to the convention hall and makes a better speech and a longer one and a louder one than anybody. Naturally, time, the insatiable remodeler, has worked some outward changes in Mr. Bryan since the brave old days of the cross of gold. His hair, chafed by the constant pressure of the halo, has retreated up and ever up his scalp until the forehead extends clear over and down upon the sunset slope. The little fine wrinkles are thickly smocked at the corners of the eagle eyes that flashed so fiercely at the cringing plutocrats.

But his bearing is just as graceful and his voice just as silvery and as strong as when in '96 he advocated free silver to save the race, or when he advocated anti-expansion in the Philippines, or government ownership of the railroads, or a policy of nonpreparedness for war when Germany first began acting up—and I, for one, have no doubt that Mr. Bryan will be just as supple, mentally and physically, three years hence when, if he runs true to form, he will be advocating yet another of that series of those immemorial Jeffersonian principles of the fathers, which he thinks up, to order, right out of his own head, when a campaign impends. Mr. Bryan knows how to play his political cards—none better; but he certainly does have a large discard. That, however, is aside from the main issue.

The point I sought to bring out there in the office of my friend Doctor So-and-so was that Mr. Bryan, to my knowledge, ate what he craved and all that he craved, yet did not become obese. When the occasion demanded he could be amply bellicose, but the accent was not upon the first two syllables. I cited similar cases further to buttress my position. I told him that almost the skinniest human being I ever knew had been one of the largest eaters. I was speaking now of John Wesley Bass, the champion raw-egg eater of Massac Precinct, whose triumphant career knew not pause or discomfiture until one day at the McCracken County fair when suddenly tragedy dire impended.

I Tell You That What Ails You Is This: You are Now Registering the Preliminary Warnings of Obesity

The Champion's Narrow Escape

HE DID not overextend himself in the gustatory line—that to one of John Wesley Bass' natural gifts and attainments well-nigh would have been impossible; but he betrayed a lack of caution when, having broken his former record by eating thirty-six raw eggs at a sitting, he climbed upon a steam merry-go-round, shortly thereafter falling off the spotted wooden giraffe which he rode, and being removed to the city hospital in an unconscious condition. That night later, when the crisis had passed, the doctors said that as nearly as they could figure out a case so unusual, Mr. Bass had had a very close call from being just naturally scrambled to death. I spoke at length of my former fellow townsman's powers, dwelling heavily upon the fact that, despite all, he never thickened up at the waistline. Throughout the narrative, however, the doctor punctuated my periods with derisive snorts which were disconcerting to an orderly presentation of the facts. Nevertheless, I continued until I had reached what I regarded as a telling climax.

"Piffle!" he rejoined. "One hoarse raucous piffle and three sharp decisive piffs for your arguments! I tell you that what ails you is this: You are now registering the preliminary warnings of obesity. The danger is not actually here yet; but for you Nature already has set the danger signals. There's a red light on the switch for one

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SOFT CRAWS

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

I HAVE just discovered through a local fisherman by the name of Dab Pringle that a soft craw is a crawfish which has lost its shell and has not yet grown a new one.

"You get 'em under rocks in the crick," Dab informed me. "When craws are sheddin', a bass won't never look at nothin' else."

A mournful curiosity had prompted me to seek out Dab. The knowledge I acquired from him comes too late. I give it space because it bears somewhat on the facts I am about to disclose.

I had not seen Henry Beasly for a number of years. His occasional letters were always posted from some out-of-the-way place—Sardnahunk Lake, Maine; Long Key Fishing Camp, Florida; Catalina Island, California. Each letter contained news of the fishing in the waters where he happened at that time to be casting his lure.

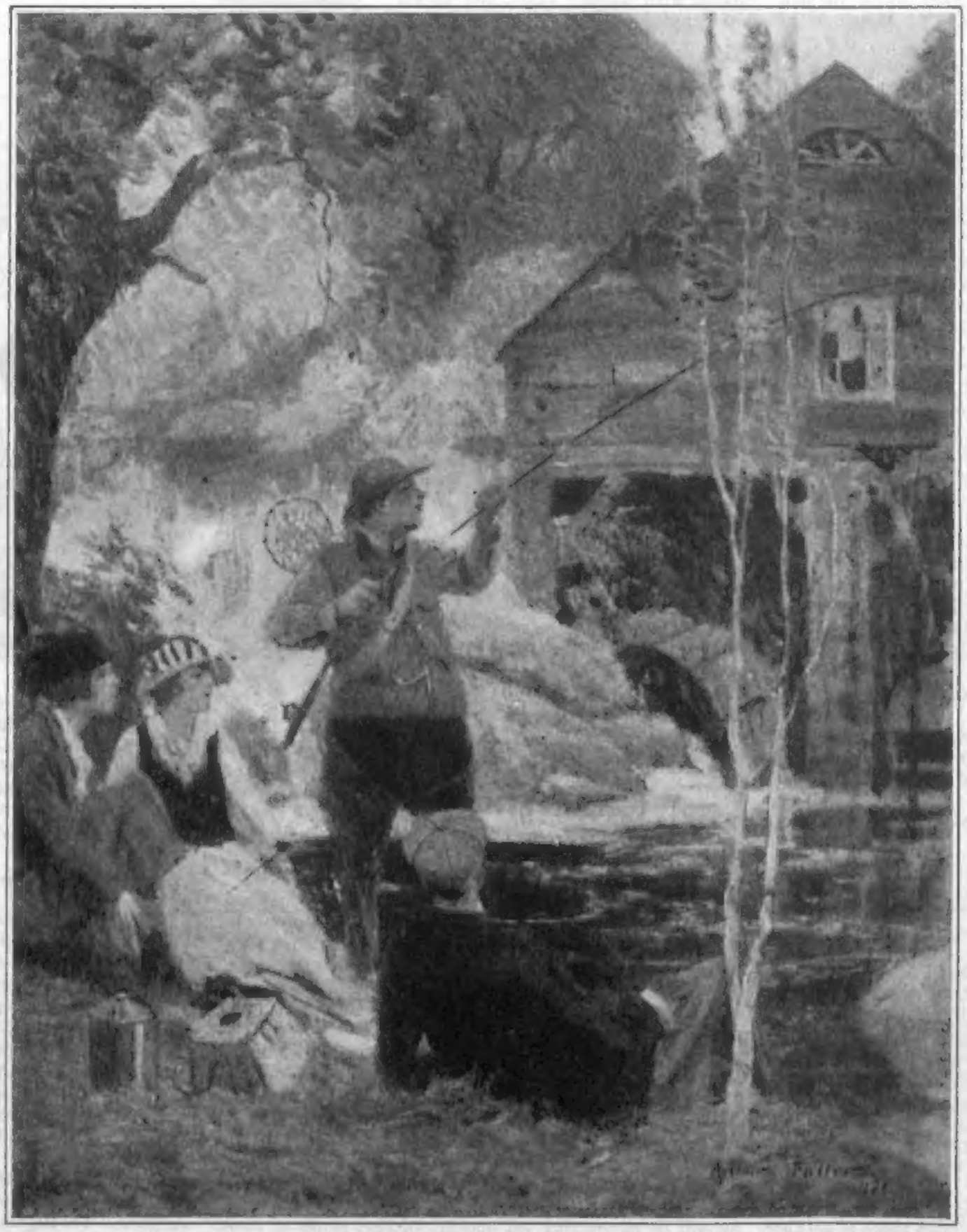
"Took nine rainbows, all over a pound, to-day," I would read aloud to Gertrude. Or: "No tuna here this season. Yellowtail and albacore fairly plentiful."

Gertrude sniffed audibly at such bits of information in Henry's letters. "Imagine a man spending his life yanking silly little fish out of silly little brooks!" she would exclaim. "Does he ever do anything useful?"

Although personally I cannot see how a man can devote himself to fishing when he might be playing golf, I always defended Henry warmly.

"I don't know what he does. I haven't seen him since we graduated," I would remind Gertrude. "I know one thing about him, though—he isn't trying to psychoanalyze the fish or teach them rhythmic dancing."

"You're referring to Madge, of course," Gertrude would say icily. "I don't care to compare anything as fine as Madge with your Henry Beasly. It would be too grotesque."



Henry Waded Out From the Bank, Raised His Rod, Flourished It a Few Times and Cast. It Was a Great Moment

Madge had been Gertrude's dearest friend at college. I had never met her, but I felt that my strong antipathy toward her was entirely justified. To begin with, she taught control of mind and body in an ultra-modern school for girls. This rather suggested bobbed hair, horn spectacles and mouth-breathing.

Then, she had never married. Gertrude's explanation was extraordinary.

"Madge has an unfortunate sense of humor," she told me. "She gets along splendidly with a man until he falls in love with her. After that he's sure to do something that strikes her as ridiculous and she simply shrieks. That settles it. No man can stand being laughed at. It's a great pity," she sighed regretfully. "She's getting on."

Though this did not fit my conception of Madge it was not at all to her credit. A man in love is the victim of a delusion. He is a mental sufferer, an afflicted person. Why laugh? My secret dislike of Madge increased. If she wasn't a pill she was certainly a heartless female.

I did not confide this belief to Gertrude. As a matter of fact I never referred to Madge in any way, unless driven to it by an uncalled-for attack on Henry. It was outrageous that Gertrude should criticize Henry, when she had never met him. I pointed this out to her. She retorted by asking me why, never having so much as laid eyes on Madge, I positively hated her. It is impossible to argue with a woman.

Gertrude's attitude toward Henry being what it was, a telegram I received from him one morning caused me some uneasiness. He would start east from California in two weeks, he informed me, and would like to stop off for a visit with us.

I took the telegram to Gertrude and laid it before her. She read it and became unaccountably thoughtful. I was about to tell her that her silence was a positive insult to my old friend, when she spoke.

"I wonder what sort of an income he has?" she asked thoughtfully. "It must be fairly good," she went on, "or he couldn't fly about the country the way he does." Suddenly she brightened and looked up at me. "Wire him we'll be delighted, of course," she ordered briskly. And—"Wait! I want you to send a wire for me at the same time."

She went to her desk, scribbled for a moment and handed me the following day letter:

Dearest Madge: Promised visit to us cannot be postponed longer if you still care the tiniest bit for me. Will you come week after next for an indefinite stay? Will never forgive you if you refuse. GERTRUDE.

I read this and departed in silence for the telegraph office. Evidently Gertrude proposed to mitigate the fancied horror of Henry's visit by the presence of her beloved Madge. Very well, I thought, dear old Hen and I would be sufficient company for each other. We could spend the greater part of the time at the country club. Despite his fishing I had no doubt Hen shot a respectable game of golf.

It was something of a coincidence that Henry arrived only one train ahead of Madge. I had been puzzled for several days by Gertrude's sudden interest in him. She asked me numerous questions about his appearance, his manners, his family. Thinking over this change in her attitude I concluded that, fearing a coldness on my part toward Madge, she was prepared to assume a deceptive cordiality toward Henry.

I did not let Gertrude know that I understood her tactics until she insisted on getting into the motor as I was leaving the house to meet Henry's train.

"You need not continue the farce any longer," I told her with dignity. "Let me go and meet my old friend alone. I hope I'm enough of a gentleman not to be rude to a woman in my own home."

Gertrude ignored my insinuation. "Stop being absurd and start the motor," she directed with an impatience I could not understand.

I gave her a searching look and observed that a certain eagerness, almost excitement, in her face was not assumed. I began to relent toward her as I realized that her loyalty to me was at work at last. Regardless of her own feelings she was ready to give Henry a decent welcome for my sake.

"You said he was one of the Connecticut Beaslys?" she asked as I let in the clutch.

"Yes, my dear," I replied, "and the most attractive fellow you ever met. You're bound to like him."

"I hope so; I do hope so," said Gertrude earnestly.

There was no mistaking the sincerity in her voice. I warmed to it at once. We chatted pleasantly as we drove to the station. All I wanted for Henry with Gertrude was half a chance. I felt certain he would do the rest.

I altered this opinion somewhat when I first observed Henry getting from the Pullman to the station platform. Appearances mean so much to women. I had counted heavily on Henry there. Of course he would seem a little older than during college days—I was slightly more mature myself; but that he would somehow have become a stout, florid-faced man with something of a paunch had never for a moment occurred to me.

Concealing my astonishment I greeted him with enthusiasm, led him to the motor and presented him to Gertrude. As he took off his hat I was positively stunned. A man may lose a little hair quite early in life if that sort of thing runs in his family. I have taken to brushing mine from left to right because Gertrude likes it that way; and why accentuate a slight thinness of hair, absurd in a man of my years?

But Henry! His exposed crown was a calamity as I recalled his waving locks during football seasons of the past. I was thankful when he put on his hat and turned to me for another handclasp. This over, he took to staring at me with a sort of puzzled expression which I was at a loss to account for.

"Look here," he said at last, "have you got chronic dyspepsia or anything?"

"Certainly not," I told him.

"You've been well right along since you left school?"

"Perfectly."

"Have you had business worries?" he asked, continuing to stare at me.

"None whatever," I assured him somewhat coldly. "Why do you ask?"

He hesitated for a moment. "Oh, I don't know," he said vaguely. "I presume your work keeps you indoors a lot."

I admitted this.

"That accounts for it," he decided. "I'm never indoors if I can help it. Nothing like outdoor exercise to keep a man young. You see what it's done for me."

I changed the subject hastily by inquiring about his baggage.

"Two trunks," he told me "Here are the checks I don't suppose I'll need the big leather one. There's no fishing here, is there?"

My hope of his making a favorable impression on Gertrude had disappeared, but I would do what I could for him. I led him quickly out of earshot of the car.

"No," I said firmly, "there is no fishing here. No fishing of any sort."

He sighed heavily, then suddenly brightened. "We might find some by motoring about," he suggested.

I looked him squarely in the eye. "Listen, Hen," I said; "you have been fishing constantly for years. You have come to spend a week with me. I do not fish. My wife does not fish. There is not a fish, so far as I know, in this part of the state."

"Sure, all right, I get you," he said hastily. "I just thought I'd mention it."

But it was evident that fishing was still on his mind. This was indicated by a remark he made as we were driving up from the station.

"Pretty flat country, this," he said. "Noticed it from the train. Streams are apt to be muddy in a flat country. How do you amuse yourself around here?"

I was about to explain that we had as sweet an eighteen-hole course as he'd ever swung a club over, when Gertrude spoke up unexpectedly.

"You'll have the dearest girl in the world to amuse you while you're here, Mr. Beasly," she said. "A school friend of mine is coming to us for a visit. She gets in at one o'clock."

It dawned on me that Gertrude's sense of hospitality had completely triumphed. She was even willing to sacrifice her best friend. This was splendid of her, I thought, when I considered that after all my glowing descriptions of Henry she must be as greatly shocked as I. It came to me that I would not ask it of her. It was too much!

I told Gertrude, with a meaning look, that I would take care of entertaining Henry. I said that we would knock around together and not bother anyone else

"You'll be better off with me, Hen," I said. "This girl who's coming is dangerous."

"Dangerous?" repeated Henry with sudden interest. "What do you mean—dangerous?"

"Why, the moment she gets a man interested in her she laughs at him," I explained. At this point Gertrude poked me violently with her elbow. I turned to her and met a dagger glance.

"Laughs at him!" exclaimed Henry. "What for?"

"I don't know why she laughs," I said lamely. "How long can you stay, Hen?"

Henry ignored my question. "Laughs at him! That's queer. What sort of a girl is she? Is she good-looking?"

"She was considered the most attractive girl in the class," Gertrude told him quickly.

"Were you in the class?" asked Henry.

Gertrude acknowledged that she was.

Henry leaned over the front seat and looked at her with some deliberation.

"Then she's a wonder," he said bluntly.

Gross flattery is bound to be offensive to an intelligent woman. I was thankful when Gertrude took it with a smile, merely showing by her heightened color that she had felt the crudity of the remark. I concluded that I owed her something in the way of an apology. This I attempted to make while Henry was being shown to his room.

"All I can say is that he has changed," I told her sadly. "I never could have dreamed it."

"Yes," she said; "he's not at all what I imagined."

"I'm grateful to you," I said. "I do hope you'll keep it up and not let him see."

"See what?" asked Gertrude.

"How you feel about him."

"Why shouldn't I let him see it?" she demanded. "I should think you'd want him to know how much I like him. He's so big and wholesome-looking," she went on with enthusiasm. "So frank and honest in what he says. It's far better than I hoped. Why were you so stupid in the car? If she laughs at him I'll never forgive her."

Before I could reply to this amazing speech Henry came down, and presently we all drove to the station to meet Madge.

If my first glimpse of Henry had been a shock the appearance of Madge was no less surprising. She had, to begin with, a quantity of dark red hair. Her face was thin, but this somehow added to its peculiar appeal. Her lips, too, lacked fullness. Her mouth was simply a vermilion gash, accentuating the whiteness of her skin. Her eyes were extraordinary. They were green; not a cold green; they reminded me of sea water in the sunlight. I made up my mind at once that I would be as cordial to her as Gertrude had been to Henry. It was the only decent thing to do.

Later I had a moment alone with Gertrude and drew her into the study.

"I want to tell you frankly what I think of your friend," I began.

"Please don't," Gertrude broke in. "I never could have dreamed it; never. The poor haggard soul! Oh, she must have this chance! But he's your old friend, and so fine. What do you think?"

I closed the door and faced her. "Now," I said, "let's get this thing straight. Am I to infer that you brought Madge here with the deliberate intention of marrying her to Henry?"

"Infer?" cried Gertrude. "Isn't that like a man? You knew exactly what I was doing. From what you told me about him I thought he'd be lucky to get her. I hadn't seen her in so long. Could I be expected to know she had changed so? Now could I?"

"Then you did bring her here for the purpose I have stated?"

"You knew that days ago," said Gertrude irritably. "And now you suddenly ——"

"I knew! How, pray?"

"How could you help it? What did you think I was bringing her here for?"

Words failed me. As the full realization of this plan of Gertrude's came over me my indignation rose. To sacrifice a woman like Madge to an instinct for matchmaking struck me as little short of ruthless.

"Well, I must say ——" I began.

"Never mind what you must say. Of course, he's your friend; I realize that. What are you going to do?"

"Do?" I said. "There will be no necessity of doing anything. She'll never look at him."

"She'll never look at him?" repeated Gertrude, staring at me. "Is that the way you feel about it?"

"How else could anyone feel about it?" I demanded. "I'm willing to admit I've misled you unintentionally about Henry. He has grown prematurely middle-aged for some reason, and has coarsened beyond belief. I can't

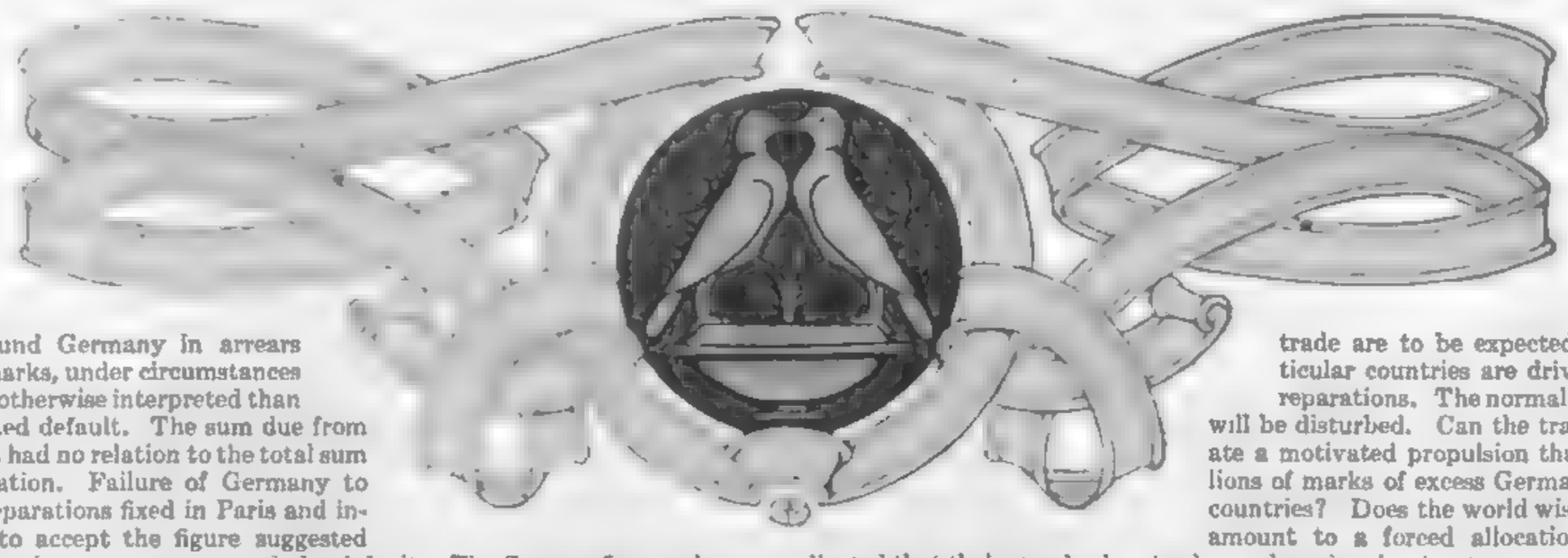
(Continued on Page 82)

The Affair Between Henry and Madge Developed With a Rapidity That Was Astounding. It Was Apparent From the First That Henry Was Smitten

The Reparations Settlement

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



ON THE first of May Germany defaulted in the payment of reparations under the treaty that her government stated was signed without reservations. During the previous twenty-two months Germany had made no contributions under Clause 235 of the treaty except items in liquidation and kind, valued by the Reparations Commission at some 8,000,000,000 gold marks. The first day of May found Germany in arrears 12,000,000,000 gold marks, under circumstances that could scarcely be otherwise interpreted than as willful and motivated default. The sum due from Germany on May first had no relation to the total sum to be fixed for reparation. Failure of Germany to agree to the sum in reparations fixed in Paris and inability of the Allies to accept the figure suggested by Germany in London in no way warranted the default by Germany of the first payment to which she had formally obligated herself. Following the failure of the German appeal to the United States, the German Government has formally accepted the ultimatum of the Allies and agreed to terms of reparation. It seems clear that under this agreement no crisis can arise from further default before November. The present moment seems, therefore, appropriate for a survey of the subject of reparation to date.

Looking backward on the discussions on reparations during the past two years, it is clear that though the problem remains very involved the subject matter has become more susceptible of analysis. In the beginning interest centered around the figure for damages. In addition to the obvious difficulties in fixing damages, the depreciation of gold, the degradation of paper currencies in Europe and the inflation of prices attendant also on actual scarcity have served greatly to complicate the problem. To determine for to-day the cost of restoration of the devastated areas is quite like attempting to determine the physical valuation of the railways of the United States. Competent German economic opinion has placed Germany's obligation under the treaty at 90,000,000,000 gold marks. The German Government has offered 50,000,000,000. The views in the countries of the Allies have varied from 120,000,000,000 to 160,000,000,000 gold marks. The earlier views presented still higher figures. The figure of the Reparations Commission was 132,000,000,000 gold marks. The weakness of the position of the Allies was not that they sought an excessive indemnity, but that following the great destruction of values in the war large expectations were impossible of fulfillment.

The Producer Viewpoint of Payment

When it became clear that reparation to equal damages could not be recovered the discussion shifted to the definition of Germany's capacity to pay. The academic method by which Helfferich in 1918 and Klotz in 1919 proved the wealth of Germany, namely, the annual difference between total production and total consumption—some 10,000,000,000 gold marks—has led to a result that is much less tangible than the figure would suggest, because it is not possible to transfer the total savings of a country outside of its boundaries; not how much Germany can save under maximum production and restricted consumption, but how much of the savings can be transmitted to the Allies in a form useful to them. Thus was introduced the specific problem of the forms in which the sums in reparation could be transferred out of Germany.

During this time Germany had been making transfers, in accordance with the treaty, in the form of shipping and other acts in kind, the exact valuation of which was from the beginning the subject of diverting discussions. Minister Simons admitted in a speech before the Reichstag that the German valuations were excessive, and it is now to be taken for granted that the divergence of the two estimates is not serious.

The German offer of 50,000,000,000 gold marks capital charge represents, at 5 per cent interest, with appropriate amortization, annuities of some 94,000,000,000 gold marks. Landsburg stated in March in Die Bank that Germany could pay 3,000,000,000 gold marks annually if her economic processes were free. Competent American opinion has held that Germany could assume a capital charge of 60,000,000,000 to 70,000,000,000 gold marks, and annual payments of 3,000,000,000 to 4,000,000,000 gold marks. The German figures always predicated that their standards of life, physically and culturally, should not be reduced. They lack all conception of expiation through self-imposed restrictions. The Allies' figures of 5,000,000,000 and 6,000,000,000 gold marks annuities, to be expected after eight years, far exceed the proved capacity of Germany.

As the discussion proceeded it became apparent, with particular commodities as items in payment, that the problem was not how much Germany could send out but how much the Allies could afford to accept. It was soon made clear to the British Government that if Germany were permitted to build for the British Empire the shipping to whose replacement she had obligated herself in the treaty of peace, the result would be the bankruptcy of British shipbuilding and the supremacy of German shipyards. It has gradually come to be realized that if Germany supplies France and Italy with the imports of coal required the mines of the United Kingdom will be placed at serious disadvantage, compelled to seek distant markets in replacement of adjacent markets held before the war. If Germany were compelled to maintain her prewar volume of export of iron wares the ores of Lorraine would avail France little.

Another striking illustration is afforded by aniline dyes. No matter what particular German commodity is considered, it finds a direct competitor in one or several of the Allied countries. For each commodity there is a limit to payment in goods that can be accepted without injury to a home industry. Each nation therefore must proceed to determine for itself how much of German goods it can afford to accept. All high figures for reparation represent the point of view of the consumer. The producer now finally has the floor and may be expected more and more to dominate the situation. Germany will have to reduce imports of luxuries and nonessentials. Most of these she used to import from France, and the pressure to supply reparation to the devasted areas of France will be felt by the luxury trades of the rest of the country.

With world deflation of prices, the problem has assumed a still larger aspect. How much of German goods can the Allies afford to allow the neutral world to accept from Germany? It is only one step beyond the protection of the home industry to the protection of the foreign market. Not only will Great Britain not permit the competition of German aniline dyes to close new British plants, but also she will not tamely allow them to drive British dyes from the neutral markets. Gradually, with deflation of world trade, it has become more and more clear that the ability of the Germans to pay and the ability of the Allies to accept revolve in a most intricate manner about the relations of world trade; and one hears less discussion devoted to the internal position and capacity of Germany. For this reason the Allies seek eagerly other states of payment than goods. Modalities have supplanted capital charges in the minds of the economists of the countries concerned. Economists were agreed that a *modus operandi* cannot be created by a sanction. The failure of the sanctions applied in the form of 12 and 50 per cent export taxes has confirmed the theoretical opinion.

Indemnity means, from the standpoint of labor, the surplus value of German labor contributed to the Allies; from the standpoint of capital, the surplus value of German capital profits contributed to the Allies. But so far, in the countries of the Allies and in foreign fields, as the surplus value of German labor competes with the surplus value of Allied labor, and the surplus profits of German capital with the surplus profits of Allied capital, it is clear that ultimately the reparation paid by Germany would be in reality contributed in part by labor and capital in the Allied countries.

All balances in international trade must ultimately be settled in gold, goods, securities or services. In the present instance settlement must be largely in the form of goods. Abnormal currents in world trade are to be expected if industries in particular countries are driven by a *vis a tergo* of reparations. The normal factors of competition will be disturbed. Can the trade of the world tolerate a motivated propulsion that annually forces billions of marks of excess German products into other countries? Does the world wish to witness what will amount to a forced allocation of production and trade, a dumping by treaty over a period of decades? The technical problem of German indemnity resembles a tax levy. The more numerous the objects of taxation and the more diverse the channels of collection the greater the security of the results. It has therefore become necessary to analyze in a specific manner the possible methods, modalities of payment, of German reparations. Only when these data are completed will it be possible to suggest how much Germany can pay and how much the Allies can afford to exact and receive. It is instructive to review the possible modalities. Americans are vitally concerned in all.

Basic-Materials Problems

1. GOLD. The gold reserve of Germany stands at present at about $266,000,000. Germany has no mines of gold, silver or platinum; nor does she produce precious stones. The figure for gold corresponds to about 1 per cent of the paper moneys that have been issued in the country. The value of this volume of gold from the standpoint of the theory of a gold standard is slight. Nevertheless it has a sentimental meaning. To require delivery of this gold from Germany might represent an injury to her far greater than any benefit that could accrue to the recipient Allies.

2. DELIVERY OF BASIC MATERIALS. The raw materials available are coal, potash, cement, lime, sand, stone, brick, glass and lumber. Theoretically Germany has pulp and sugar, but practically speaking these are not available. Germany is a food-importing country, and sugar is a finished product. Germany has an exportable surplus of pulp of certain grades, but is in other directions an importer of pulp. The United Kingdom is normally a heavy exporter of coal; Belgium, France and Italy are importers. Obviously their views on the subject of coal deliveries from Germany cannot be concurrent. France is normally an exporter of potash; the British Empire, Italy and Belgium are importers. Here again a divergency of interests is inevitable. The other named basic materials are produced in all the Allied countries to different extents, in different qualities and at different costs. Germany could contribute to the Allies a certain volume of all these basic materials. In each country, however, this would lead to competition with certain home industries. How much of each basic material each country could afford to accept from Germany in payment of indemnity becomes for each country a statistical question. To a certain extent it is a question of price, and in a period of deflation of prices such problems are particularly intricate. It is a human as well as an economic problem, since employment of labor and standard of living are involved.

3. LABOR IN DEVASTATED AREAS. France is here most largely concerned. Germany has repeatedly offered to contribute labor to Northern France, also materials specifically designed for purposes of restoration—on her terms. It is clear on the one hand that France cannot allow the work of the restoration of the devastated areas to be contributed exclusively by Germany, since this would result in critical unemployment of French labor. On the other hand, farsighted French economists are agreed that if the restoration of the devastated areas were to be undertaken exclusively by French workers and with French material, to be paid for by Germany, this would result in a dangerous inflation in France. A middle ground must be sought. Germany has offered the services of large numbers of men. She has stipulated particular and elaborate

conditions of living, housing, food, recreation, hours of work, and the like. The German labor-union authorities have made this an occasion for the cultivation of internationalism in labor by insisting that the German workmen should have the right to join French labor unions. These labor crews might operate under a German company, a French company or an international colonization company, according to the view of the Germans.

Such a proposition is unacceptable to the French population. As an inevitable reflex of the experiences of the years of military occupation, the presence of large bodies of Germans would provoke and maintain a state of terror in the civilian population. The German workmen to be sent into the devastated areas would be the same men who as guards and combatants are associated with horrors in the mind of the civilian population. According to unfortunate human experience, it would be expected that German work crews would either prey upon the native women or would bring camp followers with them. The social problem overshadows the industrial problem. That the Germans are not able to understand the French viewpoint towards colonies of German workers in Northern France is only another illustration of the German inability to read the psychology of other people.

4. Delivery of Specific Building Material for Reconstruction of the Devastated Areas. The Germans have made several offers of reconstruction of villages, all drawn up after the fashion of huge development schemes. Stinnes, who organized the looting and destruction of civilian industries in the occupied areas, wished to promote and execute the reconstruction. The numerous exchanges of notes do not convince one that Germany was trying to meet the French objections; instead they seemed designed to procrastinate and entangle.

There are many points of controversy with respect to the prices of materials and types of construction. The Germans wish the prices to be remunerative and the types of construction to conform to factory-unit ideas. The French villages object to being standardized like a factory plant. German industrialists accuse French industrialists of desiring to exploit the reconstruction by furnishing French materials at high prices. The French industrialists respond in kind. Under these circumstances it is obviously impossible to suggest a figure that shall pretend to approximate the value in gold of the reconstruction that is to be expected from Germany in Northern France during the next year or until the completion of the program. The most recent German proposals offer outright rebuilding with German materials and German labor, coöperation with French labor and materials and contributions in cash, the details to be worked out in direct negotiations. France has already expended in the devastated area 28,000,000,000 francs that stand uncovered in the budget.

The item of building materials for the devastated areas, though classed under Subheading 4, is in the German proposals hardly to be separated from Subheading 3, devoted to labor. But the French cannot understand why the Germans should not furnish the materials in such manner as to be used by French workmen. Since the acceptance of the ultimatum the propositions on both sides appear more conciliatory. The latest German offer is much more tangible than her earlier propositions and gives promise of early assistance to France in the rebuilding of the houses in the devastated area.

How World Trade is Affected

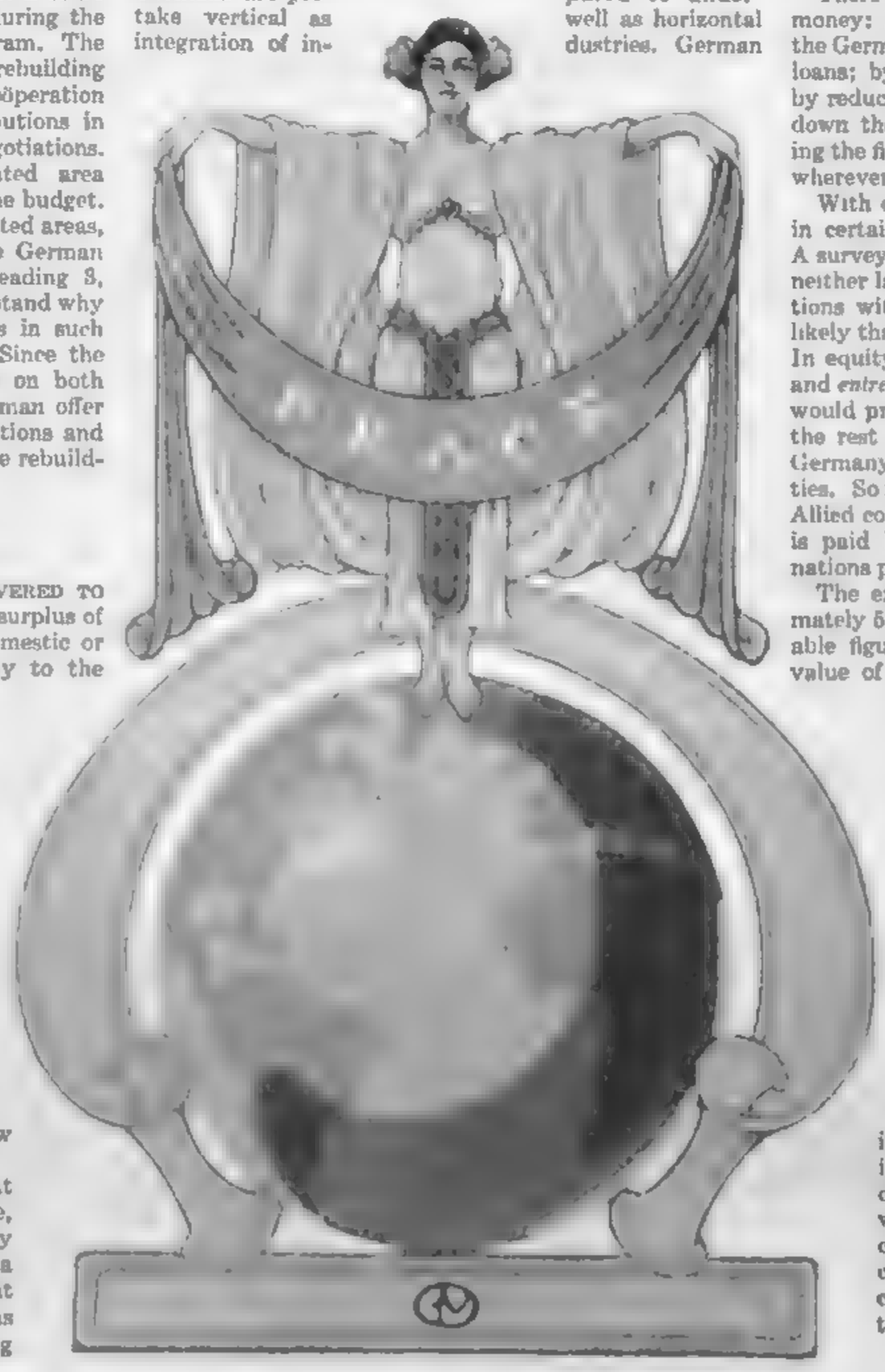
5. Reparation in Terms of Goods Delivered to the Allies. A prewar survey of the exportable surplus of semifinished and finished goods made from domestic or imported raw materials and sold by Germany to the United Kingdom, France, Belgium and Italy presents a statistical table that must be contrasted with the industries of the recipient countries.

At the present time it would be misleading to compare German exports with production of the Allies in 1913. German manufacture has been but slightly augmented, production with the Allies greatly enlarged. German production is in one respect significantly altered. In 1913 Germany was in possession of abundant domestic iron ores, and she could afford to export pig iron, steel billets and iron in other semifinished states. Now that she has become a heavy importer of iron ore, she cannot afford to export iron except in highly finished states. In other words, in a certain sense her exports of iron now resemble her exports of cotton.

Assuming that the recipient nations knew what they would consume and what they could produce, the amounts that they would accept from Germany would be partly a question of price and partly a matter of policy with respect to the development of their own industries. Certainly a Reparations Commission that is concerned solely with getting commodities out of Germany, and is not empowered to study the absorption of these commodities in the recipient countries, is in no position to state how much reparation can be exacted or how much can be accepted by the Allies from Germany.

Economically we occupy at once the situation of a participant in reparation and a neutral. Our export of manufactured articles is directly involved. But in addition, our agriculture is concerned, because if Germany floods the semideveloped countries of the world with finished goods, part of their repayment in raw commodities will be directed to us, in triangular trade, in the form of agricultural products.

6. Bills of Exchange Resulting From the Sale of German Commodities to Neutral Nations. So far as these bills of exchange represent sales of commodities not competitive in the foreign field with commodities of the Allied countries, the transactions are most welcome, and represent gold. But for each of the recipient countries, with certain commodities, in certain qualities and to varying degrees in the different neutral countries of the world, the export of German commodities is competitive with the export of commodities from the countries of the Allies. Every sale of German potash is competitive with a sale of French potash. The cutlery of Sheffield opposes the cutlery of Solingen. Obviously, therefore, since the bills of exchange from sales to neutrals represent competition with the export trade of the Allies, each country must decide for itself, in accordance with policy that is to be determined with its own bankers and producers, how much reparation it desires to accept from this source. In other words, each of the Allies must determine how much German goods it can afford to have sold to neutral countries in order that the profits of the sale may be returned to it in reparation. Each country must choose between the profits of its own trade and a share of the profits of German trade. If Germany is to earn large profits in trade with neutrals, this may mean something approaching a monopoly for German goods. Before the war German imports exceeded the exports in value. If, now, exports are to be driven up to exceed imports, this means increased efficiency in production, since reduced consumption will not accomplish the desired result. In order to attain increased efficiency in production the Germans are prepared to undertake vertical as well as horizontal integration of industries. German industries are being brought into huge trade combinations, and these are seeking connections in every foreign field.



A tabulation of the data of 1913 will illustrate that reduction of imports—descent to a lower plane of living—cannot pay the reparations annuity. The visible exports of Germany in 1913 were $2,450,000,000, the invisible exports about $500,000,000, the total being thus $2,950,000,000. The imports for the year were $2,610,000,000. The balance of trade was therefore $340,000,000 in favor of Germany. Let it be assumed that the exports next year are the same, $2,450,000,000. To these we add the existing invisible exports, some $200,000,000, the total exports being $2,650,000,000. The imports are taken as the same, $2,610,000,000. This would leave a positive balance of trade of $40,000,000. But the government has agreed to make a payment of 26 per cent of the visible exports, amounting to $637,000,000. Deducting from this figure the positive direct balance of trade, $40,000,000, leaves the sum of $597,000,000, the amount the country would need to reduce in imports if the export tax were to be paid out of trade and the balance of trade maintained.

Neutrals have an interest in reparations second only to participants, since the higher the indemnity the larger the volume of German goods the neutrals will have to meet.

Suggested Taxes on Commerce

7. Export Taxes. Two kinds of export taxes are to be considered. First, an ordinary export tax, collected at the German border and turned back to the German Government, to be transferred to the Allies. This means paper money and brings up the problem that is encountered so often of getting the paper money out of Germany to the Allies in a useful form. The other kind of export tax would oblige the importer in the Allied countries to pay to his government a portion of the purchase price in terms of gold, return to the German exporter a receipt for this and the balance in bills of exchange, which receipt would be refunded to the German exporter by his government in terms of native currency. Since an export tax of the second kind can hardly be applied to sales to neutrals, it is obvious that the real meaning of such a regulation is protection of industries in the Allied nations against German commodities, rather than raising money. This passes the burden of reparation in part to the neutral.

There are six ways in which an export tax can secure money: By lowering the interest on the capital invested in the German plant; by lowering the interest on the banking loans; by reducing the profits of the German *entrepreneur*; by reducing the wages of the German worker; by forcing down the prices of the German raw materials; by adding the figure to the final price to be paid by the consumer, wherever located.

With certain commodities an export tax would operate in certain directions, with other commodities in others. A survey of internal conditions in Germany indicates that neither labor, bank nor *entrepreneur* would tolerate reductions without struggle. In particular it does not seem likely that real wages in Germany can be notably reduced. In equity the reduction should be applied to the banker and *entrepreneur*. As a matter of inference, the export tax would probably be paid in part by the consumer and for the rest would be divided between labor and capital in Germany in different proportions with different commodities. So far as an export tax is paid by the consumer in the Allied countries, the Allies pay the indemnity; so far as it is paid by the consumer in neutral countries, neutral nations pay the indemnity.

The export trade of Germany for 1920 was approximately 50,000,000,000 marks, according to the best available figures. The 26 per cent export tax at the mean value of the mark would have represented some $205,000,000. The export not only carries the direct export tax, but also a large share of reparation specifically imposed, since goods are the most prominent modality of payment. If the export tax be added to the selling price it will return in foreign bills; so far as it may be laid upon domestic shoulders, it will appear in paper marks.

8. Import Tax on Raw Materials. This has been suggested several times in Europe. It would mean raising the price on cotton, wool, copper, nitrate and the other basic raw materials. So far as these were employed in manufacture for export, the import tax would reappear in the sales price. For the fraction consumed in Germany the result would be increase in the cost of living that would be reflected in production costs in general. Initially the procedure would yield some return; but in time this would be equalized, though not necessarily to each country. Raw materials are already so high to the country with depreciated currency that further increase would only tend to reduce industrial operations. The proposition is of very doubtful value.

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THE RIGHT THAT FAILED

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

STRANGE how two diverse circumstances, when combined and shaken with a few drops of the extraneous will sometimes evolve into something with a kick. Strange that even in these drab days it still occasionally happens. Perhaps it is through some perversity of human nature. Perhaps —— But whatever the reason, one great truth remains. Of all the mixtures that are mixed, none are so peculiar as those designed behind the bar of the god when Fate dons the white apron· none so peculiar and none so unexpected.

Looking at it from a purely Freudian standpoint, this little incident which we are about to retail may have had its basis in certain Bohemian happenings of Johnny Duffey's childhood. They were perhaps straws in the wind which pointed to the narrow road of greatness.

Long before fame cast upon Johnny Duffey her effulgent light Johnny and his father resided in a little two-room tenement down by the Chicago Loop. Johnny's father used to like his liquor. It was cheap in those halcyon days, so cheap that his finances enabled him to keep a two-gallon jug of it under the bed nearly all the time. And each Saturday night—how well Johnny remembered those Saturday nights! He looked forward to them, somehow, not because to-morrow was Sunday or anything like that, but because his father would talk. He never got beyond a monosyllable on week days, but on Saturday—he was grand on Saturday.

He would come in grave and deliberate as usual, and Johnny would heat up the coffee and a piece of herring. They would eat in silence, his father lank and saturnine, his jaw moving with a bovine thoroughness. It was always just the same. Johnny would heap the plates in a little pile. His father would retire to the bedroom and emerge in his shirt sleeves with his purple suspenders dangling in his wake. In his right hand would be the jug, which he would weigh in tentative appraisal. His left hand would clutch a small volume, slightly damaged by tobacco juice, but still handy and readable. He would thump the jug down on the table and slouch himself comfortably before it like a very obtuse triangle and open the book. Then Johnny would wait expectantly for the spell of silence to break. Mr. Duffey's first words were always the same. How well Johnny remembered them! How strangely they still rang!

"What ho!" he would say. "The tankard!"

And Johnny would hasten to the sink and rinse out the shaving mug. It was quaint, his father's sense of humor.

Then his father would relapse into silence until for the sixth time the tankard yielded up its measure, but then—after that it was grand!

Then Johnny's father would begin to read in slow sonorous tones, just like the Salvation Army man down on the corner, only it was different. It was about a tavern door and folks drinking deep, all very sad somehow. Johnny got so he could remember that book. Through the years he could still hear the voice as it echoed against the wriggling, spotted wall paper:

Oh, many a cup of this forbidden wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

It always ended that way. Sometimes Johnny wondered what it meant, but he rarely had the time, for his father would close the book and stare at him. The shaving mug was always off the table then, and his eyes were always bloodshot.

"Do you know what you are?" he would inquire of Johnny harshly.

Johnny knew what was coming. He would grin, alertly conscious of the hand and the mug.

"No," he would say.

Then his father would burst into a weird clattering laugh.

"You're the most helpless thing in the world," he would say. "Do you know what that is?"

And Johnny would answer "No," and his father's gaunt form would straighten.

"A highbrow!" he would shout. "That's what you are! God help you!"

Scarcely were the last words completed when Mr. Duffey would hurl the shaving mug at Johnny's matted head. As utensils went, that shaving mug was wonderfully durable.

That was how Johnny learned to dodge. At the age of seven his father could never hit him, even when he tried with the cups and plates. At the age of eight Johnny no longer needed his quickly acquired dexterity. The years had given it a touch of sentiment. Was not the dodging of the shaving mug the first step in his professional career, the harbinger of still greater things?

As we have said before, this bit of childish sport may have had its peculiar bearing on the epoch-making event of Johnny Duffey's life. You never can tell about these things as viewed by modern science.

In those fleeting, crowded years Johnny came to feel that the shaving mug was his especial property, for his father never threw it at anybody else except once. Johnny still remembered that time. It hurt him, somehow, that temporary shift in his father's affection.

It was on a Saturday night. His father had just finished his poem about the wine, and Johnny was beginning to get ready for the rest, when there came a knock on the door. A man came in. He didn't look like the other men down by the Loop. He was neat and expensive looking. His pants were creased and his collar was white, and yet he was not altogether unpleasant. On Johnny's father his presence seemed to have a singularly polishing effect. Somehow he became grander than ever.

"Good evening," said Johnny's father. "Won't you have a chair?"

The man seemed a little embarrassed.

"Perhaps you will join me," suggested Johnny's father. "Here," he added, turning to Johnny, "where are your manners? Rinse out the cup for the gentleman."

But the gentleman shook his head.

"I've got good news for you, Mr. Duffey," he announced.

Johnny's father turned slowly to the jug by his elbow and tilted it toward the shaving mug until it made a pleasant gurgling sound.

"Once," he said, "I saw a melodrama just like this. Be sensible. You haven't got any good news."

"Duffey," said the other, "he wants you to come back."

Johnny's father made an airy gesture with the mug.

"Nonsense!" he said. "Won't you sit down?"

"He says he's willing to forget everything," said the gentleman.

"Nonsense!" said Johnny's father. "Is he ill?"

"He says," said the gentleman, "that you can come back to-night."

Johnny's father betrayed a trace of interest.

"Well," he said, "what else?"

"Nothing else," said the gentleman. "I have a taxi downstairs now."

"Nonsense!" said Johnny's father. "There must be something else."

"Nothing that we can't take up in the morning," said the gentleman.

"Take it up now," said Johnny's father.

"Come, Mr. Duffey," said the other, "be sensible! There's no need to go on wrecking your life. He's fond of you. He ——"

"Nonsense!" said Johnny's father.

"You know what he wants," said the gentleman. "I haven't any business as his attorney speaking to you this way, but you'll understand. He's old, a good deal older than when you saw him last, and he has queer notions. I really think he feels sorry he turned you out on account of your marriage. But still he wants to justify himself. You know how he is. It's silly, of course, but he wants you to beg his pardon. It's just a formality. I know you'll be sensible."

"It's been a warm day for this time of year, has it not?" said Johnny's father.

"Duffey," said the other, "don't be a fool!"

And then Johnny's father threw the shaving mug, and the gentleman exhibited an alertness equal almost to Johnny's.

But that was all a very long time ago, so long that it is almost a hazy digression, and has only a little to do with the particular event we are about to relate.

II

THAT particular event, like so many other particular little events, started when Johnny Duffey met her. It was quite delightfully improper. Otherwise Lydia would not have thought it worth permitting. You see, Lydia was in a position so impeccable that she could afford to do a lot of things which you and I might term eccentric. Besides she was bored, rather pitifully bored, as only a girl can be after two New York winters. Besides, Johnny Duffey was a very nice young man. For some peculiar innate reason his clothes were of a modest cut, his necktie of a gentle hue. Oddly enough, also, there was a certain intangible refinement about him, which others had often noticed, but never before with commendation. It gave to his bearing that taken-for-granted assurance, not the correspondence-course kind, but the sort to which Lydia's world has often wrongfully boasted exclusive claim. Then also, added to this, Johnny Duffey had a gentle dignity acquired more recently. For Johnny Duffey was a great man in his own way, a chieftain in realms not known in Lydia's philosophy.

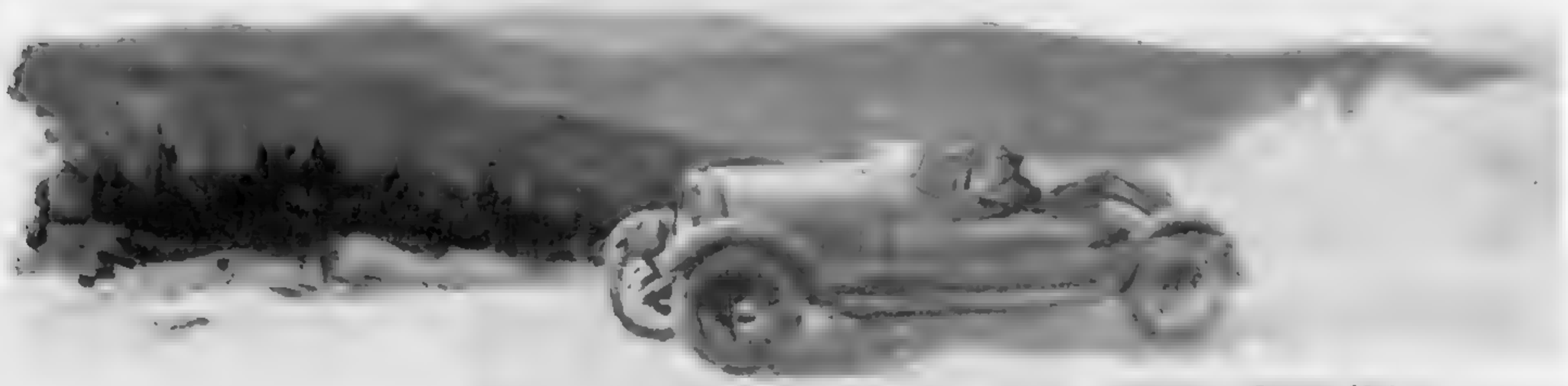
You know the way those things happen. From personal experience, perhaps, you know how possible they are. Indeed they seem out of the ordinary only when you think of them afterwards. It may be a runaway horse, or a dog, or a dropped handkerchief—anything, in fact, that takes the ego out of itself. In this case it was a policeman who made it all quite conventional.

The June sun had turned the leaves of Central Park to a delicate sparkling green. A gentle breeze from the East River made their shadows into darting little patterns on the tarred walks. The clamor of the New York traffic was pleasantly lulled until it was superseded by the gentler sounds of roller skates and velocipedes.

Lydia was due to tea at the Thorntons', and her father in an unusual burst of self-assertion had taken the limousine. Johnny Duffey was not due anywhere until ten o'clock that evening. Until then he could take the world quite as it came. He was sauntering along, killing time in peaceful meditation, when an altercation interrupted him. Lydia had become annoyed with the path and was making her way across the turf.

"Hey, miss," came a voice beside her, "what's the big idea?"

Lydia paused, very elegant in her blue serge and her white kid gloves, and Johnny Duffey paused also. Beside Lydia, his mustache bristling and his breath coming in short puffs, was a policeman. He had finished chasing three small boys up a tree and it had ruffled his disposition. For six hours the world had heaped upon him gratuitous provocation, and Lydia's unruffled calm was no balm to his lacerated feelings. She looked at him with cool



Johnny Got In and Looked About Him With Growing Interest. In His Nostrils Was the Damp Pungency of Spring Earth. He Drew

blue eyes and touched the bunch of violets at her waist. It had been a long time since Lydia had possessed a big idea

"Are you speaking to me?" she inquired with languid ease.

"Sure I'm speakin' to you!"

The interview began to give him a faint pleasure, and grim irony hardened his features.

"What I want to know is, can you read?"

Lydia regarded him with a trace more of interest. She had never met a policeman before. To her he was an interesting phenomenon.

"And did you come all the way out here to ask me that?" she inquired.

The funny part of it was she meant it. Even in the best regulated families you walked upon the grass.

Her question seemed to have an extraordinary effect. The breath of her interlocutor became a trifle shorter, and he seemed to be making visible efforts to keep his self-control. But Lydia had the social sense.

"How interesting!" said Lydia thoughtfully. "And why do you want to know whether I can read? Are you trying to get me to vote for an alderman or something? Because if you are, you shouldn't, you know. I'm not old enough. Or perhaps"—she smiled, and her cold hauteur seemed to leave her—"perhaps you think I'm an immigrant. I've heard so much about you policemen being stupid. Would you take my word for it, I'm not an immigrant?"

Johnny Duffey listened in wonder. So people did talk like that. He straightened his tie and stepped off the path.

"Don't get fresh now!" Lydia's phenomenon was saying.

"Fresh?" Lydia raised her eyebrows until they almost touched the golden hair on her forehead. "Do you know who you are speaking to?"

"Say," said the disciple of peace, "don't try that stuff off on me! You're on the grass!"

"Of course I'm on the grass," said Lydia.

"You're on the grass and the sign says keep off, an' you're goin' to keep off, see? An' it don't do you any good to be fresh about it!"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Lydia in genuine consternation. "I forgot! I—I never thought!"

"Yes, you did!" sneered her phenomenon.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Lydia demanded angrily.

Her phenomenon's face suddenly became a red that verged on violet. He gesticulated violently towards his left.

"Beat it!" he commanded hoarsely.

Lydia's gloved hand trembled.

"Do you know," she said, "you're very insolent?"

He seemed to assume larger proportions. She felt curious eyes upon her, and heard a subdued tittering. A little knot of nursemaids and children was gathering on the path.

"Take your hand off my arm!" she ordered sharply. "Don't you dare to touch me!"

Then she felt herself being propelled against her will. It was a new sensation and not a pleasant one.

"You brute!" she cried.

"Hey, Tim!" said Johnny Duffey.

Lydia felt her arm freed. The phenomenon was staring open-mouthed at a young man with pleasant greenish eyes and a nose that was slightly *retroussé*, an alertly pleasant young man who was in the act of removing his hat.

"Why, Johnny, me boy!" cried the phenomenon. "Now who'd have thought to see ye here? And how's the right mitt, Johnny?"

"Oh, You Know What I Mean!" Said Johnny. "Get Funny With Me Again and You'll Find Out—See?"

The young man extended his right hand, a slender well-kept hand that was gracefully muscular.

"Wasn't ever better," he replied. "You see for yourself. Tonight—ten-thirty."

But the phenomenon had turned to Lydia, transformed into beaming geniality. He was touching his cap with something akin to camaraderie.

"Beg pardon, miss," he was saying. "If you'd only told me now that you was his friend! Sure it's a pleasure to let you walk on the grass all you've a mind to. Any friend of Johnny's a friend of mine, miss. Wasn't we in the same ward together? Now go ahead and stomp on the dandelions, and don't let me be botherin' you!"

"Thanks, Tim," said Johnny.

And then he became a little panic-stricken. They were alone, and she was looking up at him, fragilely unreal, something infinitely beyond his ken, a being in a world of which he had never dreamed. He twisted his hat in a nervous professional manner, grinning in foolish embarrassment. He wanted to run away. Somehow it wasn't right, and yet he met her eyes squarely. And then to his surprise she became very friendly. It was not condescension. It was as though he were an equal, as though she were meeting him in one of those houses on the Avenue. She was regarding him approvingly. How was he to know that she found his diffidence innately refined and pleasant? Then she clasped her hands before her, and into her voice there came a hint of laughter.

"My hero!" she said.

He blushed. How was he to know that she thought him something entirely different from what he really was?

"It"—Johnny Duffey's mind leaped upon his speech in a frantic effort at mastery—"it wasn't anything, Miss ——"

He paused to wonder whether he should have said "lady." How was he to know what that pause was to mean in his life? How was he to know that instead of awkwardness she had read graceful polished hesitation?

"He was a friend of mine—that's all."

"It was awfully good of you, really," smiled Lydia, and then she hesitated. But there was something frankly pleasant about his silence.

"Now we're on the grass," Lydia continued, "let's make the most of it. Won't you see me safe across?"

Johnny grinned and nodded. Lydia stole another glance at him. Who could he be, she wondered. He certainly must be somebody worth while. There he was, striding beside her easily, his chin high, his motions carelessly limber and graceful. She approved of his placid silence.

"Aren't policemen funny?" she remarked.

"Yes," said Johnny, "sometimes they're funny."

He smiled thoughtfully. His serene self-confidence was upon him again. And she smiled back, and it seemed to Johnny that he was walking across the fields of Elysium. They had reached the path again, and still he kept step beside her. It was all too strange, all too unreal. He knew it must soon be over, and now she was speaking to him again.

"Do you know," Lydia was saying, "I think you're awfully nice."

"W-w-what?" gasped Johnny.

"Oh, you know what I mean," said Lydia. "You might have been horrid. You might have been so fresh. You might have said such a lot of silly things. Lots of men I know would—and you didn't."

"Listen!" said Johnny Duffey. "I'm not that kind of a ——"

He paused in groping anguish for the right word—paused, but could not find it. "—— bird," he concluded lamely.

"I know you're not," said Lydia gravely. "I knew you weren't just as soon as I saw you. It's funny how a girl can feel those things. Do you think I'd have let you come as far as this if I hadn't?"

Her lips had become a slight interrogation, and with a recurrence of his former panic he knew she was waiting for an answer. For the first time he noticed that the ribbon, or whatever it was, on her hat matched her eyes. The discovery gave him an unaccountable elation. He couldn't understand it somehow. Her dress was simple. There wasn't a feather in her hat. She didn't even wear an earring. And yet she was—yes, she was elegant. That was the word—"elegant." She transcended even his wildest imaginings. He felt his pulse beat a trifle quicker.

"Hadn't what?" asked Johnny.

For a second she was silent, looking at the path ahead. Then seemingly against her will and better judgment she smiled again, this time quite informally.

"Don't be silly!" she said. "You know what I mean."

Johnny Duffey didn't, but he nodded in vague assent. Did it make any difference as long as she —— Her swift even steps had become a trifle slower. He gave a gulp of desperation. There right ahead of him was Fifth Avenue. He would have to leave her there. Was it going to be the end? For the life of him he couldn't tell why he minded. The whole business was too tangled. All he knew was he didn't want her to go.

The park gate was looming nearer until it became a threatening thing.

"I wish ——" Johnny Duffey began, and paused in poignant embarrassment. The matter was too much for him, but—were his eyes deceiving him?—it actually seemed as though there was relief in her quick look.

"Yes?" said Lydia.

Johnny Duffey's jaw became more pronounced and his voice a little unsteady.

"I wish there was another cop," said Johnny.

Her head tilted to one side. Her lips drew together in provoking surprise. Oddly enough, Lydia had ceased to be bored. Oddly enough, the world again was growing interesting.

"Another cop!" she exclaimed.

a Deep Breath and Settled Himself More Comfortably in the Smooth Upholstery. He Guessed He Was Getting On in the World

"Don't be silly!" said Johnny Duffey, and the audacity of it left his grin half frozen on his pleasantly uneven features. "You know what I mean."

She laughed softly, as though he had said something hugely amusing.

How was he to know Talleyrand himself could not have spoken better?

"It would be funny, wouldn't it?" said Lydia.

"Yes," agreed Johnny a little wonderingly. He didn't know what would be funny, but it didn't matter.

"Besides," said Lydia, "we've probably met at some of the dances. I never can remember people, can you?"

"No," said Johnny.

"So then it's quite all right," said Lydia brightly. "These little social conventions don't make any real difference in our set, do you think?"

"You said it!" exclaimed Johnny, but stopped short in his exuberance. Lydia was frowning.

"What a bore!" said Lydia. "I forgot. We're going to the country to-morrow. Isn't it ——"

Johnny Duffey's life had made him always laconic and to the point.

"Where?" said Johnny.

Lydia looked a little startled; indeed, quite as startled as it became anyone in her set to look. She realized that there was something peculiarly compelling about the young man beside her. "You mean ——" began Lydia.

"Yes," said Johnny.

"Great heavens!" said Lydia. "Don't you think it's just a little ——"

"Yes," said Johnny.

"So do I," said Lydia, and then in spite of herself she smiled again.

It was nice, in a way. He was so quiet and polite, nothing silly or sentimental, nothing annoying about him.

She knew so many men who would have been. Besides he was only joking.

"We're going up to Great Bear Lake," said Lydia.

"Great Bear Lake," repeated Johnny.

"Perhaps you know the hotel there," said Lydia. "It's quiet. Father wants to go somewhere where it's quiet, but they do things rather well."

"I'll be there," said Johnny.

Lydia held out her hand. Johnny snatched hastily at his hat.

"Oh, no, you mustn't," said Lydia with a trace of uneasiness. "Of course you won't do anything so foolish. If I had thought you would I wouldn't have told you where we are going."

"I'll be there," said Johnny.

"I wonder," murmured Lydia to herself as she walked across the Avenue.

For half a minute Johnny stood perfectly still. Then the corners of his mouth began to hurt him. He had forgotten to stop grinning. It seemed as though he had drunk deep of some elixir. Matters seemed to have slipped from his hands, and benevolent forces were guiding him, independent of any will of his. He may have had some idea then that he was labeled as a circumstance. At any rate, nothing really mattered much, except that the evening would soon be over. He guessed maybe he would show them something that evening. And then there would be nothing to do for two months, and then—he grinned. The tarred paths were soft and cloudlike beneath his tread. About him was a golden haze.

For all the rest of the day he was unusually silent. They thought he was nervous, but he wasn't. Johnny Duffey knew better than that. He wasn't so nervous as they were when they pulled the gloves on him. He barely listened to their whispered admonitions. For him life's highway had suddenly become very easy, a sweet broad boulevard that no longer required shock absorbers, so smooth had grown the bumps of adversity. Directly ahead, lambent and golden, the lights of success and fame were shining. Had he not been smiled upon by as fair a lady as ever a knight could wish?

III

THEY never knew that what he did that night was because of a lady's smile. They never knew, though it had often before changed history.

It was the end of the fifth round. Johnny Duffey glanced with the complacency of an honest craftsman at the scene in the opposite corner of the roped inclosure where he was reclining. Not long ago an editor nationally famous for his scintillating bits about prominent sporting figures had called him the Chicago Connecting Rod. Beyond peradventure he had connected. Indeed, on this particular evening he had done so with peculiar thoroughness and frequency. In the corner opposite, the retinue of Kid Regan, the Kansas Cyclone, faces set and intent, fingers moving with deft concentration, were busy with towels and astringent solutions; but more than these gentle remedies were needed to bring his war-scarred features back to normal. As they worked their lips were moving also, inaudibly, fervently and hastily, as though in silent prayer. Johnny Duffey could guess what they were saying. Quite abruptly they had come to realize that he was a surprise, and not a very pleasant one. Now they were bidding the Kansas Cyclone to abate, to hold on, to stall and ride the next round out. Johnny Duffey grinned.

"I Want to Have You to Myself for a Little While," Said Lydia. "It—It Was So Stupid Until You Came"

Then he turned his head, the better to see the pale oval face of his manager. He was standing electrically alert, chewing at an unlighted cigar which he kept moving hastily from corner to corner of his thin-lipped mouth, his beady little black eyes darting from place to place in sharp restless calculation.

"Say, Mike," said Johnny Duffey, "how many rounds did the champ take?"

Mr. Michael Donovan hastily extracted his cigar with a stubby thumb and forefinger and leaned forward with all the anxiety and attentiveness a manager in another world would bestow upon some temperamental prima donna.

"Huh?" he inquired.

"How many rounds did the Kid stay with the champ?"

"Say," said Mr. Donovan soothingly "say, listen, Johnny! Don't you worry about the champ—see? You got that bird's goat—see? You do what I told you—see?"

He paused to bite violently at the lacerated end of his cigar.

"Aw, can it!" replied Johnny wearily. "You gimme a pain! How many rounds did the champ take?"

In the cool finality of his tone there was a regal note. So Napoleon might have addressed some erring marshal; so Cæsar a fat misguided senator. Truly it was pleasant to be great. Verily it was a merry privilege to bawl out one of the biggest managers of fistiana. And even now the time wasn't so long ago ——

"He took ten rounds," said Mr. Donovan. "But, say, listen! Don't you start anything you can't finish—*see!*"

J. Louis Duffey gazed for a second time across the square of canvas-covered flooring, and rinsed his mouth from the water bottle. About him was a sea of faces through which a ripple of sound was running, steady, sonorous and persistent as the rising tide, and above it all was the strong silver haze of doubtful tobacco, the pungent, choking haze that greets the prize-ring final. And there he sat above it all, leaning indolently against the ropes, his six-ounce gloves dangling restfully towards the modern minstrels of the press seats who were making him the hero of to-morrow's saga. He sighed contentedly.

"Cold tonic, gents! Cigars, cigarettes and chewing gum! Cold tonic, gents! Right off the ice!"

That staccato cry gave him infinite pleasure. He half closed his eyes the better to hear it. They were fanning him with towels, two strong men, the pictures of incarnate energy. Another was rubbing his legs, another carefully sponging his body, as though he was not as fresh as when he started. Truly it was wonderful to think that five years back he, too, had been selling tonic to those very gents below.

"All right," he said. "I got his number. If it took the champ ten, I put that guy to bed in six—get me? First minute of the next round, Mike! That's the kind of a guy I am!"

"Hell!" muttered Mr. Donovan, and the diamond on his right third finger flashed in sharp gesticulation. "You wanna throw away a sure thing for a ten-to-one shot? Now what the hell do you want to do that for?"

His voice slid down the scale almost to tearful pleading.

"Now, Johnny, he ain't no set-up! You know that! I tell you he's got the goods! There's only one man who ever dropped him in ten years—see? And that man's the champ, and that's why—see? You go to taking chances and he lands one—see? Suppose ——"

But Johnny only looked at him and grinned, and then there was the clanging of a gong, a sudden stopping of waving towels, a sudden scurrying, a sudden silence. The sixth round had started.

J. Louis Duffey was on his feet immediately. The trenchant glare of the arc light above him revealed each motion of his long smooth muscles as he stepped softly towards the center of the ring.

(Continued on Page 82)

DREAMERS

By LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

NATALIE came into the room with her slow light step, and pausing a moment beside her father's chair stooped to plant a kiss upon his forehead. It impressed itself with more than the usual daughterly fervor. He glanced up and for a moment continued to look at her inquiringly. Her cheeks were still flushed with sleep, but her eyes were very bright, and the corners of her mouth were disturbed by a faint tremor like the shadow of a laugh.

"Well," he inquired, "what's the great idea this morning?"

She looked at him in vague surprise.

"Why do you ask that?"

"Your expression. I recognize it—a marvelous idea ——"

"But I haven't any ideas," she protested. "I'm not awake yet."

"That makes no difference. You're quite capable of laying plans in your sleep. Come, what are you going to do with us this morning? Explore the backwoods? Investigate the coast defenses and get us arrested, or snatch us over to the Bahamas?"

"I haven't any plans," she insisted, smiling, moving away from him around the breakfast table and seating herself opposite. Shaking back her loose sleeves she rested her forearms on the table, leaning toward him, while her glance traveled idly. The sunlight, the green leaves outside the window, even the dull hotel furniture, everything she looked at, seemed to give her pleasure. "It's nothing," she continued, "except that I've had such a charming dream."

"A dream?" he repeated with an indulgent accent. He surveyed this child of his. Wrapped in the dainty folds of her house gown, the warm tones of her throat rising from gray-blue draperies, her blond hair inclosing her forehead like a cap with feathery curls floating above her ears, she was a charming vision herself. There was something evanescent and shadowy even in her bloom, a remoteness in the expression of her dark blue, deeply gazing eyes. It was not at all strange that visions should affect her waking hours. "Well, what sort of a dream? What about?"

"About a house."

He seemed a little taken aback. In his simplicity he may have supposed that only a dream about a person could have produced this effect upon a young woman. Perhaps he had expected her to evade the answer; but she was quite readily, even eagerly, admitting him into her confidence. She had taken an orange from the dish, and while she was peeling it went on speaking thoughtfully:

"I dreamed I was climbing up a long flight of steps between tall trees—cypress I think they were. It was night, and I can remember how black they looked in the moonlight. The air was warm and still, not a sound. At first I couldn't see anything between the tree trunks but great pits of shadow, but as I went on these changed into a sort of glimmering twilight. There were glimpses of grass and hedges, and once or twice a bright outline like that of a fountain or a statue.

"For some reason I seemed to be in great haste; not as though I were afraid. On the contrary I was unusually happy, and the feeling wasn't exactly curiosity, either. It was one of those blind emotions that seize you in dreams. I was expecting something with an intensity—oh, with a longing!

"I kept looking at that place in front of me where the two walls of trees seemed to converge, and at last, instead of touching, I saw they were opening out; and in the narrow space between appeared something shining. At first it was merely that, a white gleam; but as the space widened I began to make out the form, five uprights and a peaked line at the top and a straight line at the base. It looked like the peristyle of a temple, but tiny, as though it were a thousand miles away; and that sense of distance was for some reason intolerable to me. It seemed as though I should never lessen it. The strange thing is, I don't in the least recall drawing nearer; but all at once, as though I had flown, I was there. There was a balustrade,

Natalie Had Many Ways of Being Lovely to Young Men. Evidently She Was Employing a New One Now

and then I was walking across a terrace, and directly in front of me was a line of most beautiful columns.

"At first I saw only those, but as I came up closer I made out the roof under a great drift of shadows. Below that the carved tops of the pillars showed extraordinarily clear and delicate, and under the hood of the veranda I could see the lintels of the door and the window frames with acanthus leaves carved at the corners, and deep panelings and flutings, all without sign of decay, fresh, and at the same time with the worn, soft look of age. The whole front had a wonderfully grave air, not forbidding exactly, but reserved, as though it had not been disturbed for a very long time. I looked at it, and the thought passed through my mind, 'No, that isn't the way.' And then exactly as though I knew—not quite that either, but as though I were following someone who did—I turned, to the right I think, along a path that skirted a corner of the house, went down some steps and across the loop of a drive. All the while I was in a sort of half darkness. The air was warm and heavy with the scent of some flower. I passed through a shade like ink—I remember a pattern of huge black leaves moving over my dress and hands—and came out quite unexpectedly into a perfect flood light.

"The moon was high up in the middle of the sky; no shadows anywhere. Everything seemed to float in a wave of silver. There was a hedge on my right, and on my left the wall of the house, covered with rose vines to the eaves, red and yellow flowers looking pale and flat like a painted tapestry. Only their perfume made me sure they were real. The air was full of it, a light delicate fragrance. The beauty of it all, and something more than beauty, the sense of getting home to a place that I loved, that belonged to me and that I had been longing for, took possession of me.

"I stood there a moment looking up at the windows of the second story. They were closed and shuttered except one, and that was open wide. The white curtain was blowing softly in and out, and for some reason—what I don't know—I was tremendously reassured at finding it thus. Everything was all right then. As fast as I could I kept on around the house. It was lower toward the back, not more than two stories, I think, and there was a small projecting wing that had the look of having been built on as an afterthought, someone's fancy. The front of it was all old greenish diamond-shaped panes of glass. The upper half of the door was of glass, too, and there was a stoop with steps on either side, and a step-off in front."

"Mounting block?" Tennant suggested.

"I suppose so, though at the time it didn't occur to me. I didn't reflect at all. I just saw, and recognized what I must do and acted. I ran up the steps, opened the door and went in. It was a low oblong room paneled in wood There were windows on both sides, and along the left wall was a trestle table, all stabbed and hacked with initials. I remember J. G. several times repeated, and those were cut the deepest. It's strange, isn't it, how you see things in dreams—clear, when in actual life they would be dark. I saw everything in that room as you see familiar things in your mind. There were a lot of chairs pushed about, and benches; and above the paneling around the walls ran a painted frieze of horsemen and hounds and a fox. I can't describe how spirited they were. They seemed to be alive. The scarlet coats shone, the horns blew, the men hallooed to the dogs, the fox panted. The far end of the room was raised by three steps. At the top was a fireplace, and on either side of that doors. I went to the one on the left, still drawn by that singular impulse I had toward something, some object that wasn't clear to me. I took hold of the knob, tried it and felt the door yield."

At that moment the door of their own room resounded to a knock. Natalie, her lips parted by the last word, held her narrative in suspense while the boy handed in letters. She glanced at them indifferently as her father laid them beside her plate.

"They're for you," she objected.

"Yes, but I suspect they're primarily your interest They're answers to our advertisements."

"Oh," she remarked indifferently. She picked up the first, glanced at the picture of a house it contained, let it fall. "Bad Victorian—malaria," she commented. One after another she tore them open, ran through them and tossed them from her contemptuously. Adding the last to the heap, she pronounced the verdict—"Hideous!"

"I thought an old house was what you wanted."

Natalie's eyes fixed her father with a half scornful, half whimsical expression.

"There's only one house I really want."

He smiled, taking her meaning.

"But that, my dear, is a house of the mind. We have to rent brick, stone, wood, earth. And really we ought to decide on something. We can't hang about all spring hunting for a place."

"I can't imagine a more amusing way of spending it," she murmured. She was silent a moment, stirring the heap of envelopes absently, and when she spoke again she was fully serious: "But how can we be sure it's only a house of the mind?"

"You mean that possibly you've seen it somewhere, and so dreamed ——"

She shook her head.

"Oh, no, I've not seen it in fact." She was very positive on this score. "Only how should it come into my mind so clearly? Why should it seem so real?"

"Ah, my dear Natalie, how things come into your mind I should be the last person to explain! Dreams are a great mystery, of course; but aren't they usually the result of

some experience, or even some story that has impressed itself, unconsciously perhaps? For instance, someone may have described such a place to you."

She seemed to ponder this a little doubtfully.

"I don't believe so. Of course I can't be sure. The main thing," she continued with a sudden resumption of her livelier manner, "is to find out if it does exist—where."

"From your description, I should say that would be a job for an archæologist."

"At least it can do no harm to ask."

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Where?"

"Here in the hotel. Why not? It would be perfectly simple. All you would have to do ——"

"I?" Tennant exclaimed, and there was real dismay in his voice. "Now look here, my dear child, if you're going to undertake this fantastic business you'll have to see it through yourself. I refuse to confide your visions to the clerk. It's ridiculous!"

"Oh, very well! I don't mind." Natalie was magnanimous. "I suppose we're going out anyway to look at some of those things." She indicated the letters disdainfully. "On the way I shall simply stop at the desk and quite casually, as though I had heard of it somewhere ——" She rose. "You might," she continued with reproach, "have a little more faith in me. Have I in all these years we've lived together ever put you in an awkward position?"

"I dare say you didn't consider it such, my dear," Tennant sighed. He blew out a thoughtful cloud of smoke, then inquired tentatively, "Are we going out this morning?"

"As soon as I'm dressed. It's late now—11:30. We ought to order the car right away."

Tennant got up with an air of resignation.

"In that case I'll finish my cigar downstairs." He gathered his hat and stick, and on the threshold tossed a casual sentence over his shoulder: "You'll find me waiting for you outside."

His manner in leaving the room was that of a man who also leaves the situation flat on the hands of its creator. Whatever this wild girl intended to say to a simple hotel functionary, her father was not to be entangled in it as a witness. Nevertheless, once downstairs and waiting, he appeared to find this resolution difficult to live up to. Some gleam of curiosity, perhaps even of anxiety, declared itself in the alertness with which he kept his position at the rail of the large shaded veranda just opposite the doorway into the lobby. From here he had both the elevators and the stair in view. Natalie, however, must have appeared at the moment when his attention was distracted by the arrival of the car. He was made aware of her presence first by her voice. Looking around the corner of the door, he saw her leaning on the desk in animated conversation with the clerk. The words he caught as he approached stopped him and kept him standing where he was, as though his daughter's vicinity had become suddenly dangerous.

"An odd thing," the clerk was saying, "how you could have seen that garden. The old road that used to pass the hill on that side has been closed up for ten years. There's nothing but swamp meadow there now."

"You can see it from some point on the new road then," Natalie answered confidently, "for I saw it. If you'll just give me that direction once more." She was scribbling on a card.

Tennant waited at a safe distance, his lips pressed dryly together, until his daughter joined him.

"What were you talking about?" he asked with an abruptness not usual in him.

"My house."

"Which?"

"The one I just told you about. The only one. The name of it is Ladyhill. It's owned by a man named Gale, and he's offering it for rent."

She looked at him triumphantly. The color in her cheeks had intensified to two bright spots, and her eyes were dark with excitement and a spice of mischief.

"Look here, where have you seen that house?" Tennant demanded a little sternly.

"In my dream, I tell you, dad. Didn't you hear him say the garden couldn't be seen from the road—that there is no road any more, only swamp in front of it? And besides, since we've been here I've never gone out in the car alone. The place is at least twenty miles from here, the clerk says, so you see I couldn't have run across it while walking. Besides, why should I tell you a story that isn't true—even to tease you? I never have."

"I know. Of course you haven't, but it's rather queer. Just how much did you tell that man?"

"I described the front and the formal garden as though I had seen it from a distance."

"There might easily be a house in the region that slightly resembles ——"

"But think of J. G., the initials in the table. G is for Gale."

"A coincidence."

"That's what we're going to discover."

She took him persuasively by the sleeve.

He allowed her to lead him out, looking at her sidelong, as a nurse fearful of symptoms might study a patient. There was nothing alarming, a certain tension of hands and head, an air of expectancy that took possession of her before they were out of the hotel grounds and kept her eyes, bright and a little dreamy, fixed constantly on the place where the road in front of them vanished around a turn or over a hill. Her memory, however, seemed quite undistracted.

"You keep the turnpike to Millersville, then the first branch to the left."

The day was splendid. They traveled between bright green fields spotted with flowers, dipped into wet valleys, flashed through groves of oak under masses of leaves still pink, downy and crumpled; ascended long breaker-like rolls of land where the raw earth showed red between the thin grass blades; wound downward again, and paused in the yard of a road house for sandwiches and some repairs to a tire. There were flowers in the dooryard, a gay show of bulbs; but Natalie's gaze was afar. Her thoughts were evidently ranging in quite a different garden, and she acknowledged the renewed motion of the car beneath her with an eager sigh.

"The second turn to the right," she directed, "then past the mill the first turn to the left, and three miles on you come to the Gale place. You'll know it by the locust drive. I haven't seen that yet," she added half to herself.

There was a notable increase in her tension when, leaving the long rises and damp bottom lands of the open country, they began to follow a soft dirt road that clung to the skirts of the hills, a stream on one hand, on the other a bank which gave way presently to a wall spotted with lichens. Within it, overhanging it, was a mass of trees—beech, oak, horse chestnut, evergreen—all grown up and interlaced with vines. Here and there the top of a flowering shrub appeared.

"The man at the hotel," Natalie explained, "said that Mr. Gale had been away overseas. When he returned he decided to rent the place, and came down from Washington a little while ago to see about it. He's here now." She spoke in a lowered tone as though Gale's wall might contain his ear. "There it is!" she exclaimed suddenly.

The high gateposts had come into sight, and as the car turned in between them a sweet penetrating fragrance drifted down to the two adventurers. The girl's nostrils dilated and her eyes half closed.

"This is the place," she said.

Her father glanced at her sharply.

"I thought you hadn't seen it from this side."

"No; but the flowers—it was these I smelled when I came down from the terrace."

Tennant smiled, in effect a rather sharp skepticism; but she did not observe it. Her gaze never moved from the opening at the end of the avenue. At first there was merely a space reflecting sunlight; then the color of flowers appeared, the base of two pillars, their shafts growing slowly taller until they merged themselves in the overhanging roof of the carriage entrance. As the car swung into the oval of the drive she stood up.

"Steady!" Tennant warned. "Half a minute!"

"Don't stop at the porch—a little farther on."

The machine came to a throbbing halt. She was poised as if to take flight. Ignoring his offered hand, unaware of it perhaps, she made a light spring to the ground and, standing there upon the gravel, turned slowly, her absorbed eyes taking in the locust trees, the bricked walk, the clump of large-leaved shrubs on the right. She walked slowly toward it, moving deliberately, with fixed absent look. Tennant followed.

They passed under the heavy overhanging foliage and emerged on the other side into broad sunshine. The open sweep of a lawn descended on the right, following the natural contour of the land, undulating with irregular curves and dimples. A rose hedge separated it from the path, and on the other side, between branches and flowers, the old white façade of the house—old, undisturbed, yet somehow unneglected—seemed to dream peacefully in the stillness. Natalie stood looking up at it. The windows were closed, all of them, and every shutter fastened.

Her mood seemed to suffer a partial eclipse. With a puzzled air she studied one in the second tier, the third from the corner. She frowned, shook her head; then catching sight of the most marked of all the characteristics of the house went forward again more rapidly and came to a full stop opposite the mounting block. The doors above stood wide. She advanced and made a step upward.

"Natalie!" her father said sharply.

She paid no attention, ascending quickly. He hesitated. As her figure passed in out of the sunlight he, too, mounted the steps and entered. The girl had gone straight to the trestle table. She put the tip of one finger into the deep cut in its top.

"J. G.," she murmured. Her glance traveled over the walls. She turned and began to walk slowly down the room.

"Natalie!" Tennant said, scandalized.

Either she had not heard him or was indifferent. She deliberately ascended the three steps and laid hold of the door knob on the left. Tennant watched her, himself for a moment forgetful of the proprieties, as she threw her weight against it. She revolved the handle again, pulling it sharply toward her. The door stood like a rock. She faced about, flushed and indignant.

"It's locked!" she proclaimed.

"Evidently!" Tennant gasped. "I wouldn't advise you, my dear child, to go rattling the knobs of other people's doors. They might mistake us for housebreakers."

"But it's too exasperating," she panted, "when I want ——"

The aggrieved expression of her eyes deepened. She looked so much as she had used to fifteen years earlier when balked in the fulfillment of her desires that Tennant could not forbear smiling.

"I thought in your dream that the door yielded," he remarked, "and in that case you must already know what is inside."

Natalie's expression changed. She was aroused from her preoccupation, aware of him standing there in front of her with his challenging smile. She returned it slyly and mysteriously.

"Would you like to know? But I thought you weren't interested. And what would be the use anyway? You wouldn't believe it. You don't believe now, though you're looking at what I described." She came down into the lower part of the room, and taking him by the coat shook him gently. "Get the house for me and then you can see for yourself."

"I'm perfectly willing, my dear, if I could find anyone to get it from. One would suppose, after all the noise we've made ——" He moved to the door, glancing out, and again a little nervously at his daughter. "Really, Natalie, we ought not to be in the house, you know. The thing to do is to stroll around outside and see if we can find a bell somewhere."

"It's no use trying at the front," Natalie returned decidedly. "They won't answer."

He regarded her with an air of exasperation.

"Well, at the back then. If Gale himself isn't on the premises he must at least have a caretaker."

"There's someone now," Natalie interrupted.

She had joined her father on the little porch, not so much apparently from a sense of decorum as from eagerness to reconnoiter; and now at sight of the person approaching across the lawn she ran lightly down the steps.

The figure advanced toilsomely. It was that of a short and very shriveled old black man, neatly dressed in the clothes of a house servant and carrying on his arm a basket and shears. He passed through a gap in the hedge, and catching sight of Natalie on the path paused in evident astonishment. He had not heard them, then. They had not been detected in their scandalous encroachment. Tennant watched with amusement the animated dialogue going on before him. Natalie's voice, with its confident, inquiring note, which so recommended her to all retainers, was evidently having its usual effect. She turned presently and delivered an interpretation to her father:

"He says Mr. Gale is in town—is expected back at any moment, and that we can wait for him in the hunting room if we like. Will you wait?"

"Of course. But where are you going?"

"Oh, just around the garden with Mister Moses." She indicated her acquaintance of five minutes with a friendly smile. "There's something else I want to see. I won't be long."

She departed with her strangely contrasted guide down the brick walk toward the back of the house; paused a moment, deflected perhaps from her original intention by the appearance of another man, in overalls and carrying a wet sack, who had come up from the direction of the flashing roofs of greenhouses. Three voices were audible now in colloquy. Natalie's figure, with its quick-gesturing hands, eager head surveying the prospect of trees and shadows and blossoms, and her joyful, confident tone, seemed curiously at home in this scene, as though she were indeed the mistress of it.

Tennant shrugged, hooked his cane beneath his arm and strolled back into the room—the hunting room, so it had been named to him. Facing the locked door, he stood for a space contemplating it; then shifted his attention to the paintings on the walls, studying them—men, horses, dogs and fox, exactly as Natalie had described them, excepting only that the vivid and lifelike quality she had discovered in her dream was lacking. A quality of dreams perhaps. He inspected the initials on the table top—J. G.—several times over. He stared into the center of the room as if he half expected to see the explanation of this mystery gather before him out of the thin golden atmosphere.

"H'm!" he ejaculated, and putting down his hat seated himself in one of the comfortable old hewn chairs. His expression was vexed, disturbed altogether out of its habitual serenity. But the influence of an excellent cigar, together with the gentle murmur of the garden outside—the sound of bees, the light fall of water, a bird's note

drowsy in the warmth—was very soothing. They lulled him gradually into a half-somnolent repose. He may even have slept lightly.

He came to himself with a start, blinking. There had been no disturbance, and yet he seemed aware of a change. He looked at his watch. The hands pointed to four o'clock. Three-quarters of an hour! Yet the change was not merely one of time. He leaned forward, listening. No voices outside, or steps. He rose abruptly and faced about.

He was confronted by the tall figure of a man dressed in gray, holding a gray cap in one hand. The man was standing at the foot of the three steps and a little to the left of the fireplace. The effect was that he had been there but a moment, halted by some unexpected discovery, and was even now at the point of making a step forward. A short black shock of hair, damp with the heat, stood back from his forehead like a ruffled crest. In the instant of first meeting, something challenging, even hostile, looked out of his eyes.

"Mr Gale, I suppose?" the older man began inquiringly. "My name is Tennant."

The other extended his hand, and with the contact the spark of hostility died. He smiled, looking slightly embarrassed.

"I hope we're not intruding," Tennant continued. "We heard at the hotel that your place was being offered, and so we came out."

"Not at all. Yes —— I hope you haven't been waiting long." He was nervously stripping off his gauntlets. "Sit down, Mr. Tennant." He tossed his riding crop on the table and flung himself into a chair with a sudden relaxation of weariness. "I've had a ride of it! Didn't intend to go to town, but had to send a telegram." He caught himself like a man who realizes that he is talking at random. "I'm glad"—he began, stopped and began again. "I'm very sorry."

Tennant looked at him mildly.

"The fact is I did put my house on the market, but my plans have been suddenly altered. I've decided to occupy it myself."

"Er ah—certainly." Tennant made an agreeable semi-intelligible murmur in the back of his throat, but he looked more blank than the circumstances seemed to warrant. After a moment, transferring his gaze from his companion to the open window, he added in a clearer tone, "No wonder!"

There was another moment while both men continued to look out over the descent of lawn seen under the shining sun of midafternoon. Then Tennant remarked, "It's a beautiful place."

"It is," the other agreed with emphasis, almost with fervor. "I had no idea! Do you know, Mr. Tennant, I haven't been inside these grounds for seven—yes, it's all of seven years! And I didn't remember ——"

He seemed to have forgotten that he had been speaking. The red-and-green mass of the hedge was visible just outside the window and, though there was no wind, the perfume of the roses came to them at intervals as though the garden was softly breathing upon them.

"Of course," Tennant resumed, "your statement that you want the place for yourself naturally closes the subject"—but his lips remained open for another word, and his eyes were perplexed and beginning to be vaguely troubled—"as far as I am concerned," he continued with an emphasis on the personal pronoun.

The young man looked at him in surprise.

"But my daughter ——" He paused again, appearing to contemplate what the word presented to his mind; then stated with a conviction, a simplicity almost touching, "She has set her heart on it."

"Oh!" Gale articulated. He looked serious, but underneath that expression he might have been suspected of an ironic thought. "These daughters! As if I was going to give them what they wanted just because they have set their hearts on it!"

Tennant considered him keenly. The man was handsome, and in no cheap fashion. He had the long face and features of the aristocrat, with a rather unusual strength in the cutting of the lips and chin. His eyes were gray, clear and brilliant; the eye of intellect, so-called—in fact the eye of magnetism. They were fixed upon Tennant now. He must have perceived their charm, and he may have wondered how much more attractive a woman would find them.

"All the While I Was in a Sort of Half Darkness. The Air Was Warm and Heavy With the Scent of Some Flower"

"You see," he said, continuing his explanation, "among the houses we had on our list, this happened to be the nearest; and the suggestion was made that we could easily run over here and have a look at the grounds and the outside of the house. Having heard it was to be leased, I did not think that too great a liberty, even with you away."

The young man murmured, "Certainly not. Certainly not."

"My daughter," Tennant went on, "took an inordinate fancy to it on sight"—he sighed—"unfortunately. And when she takes a fancy ——"

He stopped with a helpless wave of the hand.

"She won't even admit the owner's title?" Gale inquired, smiling.

"She'll admit it very gracefully," her father replied, "but she will have a number of persuasive arguments why it will be to your advantage to relinquish it, and she won't give up in a moment."

The young man, frowning slightly, considered this statement.

"But what are you advising that I do in the matter? Yield?"

"Not at all," Tennant answered quickly. "I wouldn't advise anything. I merely stated—on impulse, perhaps—a fact; that though for me the reason you give is conclusive, it won't end it for her. In short, you may find yourself in a ——"

He appeared to search for the word, and Gale put in "Difficulty?"

Tennant nodded.

"Quite so. And as long as advice has been mentioned, may I suggest that you look around for another better reason."

"Better?"

"From her point of view, I mean. Not merely that you want the house, but a reason why she might not want it."

The young man's attention seemed to have been arrested. He looked at Tennant, but did not speak.

"There usually are reasons with an old house," Tennant said hopefully.

His companion appeared to deliberate

"And suppose in this case there are none."

"Can't you think up something?"

"What?" Gale began sharply. Then realizing the quizzical expression on the other's face, "You mean invent something?"

"If you can't do better."

Gale laughed a short single note and, rising, moved away across the room. Having made the circuit meditatively, he returned to where Tennant sat, and planting himself, hands in pockets with a casual air, remarked, "Well, we might say that the drains were in such a condition and the place consequently so unhealthful ——"

Tennant shook his head.

"Oh, that would never do! She would simply turn it over to me to turn it over to the workmen. That wouldn't make any difference. No practical difficulties matter a pin to her."

"No practical ah, I see."

The owner of the house looked down. He appeared to be lost in thought. His face wore the vague and relaxed expression that accompanies the exercise of the imaginative powers. At last, raising his head, he inquired with an effect of nonchalance, "How about having it haunted?"

"Haunted!" Tennant echoed, lying back in his chair. "Well, that's a reason—and it's not practical."

"I should say not!" the other ejaculated.

"You think it won't do?"

"I don't know," Tennant returned. He considered, smoothing his chin. "It might."

"Not uncommon for old houses to have that reputation."

"No, though it's rather uncommon for owners to object to renting them on that ground."

A change spread itself over Gale's face, not merely a lifting of the head, but a tightening of the muscles a contraction of the eyelids, a hardening and closing of the expression.

"I beg your pardon," Tennant said, at a loss; then, perhaps realizing there was no reason apparent for his having done so, he added hastily, "But doubtless she will not notice that unless it is pointed out to her, and that we shall be at pains not to do. On the whole, I think that's a rather good idea of yours," he proceeded with an air of increasing approbation.

Gale appeared to have recovered himself, but there was an added nervousness in his manner.

"You think she will believe it?"

"I don't know. It's getting to be rather the fashion in these days. Though if she should, even then I'm not

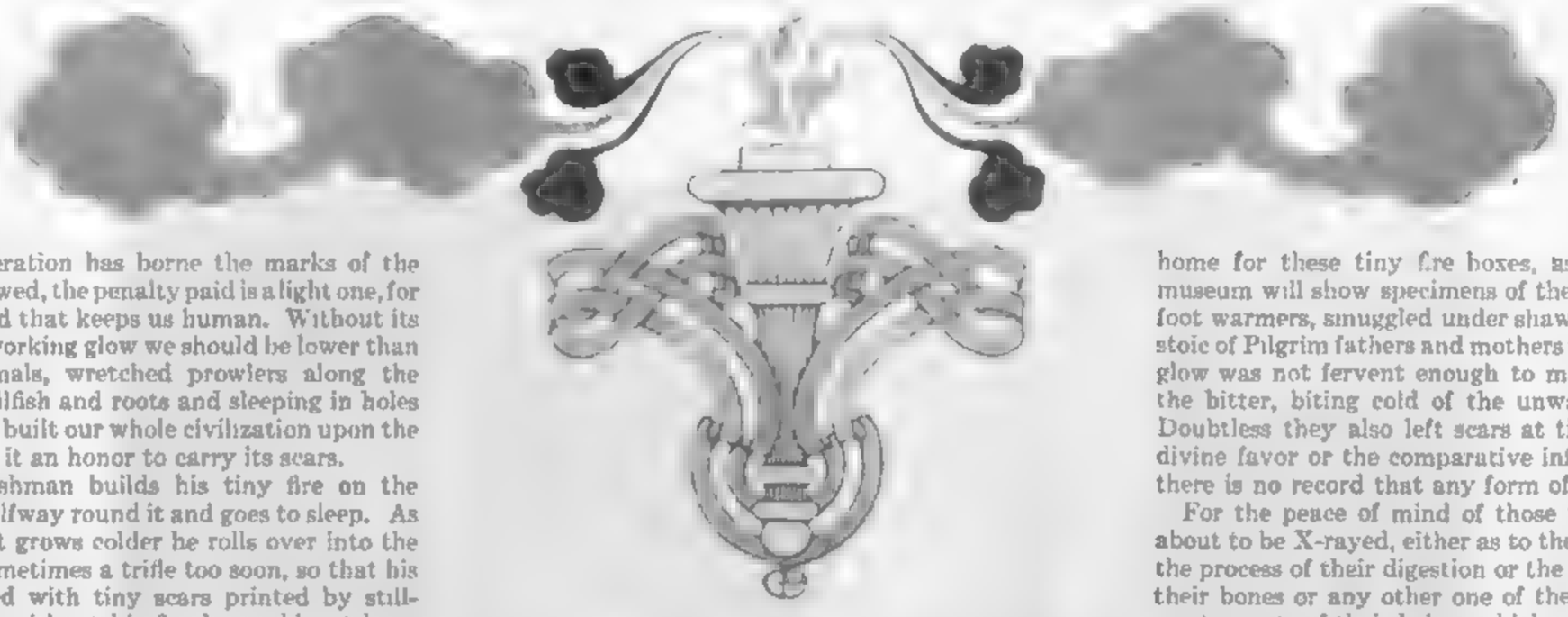
(Continued on Page 45)

THE NEW LIGHT ON BURNS

By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

EVER since man tamed the Red Flower of the Jungle and brought it to live in his hut he has gone in daily peril of its bite. Never more than half tamed at best, it will bite the hand that feeds it as readily and just as severely as the fuel, or creep smoldering along in the dark hours to burn the rooftree over his head.



Though every generation has borne the marks of the flame, yet, broadly viewed, the penalty paid is a light one, for it is fire that made and that keeps us human. Without its friendly and wonder-working glow we should be lower than the best of the animals, wretched prowlers along the beaches, living on shellfish and roots and sleeping in holes in the rocks. We have built our whole civilization upon the flame, and may count it an honor to carry its scars.

The Australian bushman builds his tiny fire on the sands, curls himself halfway round it and goes to sleep. As the night of the desert grows colder he rolls over into the warm bed of ashes, sometimes a trifle too soon, so that his whole body is mottled with tiny scars printed by still-glowing embers. But without his fire he could not have burned the ends of hard gumwood shafts to a point and made spears to kill his game with.

Later some genius of a new generation propped a bark shelter over the fire and got warmth without scorching, so that burns proved a stimulus to progress, and then, as ever since, the home was literally built over the hearth. It would be safe to estimate that for every minute of pain has been won a month of comfort and safety.

Almost every tribe and race has its myth of the fire bringer, who usually captured the sacred flame from heaven, and is worshiped as its greatest benefactor; and the legends may all be true, for the origin of fire is still a mystery. The most likely guess is that it was snatched from one of the smallest bubbling fire pots of some slumbering volcano. If so, what a debt the human race owes to these burning mountains, a thousandfold overbalancing their occasional deadly eruptions with such terrible local destruction of life and gear! To say nothing of the belief held by certain biologists that life itself originated in some warm, salty, electrically charged pool on the side of a volcano.

Even this is hardly necessary to square our account, for the very streams of lava, which sometimes take such a deplorable toll of life, are molten fertilizer, and when cooled form a soil of such incredible richness that the most densely populated regions in the world, outside of cities, are the lower slopes and plains around the bases of volcanoes.

For every life they destroy they make at least a hundred possible. Even the torch of the volcano flashes the beneficence and friendliness of fire.

The Risks of X-Ray Workers

THAT our whole modern life is fed by fire needs no proof, scarce even a reminder. The forge with its torrent of weapons and tools, the steam engine which has wiped out distance and ocean barriers and drives the loom and the mill, the dynamo which pours light and power all over the earth, catch the most careless eye. We can hardly complain if some price in pain and danger has to be paid for these marvelous gifts. How huge the balance is on the side of conquest and comfort is shown by the overwhelmingly cheerful and happy nature of our memories of and mental associations with fire. The cozy glow and crackle of logs on the hearth, the twinkle of candles on the Christmas tree, the lights that shine from curtained windows when the early dusk is falling, the sparkle and glitter of fireworks and the blazing radiance of the Great White Way.

A scarlet thread of danger runs gleaming through all these childhood memories. A gust of wind down the chimney and the flames leap forward from the hearth to catch a floating drapery and flash it into a robe of fire. Even the tiny starlike candles of the Christmas tree may kindle the hair or the sleeves of eager little plunderers, or set the beard of Santa Claus himself aflame and turn the happy festival into a panic or a tragedy.

But these flashes of the red claw are so few that they furnish scarcely more than an occasional shadow to throw into higher relief a bright and cheerful picture—just enough to remind us well that in all our daily dealings with fire it is best, as the Spaniards say, to march with the beard on the shoulder, and that woolen overwear is even more life-saving in taking chances with the flame than woolen underwear in midwinter. Curious as it may seem, a majority of the fire injuries which are brought to our hospitals and clinics, and many of the worst of these, are caused by the blazing of our own clothing; so much so that a special commission of underwriters, after studying the subject, advised the teaching to children the great desirability of wearing at least one woolen skirt or garment as the most important single step of protection against fire.

Fortunately, it is doubtful whether our immensely increased closeness of intimacy with fire in modern days has appreciably increased these risks. Though we are now unhappy unless we can have fire in the form of crystal globes of light, and of purring coils of heat in every room that we inhabit, both at home and abroad, and pipes under every floor which carry the gas that bursts into flame, to say nothing of tiny fire sticks that blaze at a touch, we have few more fire tragedies than in the days of tallow candles and open fires and kitchen stoves whose lighting could be accelerated with kerosene.

The feeble little grease-dropping candles, which gave such a dim and smoky light that you almost had to light a second one in order to find the first, were terrible igniters of window curtains, bed hangings and fluffy garments, far more dangerous than blazing electric bulbs of twenty times their power, though our memories of them are so cheering and grateful that we still stand them about upon our mantels and dressing tables, never dreaming of lighting them, but just to admire their lovely colors in the electric glow.

It is true that these new incarnations of the fire spirit have brought new dangers with them—shocks, for instance, of temporary paralysis from standing up in your bathtub and trying to turn on an electric bulb overhead with wet fingers; new forms of burns from electric flash, which are terribly slow in healing, and the dire damage done to the skin by overexposure to the X ray, which takes months to get well, and may even drift on into a slow form of cancer.

But all these put together could scarcely balance half the dangers which came from the simple carrying about of naked lights, whether in houses or in mills or mines, to flash off the thickly floating dust into fierce and fearfully destructive explosions.

The new machine-made lightning which we lead through wires into our homes and working places does cause more accidents and disasters from crossed wires and short circuiting, such as a recently reported electrocution from holding an electric sweeper in one hand and taking down the telephone receiver with the other, than did the thunderbolts of Jove under the open sky. But its increasing use in mines alone is already saving more lives from explosions caused by badly screened lights every year than are destroyed in a decade by lightning stroke.

Apart from their extreme slowness in healing, electric burns are no more difficult to treat than ordinary flame injuries, though that's bad enough. Even the sinister power of the X-ray burn in setting up a remorseless burrowing and spreading process closely allied to cancer has nothing new about it. The natives of Kashmir and other parts of the Orient carry about with them in wintertime little metallic baskets or boxes of glowing charcoal, which they hold in their laps when they sit down, and even wear in the folds of their girdles.

Naturally these primitive hot-water bottles or pet portable furnaces bite occasionally. And under perpetual rescorchings the little scars produced break down and set up a form of cancer—so commonly, in fact, that it has a name of its own, kangri cancer, by which it is known all over the Orient.

We need not go so far away from home for these tiny fire boxes, as almost any colonial museum will show specimens of the little ember boxes, or foot warmers, smuggled under shawls or seats by the less stoic of Pilgrim fathers and mothers whose inward spiritual glow was not fervent enough to make them oblivious of the bitter, biting cold of the unwarmed meeting house. Doubtless they also left scars at times; but whether by divine favor or the comparative infrequency of their use, there is no record that any form of cancer resulted.

For the peace of mind of those who have been or are about to be X-rayed, either as to the roots of their teeth or the process of their digestion or the state of the marrow in their bones or any other one of the revelations of the inmost secrets of their being, which are in daily vogue nowadays, it should be said that X-ray cancer and all the more serious forms of X-ray damage can only be produced by prolonged and incessantly repeated exposures such as would be sustained only by an operator or an investigator.

No case of X-ray cancer has ever been reported in a patient, and the total number in operators and experts is only a little more than a score all told. Even these will be less frequent in the future, as the foundation for most of them was laid before we were aware of the danger, and with modern methods of protection, such as lead screens, they will be rare exceptions from now on.

The Mystery of Increasing Pain

WE HAVE just had a pitiful reminder of the reality of this danger in the recent death in Paris of one of the pioneer French investigators, after fifteen years of almost incessant suffering and twenty-four operations—successive amputations as the process crept remorselessly up his arms. He died a martyr, for even after he knew his danger he refused to use the lead-plated screens and gloves because they interfered with the delicacy and accuracy of his work, and to him his work came before his life.

Woven as it is into the very web and pattern of our daily life, the flame with all its works is still a mystery—its origin a mystery, its nature a mystery—for, though it springs from the union of heat and fuel, it is neither, and the best name that we can give to the strange flickering glow of life is the vital flame. Up to a decade or so ago there was a like mystery about the marks which it printed upon our bodies.

The points which puzzled us about flame injuries were why their pain kept growing worse instead of better, why they were so desperately slow in healing, why they made the patient feverish and ill before infection had time to occur and why they left such thick and disfiguring scars.

The first thing that strikes us about a burn is that it hurts like the mischief; the second, that it keeps right on hurting—indeed, seems rather to grow worse instead of better as the minutes go by, unlike most other of the injuries that happen to us, unless extremely severe. The pain of most bruises and cuts, for instance, sharp as it may be at first, tends to subside and becomes more tolerable within a comparatively short time after the dressings have been put on.

But the pain of flame injuries shows no such merciful and relenting spirit, often not even after the surgeon has done his best, and it is this obstinate and lasting character which marks them off from all other hurts and has made their treatment so troublesome and often unsatisfactory.

The cause of this piling up or cumulative nature of the pain in burns has always been a puzzle, and the explanations for it many and varied. One of the most commonly accepted was that it was due to the scorching away of the surface of the skin and exposure to the air of the sensitive tissues beneath, and as these dried tiny cracks formed in them which let in the air to still deeper layers and thus kept the irritation growing and spreading.

Accordingly, the proper dressings to use were such as would both shut out the air and keep the surface soft and flexible, and burns were flooded with oils and coated over with salves as quickly as possible, the thicker and stickier the better. A standard favorite of this class was the well-known carron oil, a mixture of linseed oil and slaked lime, which was an ideal combination for this purpose—of paint

and mortar, so to speak. A similar effect was produced from the household resources of the pantry shelf by dusting the surface of the burn thickly with flour or baking soda or scraped raw potato, or coating it over with clean lard or cream or unsalted butter.

These air-tight coverings were unquestionably helpful in relieving pain and in moderately hastening healing, and they still remain excellent emergency dressings. But even after the worst of the pain has been relieved, and in the old North Country miners' phrase, "the fire taken out of the burn," they were still desperately slow to heal, and if at all severe, depressed and upset the patient out of all proportion to the apparent actual damage done.

This is the second great mark of a burn, and until recently the chief stumblingblock in the way of successful treatment, that they heal slowly and badly and poison the patient even while they heal. When the part played by germs in the infection of wounds was first discovered we thought we had at last a complete explanation of this part of the burn problem in that their wide-open and slow-healing surfaces offered a door of entry into the system which bacilli could drive through four abreast, so to speak.

But this was soon doomed to disappointment, because even when germs gain entrance to a wound they take at least twelve hours and usually one to three days to multiply into sufficient numbers to invade and overwhelm the system, while the sickness and feverishness which followed fire injuries came on almost at once, long before infection even of the most virulent type could have had time to develop. Moreover, according to strict antiseptic theory the surface of a burn ought to be fairly sterile or germ proof, as any bacilli which might have been present on the skin would have been destroyed by the heat.

The Discovery of a Basic Principle

INDEED, in our student days we were taught that it was not necessary to torture a patient to clean the surface of a burn, because the half-burned skin upon it had been sterilized by the heat. Antiseptic treatment greatly improved the later progress of burns by preventing what was called secondary infection by the germs of suppuration and surgical fever.

But it did little to diminish the curious and often fatal fire sickness or to avoid the thick, unsightly scars. Gradually the conviction grew that there was something on the surface of a burn which did not come from without, which had nothing to do with air or with germs, and which first agonized the nerves and later poisoned the blood of the patient. What could it possibly be? The only substances present were the scorched tissues of the patient's own surface, and how could they possibly be injurious to the body which had borne them and to which they belonged?

So definite and certain was this fire fever that we could almost predict the severity of it according to the size of the surface injured. Small burns produced only a light attack, larger ones a more serious one, and we had actually arrived at a working rule that if more than a fifth of the surface of the body was involved the resulting shock and fever were very likely to be fatal. Evidently the whole injured surface was covered with some noxious substance, which, reversing its normal outpouring action, it was inpouring into the blood, every additional square inch contributing its quota until finally a fatal dose was reached. In other words, the scorched skin, or what was left of it, instead of protecting the body, was poisoning it. It appeared to be something in the skin itself, for a deep fire injury of great severity, if of moderate size, was not half so dangerous to life as a wide, superficial scorch.

For some strange reason fire injuries widespread enough to endanger life not infrequently caused severe ulcers in the duodenum, or upper part of the small intestine. There seemed to be a weird sort of sympathy between our internal and external surfaces, fire applied to the skin causing burns of the stomach. But later observations made it probable that this was due to the action of the bile, which had become so intensely irritating as literally almost to eat holes in the lining of the intestine where it is poured into it from the liver. The venom of the burn fire seems to turn even the liver against the rest of the body and make the mild digestive bile a corrosive poison.

Some idea of this extraordinary transference of inflammation has apparently been grasped by the crafts which have suffered most often and bitterly from fire. Welsh and Cornish miners, for instance, in cases of severe burn from fire damp or blast explosions attach the greatest importance to immediate huge doses of salts or other vigorous laxatives—"to clear the fire out of the system," as they say. It is quite possible that this heroic procedure by both flushing out the intestines and diluting the bile might diminish the risk of this serious inflammation.

Light on this poison mystery was long in coming, and when it did begin to break it was from rather unexpected sources. One of the first gleams came from the far-distant realm of dietetics—from our study of poison foods. These are a group of foods of considerable size, which, though perfectly wholesome and nourishing to the vast majority of people, are literal poisons to a luckless few. They have long been recognized, but no one could say how or why they could produce such strikingly different effects in different persons. All we could do was to hide behind imposing terms like "idiosyncrasy," "individual susceptibility," and the like, or even crankiness and imagination, and let it go at that.

But a decade or so ago it was discovered that most of these explosive foods were proteins, or nitrogenous foods, either vegetable or animal, and that it was the way in which these proteins were broken up in the process of digestion in the stomachs of the susceptible food-poisoned persons that caused the trouble.

This fitted in with the already-known fact that even the most simple and harmless of food proteins, such as milk, meat juice or fruit juice, if injected into our blood, would break up and produce poisonous symptoms, instead of being digested and nourishing us as they would if placed in the stomach.

Nor was this true only of foreign proteins or the proteins of plants and animals produced outside of our own bodies. Some of the deadliest toxins produced by disease germs were found to be due to the splintering and breaking down of the proteins of our own body tissues. Careful experiments upon animals showed that blood drawn from their own veins, and then injured by heat or cold, or just by letting it stand and undergo what is known as autolysis, or self-digestion, when injected back again into their veins would produce toxic effects.

This raised the question at once, if our body substances when injured or damaged in any way, or even introduced into parts of our body where they are not naturally found, act like poisons, may not this account for the singular effects of burns upon the general system? In other words, may not the fire victim be suffering from self-poisoning from the absorption of his own half-burned tissues?

The way to answer the question was in the words of the famous surgeon genius, John Hunter, "Don't think—try." A case of severe burn was taken, the patient put under ether as for a surgical operation, and the whole spread of surface thoroughly cleansed and scrubbed with an antiseptic solution and pads of gauze until every particle of the burned and half-burned tissues was cleared away. Then the clean surface was covered with thick vaseline, or wax, and to the surgeon's delight the pain was no greater than that of an ordinary wound, there was not a trace of fire fever or depression, the new skin grew rapidly under the wax coating, and the whole area was healed over with a thin flexible scar in about half the customary time. Better still, in place of the dead line being drawn at extension over one-fifth of the body surface, many burns and scalds covering more than half the body have now been recovered from completely.

The poisons of the half-destroyed tissues had been causing the pain, preventing the growth of the new skin, as well as producing the deadly fire fever, and by their incessant irritation drawing the blood continually into the injured parts and causing the pouring out of excessive amounts of repair material, which went far beyond the necessary coating over of the surface and produced the thick, disfiguring bands of scars.

Modern Methods of Treatment

THIS is what might be called the ideal or pure surgical treatment of burns, but it looks so radical that for the present it is chiefly limited to the severest cases, widespread enough to threaten life; especially as some of its more enthusiastic advocates actually scrub the scorched surface with relays of sterilized nail brushes until every particle of the fire-damaged substance is removed and nothing but healthy tissue left, the patient, of course, being profoundly unconscious under an anæsthetic.

But the saving is so great and striking, not only in risk of life but in suffering and wound fever, in hastening of recovery and in prevention of crippling scars that the tendency is rapidly growing to extend it to all burns of any degree of seriousness, for the mild cases respond just as promptly and kindly to it as do the severe ones. To put it roughly, one might say that every serious burn more than five inches square could profitably be treated at a hospital by this method, and that every real burn above the size of a dollar should be regarded as a surgical case and taken to a surgeon.

Especially is this true if the admirable combined method of anæsthesia by gas and nerve blocking, so ably developed and advocated by Crile, is used. This consists of inhaling oxygen and nitrous-oxide gas, our old familiar friend of the dentist's chair—laughing gas—combined with blocking the nerve trunks supplying the damaged area by injecting local anæsthetics into them so that they will no longer convey pain messages. This practically abolishes pain, and at the same time causes so little disturbance or even discomfort to the patient, or nausea or depression afterwards, such as may follow ether or chloroform, that the boon of the radical treatment of burns with all its advantages can be extended to all but comparatively slight cases.

For the present a mitigated and somewhat more cautious style is being adopted which reaches practically the same ends by milder and slower means. If the pain be agonizing, a moderate dose of morphine is given hypodermically to bring it within bearable bounds. Then the surface is gently cleansed with gauze pads dipped in sterile water or mild antiseptic solutions, such as Dakin's fluid, used in the famous Carrel treatment of wounds. The cleaned wound is quickly covered over with strips of gauze or lint, moistened with water or saline solution or some other mild antiseptic, like one per cent picric acid or ichthyol. As fast as these strips become dry and hot they are removed and new moist, cool strips laid over in their place. This means incessant work for a skilled nurse, but the trouble is well repaid, for by this means the poisonous split proteins on the surface are gradually soaked up by and removed with the thin porous dressings, while at the same time the

(Continued on Page 89)

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 23, 1921

The Investor's Thorny Path

THE chap who never has had any spare cash may envy the investor who loses, on the ground that it is better to lose what one has had than never to have had it at all. But this is cold comfort to the unwise and unfortunate investor. His name, it may be said, is legion, for those who are too wise to be caught in plain swindles have suffered in the last year or two from unsuccessful speculations, business depression and reduced or suspended dividends. So far as the purchaser of stocks is willing to take a chance and lose if need be, all is well. It is precisely his willingness to assume the risks of business enterprise which is one of the main conditions of industrial progress. But unfortunately not all the risks are assumed by persons fitted or prepared to carry them.

In periods of great prosperity, so called, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say in boom times, all manner of persons, many of whom know better, are swept off their feet by the rise in stock prices. Thousands who are in no position to take risks do take them, not so much against their better judgment as with that faculty wholly inactive. Not primarily from ignorance or fraud are investors led astray, but chiefly because of their own natural sympathetic response to the frenzy of speculation and extravagance that then pervades the country. Much may be done to protect the investor, either by coöperative action on the part of reputable bankers or by governmental regulation. But no amount of accurate information regarding security offerings, and certainly no activities of governmental commissions, can wholly protect an individual from being affected by the prevailing mob psychology.

It is absurd to waste much pity on the man who parts with hard-won savings merely because the representative of a brokerage house with which he has never dealt persuades him over the telephone to buy stock in a venture of which he has never heard. Obviously persons so unsophisticated should place their spare funds in trust with savings banks or other similar institutions.

But the more knowing person, who buys stock during a boom at high prices in a concern which is well known and reputable but whose prosperity depends upon the continuance of boom conditions, and who cannot afford to lose, is just as foolish in his way as his more crudely witless fellow. He is simply carried away by speculative proclivities, whether he buys stock on margin or outright, and like the more ignorant investor, should have kept his funds where they were safe.

When large dividends are being paid on stocks people shut their eyes to the fact that the proper investment for those who cannot afford to lose consists in the first place of savings-bank deposits, of life-insurance policies, and, if conditions favor, of a home; and secondarily of sound bonds first mortgages on real estate and probably such types of securities as building-and-loan shares. With continued prosperity interest on these fixed investments and dividends on stocks become confused in the public mind. Stockholders come to regard their dividends as permanent, fixed, something to be taken for granted and due them, like the interest on a bond.

It may be objected that the decline in bond value spoils the argument in favor of their ownership. But comparatively few bonds have stopped paying interest, and the decline in price has probably on the whole been decidedly less than in the case of stocks. Then, too, many classes of fixed-interest-bearing securities show little if any decline. This is true of many bonds of short maturity; of numerous government obligations, such as Thrift Stamps, War Savings Stamps and certificates of indebtedness; and, of course, of savings-bank deposits, insurance policies, first mortgages on real estate and building-and-loan shares.

The saddest feature of the investment situation is that at the very time when this simple, elementary lesson in first principles is being borne home so bitterly to so many people, many stocks are perhaps cheap. Obviously the time to buy stocks is when other people are selling, at the bottom, when the darkness is about to break away before the dawn. The bold speculator, and the one who will probably be rewarded, was he who a short time ago sent his broker an order to buy twenty-five shares each of twenty basically sound stocks, all of which had but recently reduced dividends or stopped paying them altogether.

But most investors are not equipped, are not financially strong enough to take advantage of the great cycles of stock prices and dividend fatness and leanness. If they buy stocks at all the better time is probably when the corporations are just beginning to recover from a period of depression and are past the danger of failure or bankruptcy, without as yet being on the highroad to full-blown prosperity. No one knows the best time to buy stocks. It is a search for the philosopher's stone, for the unfailing index in a world where failure must always be present and perfection usually absent.

For most savers and investors it is wiser to be sure of a few thousand dollars than to be uncertain about many thousands. The nest egg that one is certain of pays more grocery bills than the lucky fortune in the winning of which the chances are several thousand against, and one or two for. But once the backlog is assured, then the risks of stock ownership may be taken on. Those who have ample means can and should take these risks. Indeed, their readiness to do so is the justification of private property itself.

The Political Risk

THE economic necessity of selling our surplus commodities and the dire need for these goods in Europe have prompted many proposals for the stimulation and stabilization of exports. Despite the stream of gold that flows continuously to our shores it is certain that the buying power of the outside world is receding. A statement issued last autumn by the Chase National Bank gave a figure of approximately three and a half billion dollars as representing the unfunded balance due us. The data of Anderson employed in this statement have since been attacked by Williams as excessive.

Viewed from the standpoint of the statistics of the Federal Reserve Board it does not appear that our unfunded commercial-export account can have reached any such figure. This inference is supported by analysis of credit sales of the principal commodities, such as wheat, cotton and copper. Though it is clearly very difficult to determine the extent of our unfunded commercial accounts with foreign nations it is certain enough that bankers, traders and producers have sold on credit all that can safely be carried. And moreover our banks are carrying a large mass of frozen credits in the form of cancellations, representing commodities that have been shipped out and lie unclaimed in foreign ports. It is clear that it is neither safe nor desirable for additional banking credits to be extended in promotion of foreign trade.

It seems clear that the War Finance Corporation and the foreign-trade associations contemplated to function with the Edge Act are not in position to contribute large aid to exporters. In the final analysis this is due to the inability of banks to participate in the undertakings. It is certain that a collectivistic credit, on the part of the Treasury or the Federal Reserve, is out of the question. It is equally clear that the credit of individuals cannot be further stretched in advancement of export trade. The kernel of the difficulty in export trade lies in the risk. Credits could be arranged if risks could be limited. The abnormal risks are partly economic, partly political. The suggestion has been several times advanced that the abnormal risks of export trade could be eliminated by insurance.

The theory of insurance rests upon the horizontal distribution of risk over a wide area. The actuarial estimations rest upon secure mathematical foundation, supported by innumerable data covering many years and involving almost every conceivable aspect of human activity. Life and fire insurance have come out of the war with splendid records. Marine insurance was strong enough to survive submarine warfare. But though it is possible to purchase an insurance policy against hailstorms it is not possible to buy a policy against revolutions. The political risk is the unknown variable in the problem; the economic risk, though abnormally heavy, is not inscrutable.

It has been proposed that the Government, through one agency or another, should issue insurance against loss in export trade. Such insurance would need to be limited to conservative trade and could not be applied to speculations. Possibly the operations should proceed through trade associations. Clearly, therefore, the agency issuing the insurance must have the obligation of scrutinizing each transaction. And in order that proper responsibility be imposed upon the exporter, he should share the risk. One of the most prominent of American exporters of raw materials has suggested that the Government and the exporter divide the risk fifty-fifty. A proposition is under discussion before the British Board of Trade whereby, under certain circumstances, the government would assume 85 per cent of the risk. The Germans have in operation a scheme, whose details are unknown, whereby the government facilitates credits for export and assumes a certain portion of the risk.

It is human nature to criticize a new proposal before seeking out its good points. Points in criticism of government insurance of export risks are mainly two: From the standpoint of the theory of insurance, it is difficult to see how the risk is to be spread horizontally over a large area of transactions. From the standpoint of practice, it is clear that intensive governmental supervision and control of exports would be necessary if the insurance scheme were to be protected from abuse. It would not do for exporters to keep good trades to themselves and share with the Government only the hazardous ones. It would be difficult to controvert the view that government insurance should be extended only to essentials. And yet the segregation of essentials from nonessentials is very difficult. It may be agreed that cotton is an essential and silk stockings a nonessential, here and abroad. But unemployment in silk mills may be just as serious socially as raising cotton at a loss. Nevertheless, in the main, agreement could be reached as to the commodities to which government insurance should be applied. Finally, the proposal involves a return of government participation in business, a step not lightly to be taken.

On the other hand, every proposal designed to restore the flow of commodities from the American producer to the markets of the world deserves sympathetic consideration. We must clearly realize the disproportion between volume change of commodities and change of prices. A small glut in the volume of a commodity has a very disproportionate effect upon the price of the total commodity in use. An unexportable 5 per cent excess of a commodity may operate to reduce below the cost of production the price of the 95 per cent consumed. The export of an exportable surplus is thus a matter of particular importance.

The Girl With the Golden Heels

By KENYON GAMBIER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IN THE morning I was late and lazy, enjoying the vacation which in my opinion had been well earned. I frankly admit that my first thought was of Angela, and that she remained with me nearly through breakfast. Then came Odette, tripping after, and I did not find her so interesting to think about. I had no longer an atom of anxiety about her. She was a girl away from her mother against her mother's will—no more than that. She was just as capable of taking care of herself as I was of myself, and she had a mighty good reason for visiting round.

If that had been all there was to it I could have gone on trailing her with a clear conscience. But there was an anxious mother and a deceived old man. Was it fair to them to continue this comedy? If the vicomte were promptly to be told the truth, which he must ultimately learn, he would disappear and Odette would return. Was it up to me thus to ring down the curtain on the play?

I was annoyed with myself for having a conscience, for if I stopped all this I snapped the link which bound Angela to me. Perhaps she would let me go on seeing her, but the spice would be gone. Our joint quest of Odette maintained a mutual warmth which to me—and I hoped to her—was a forcing house for friendship. I speculated on what Angela might have meant when she had said that she might do more than telegraph. Had she other jolly automobile journeys in mind, or sudden joint excursions following a clew? I thought of the uplifted aristocratic chin of that descendant of John of Egerton, and I felt sure that she would not unceremoniously rush about with me through this lovely England in this lovely June except for the most compelling of reasons.

A hard sacrifice, but I made it like a man. I went to LeCroix's house and asked for Madame Seravin.

"A letter has come, Monsieur Roke," Jacques told me, and his eyes were nearly normal; so I felt that the atmosphere of the house was less charged with potential tragedy. Madame was frigid, but not antagonistic. Marie had told her, she said, that I was the secret inquiry agent to whom monsieur had intrusted this mission of so great delicacy, and she had no doubt that his confidence was fully justified. I could see that it deeply rankled that I should have been so intimately thrust into her family troubles, but that she was trying to be courteous and appreciative. It had relieved her, she said, to learn that the Bournes were an old and respected family and that mademoiselle was choosing her hiding places with some discretion. Our conversation was conducted in French, and I could not understand how so alert an old lady failed to respond to my clear hints that the vicomte must be told. In the end she showed me a letter from Odette.

"It came this morning," she said.

It was short and polite, to the effect that Odette was well and would not return until the vicomte had gone home. It bore no address, and when I asked for the envelope madame said that that had been destroyed.

"Why not tell him, madame?" I asked.

"Monsieur does not understand the complications of French provincial life," she answered. "For us old folk it is rent in factions. There are few Legitimists left. I am one, the vicomte another. We clung to the white flag and we knelt to the Comte de Chambord as our lawful king by divine right. If I antagonize the vicomte I am abandoned by the friends of a lifetime. It would be for me to live alone. Bonapartists, Orleanists I cannot meet. Republicans—that canaille is impossible."

"If Monsieur Could Spare Me Five Minutes?"
"Please Drive With Me, Madame. I Have an Appointment and Cannot Delay Here"

I could hardly believe my ears. "This living in a forgotten past!" I blurted out. "Madame, these ideas were dead long before the war. They are buried now."

"Ideals never die," madame calmly said, "and the Bourbons will one day come back and save France."

Poor Odette! To be the victim of loyalty to a cause hopeless years before she was born!

"A Legitimist is my banker," madame went on. "Another holds a mortgage on my house. My daughter's trustee is a third. You force these confidences, monsieur. The enmity of the vicomte means the enmity of all. I abandon thought of this marriage. I bend to my inconsiderate and unnatural daughter. But I must protect my future and hers. I will deal with the vicomte in my own way and in my own time. In the meantime"—madame paused and fixed her stern eyes on me—"it would embarrass me if my daughter were to return."

"Oh!"

My exclamation of surprise was natural, I think. Madame ignored it.

"I am deeply indebted to you, monsieur," she said with a grave courtesy, "but you will clearly perceive that the affairs of the house of Seravin need no longer occupy your valuable time."

Thus was the private inquiry agent summarily dismissed.

At my office I found LeCroix still pursuing the ideals of aristocracy. Typists no longer jumped into the air on hearing a thunderous summons. They rose quietly at a suave command. Clerks figuring out freight rates no longer wrongly calculated in frantic haste while an excited boss stood by clenching and unclenching enormous fingers and bellowing orders to hurry up. I looked at LeCroix and grinned as I absorbed the peaceful atmosphere of that usually rowdy office. It was all like a still ship in a calm sea in the center of a hurricane. I wondered how long before the wind would strike from the other direction.

To my amused surprise and great delight, LeCroix begged me to continue the search. Madame Seravin, he said, might have confidence in the discretion of her daughter, but he had no foolish illusions. The unhappy and misguided girl might be gallivanting about with due propriety or she might not. I inferred that the real reason for his solicitude was fear that Odette might get herself and him into trouble for traveling without compliance with passport regulations, but I afterward learned that this was only a minor motive. His manner toward me was fantastic.

In one instant he was, or tried to be, haughty and distant. In the next, "Roke, my boy, see!" He thumped down a roll of notes won the night before. "And the vicomte owes me two hundred besides!" A great burst of triumphant laughter, cut short in the middle by recollections of aristocratic restraints, and then an attempt to clap on the mask of reticence. "Leave affairs here to me," he said. "Find her. Tell her that her tactics have won. Tell her to avoid London until the vicomte has gone. Report all that her distressed and injured mother has said to you. Get her police registration in order. It is not necessary that her mother should know that you still pursue your search. Go now. You will be on the hunt immediately? You will not hang about London, of course?"

"I shall get busy at once," I answered gravely, laughing inside.

Why did LeCroix again wish for my absence? He had shipped me off to Plymouth to keep me from Odette. Now he was shipping me off to Odette—to keep me from whom, or what?

Jim Shaw and I had a joyous luncheon together. He was one of those soundless laughers whose eyes and facial expression told you clearly when his heart was merry. He was a boy on vacation, care free, bubbling over, and he listened with hilarious interest to my long tale. He had never, he said, had the luck to be cast for a part in such a comedy as the search for Odette; but the real girl, he declared, was Carol. He was mightily tickled at my description of her, her dress, her cherries, her home and her father.

"He killed Cock Robin and planted the murder on the sparrow," he said. "She is an artist in dress, a walking harmony with Nature, knee deep in red cherries and dressed to match."

He gave me a ludicrous description of his dinner at Seven Oaks with LeCroix and his wife.

"You sold him the steamer cheap," I said.

Jim waved his hand as though encircling great fleets.

"I'd give him a navy," he declared, "to smooth your path to Odette."

He chose to adopt the idea which Angela had maliciously planted in the mind of Carol. I was in infatuated pursuit of an ankle and an instep, so Jim declared, and I grinned and let it go at that. Jim honestly believed me half serious, and that proved to me that I had told my story as I had meant to tell it. Angela was not in the picture as I had made him see it.

Jim said after lunch that all England was a garden in June, and that we must see some of it that afternoon. So we went off in an automobile to stay overnight, and I laughed when he told the chauffeur to go to the southeast. At eight that night we were seated at a comfortable dinner table in a delightful little inn at Charing.

"I had to see Cock Robin," he said, "and the crimson Carol."

I took him to the house in the morning. Carol came marching to our knock, dressed just as before. But when she saw me she ran down the hall, crying out words of gratitude.

"It was jolly good of you," she cried as she warmly clasped my hand. "And Captain Bentacute was pleased too."

"Bentacute? Captain Bentacute?" I echoed in such sharp surprise that Carol stared at me.

She nodded and laughed.

"He just seems to adore you," she said. "He talked a lot about you when he had bought all our cherries."

I had presence of mind enough to introduce Jim.

"And you talked a lot about me too?" I questioned as we walked through to the porch.

She laughed again.

"What do you think? And I've heard from Odette too. Please sit down, won't you? Her address—that's what you're after? Oh! you shall have it—quick too. Please light your cigar, Mr. Shaw."

"Give me a match, Roke," he said.

Wondering what Bentacute could possibly want of me, I mechanically took a match box from my pocket and twirled it across to Jim Shaw. The cover slipped off and an enormous diamond rolled out and lay on the table, flinging back sunbeams in cold rays.

"Oh!" Carol gasped. Then I heard her murmur: "Lucky Odette!"

"I might get a light from it," Jim Shaw said, "but you must teach me the trick." He looked from the stone to me, then back again at the stone.

I sat staring at the brilliant gem as I do even yet at a conjurer who draws rabbits from a hat, and with precisely the same result. The diamond told me nothing. The box said "Made in Sweden," no more.

Carol asked in an awed voice, "Does Odette know?"

"It's—it's—a surprise," I stammered.

IX

CAROL BOURNE cupped the diamond in her sun-browned, shapely hands and breathed out a sigh of long-drawn ecstasy as she gazed into its depths. I tossed over a second match box from another pocket, watching as Jim Shaw opened it, but only matches came out; the magic apparently acted once only. Shaw's personality always imposed his humorous, dry outlook on me and put me on my mettle to set return puzzles for him to solve, so I jumped up with the manner of one whose little joke has succeeded. Jim believed that the diamond and I were old friends, and his eyes glinted amusement as he lighted his cigar.

I turned without a word and strolled down the garden path, bending my head over pansies in bloom and French poppies about to bloom and gillyflowers all out, just as though I saw them and was admiring them with a passionate intentness; but I was thinking back. No hint came from memory as to the source of the diamond. I reconstructed my previous day hour by hour, and the day before that, and I could not trace that match box made in Sweden. I knew the brand well in that careless, casual way that one knows what he sees every day, and I believed that it was supplied in my rooms. In my club match boxes were placed in metal holders; at LeCroix's hotel matches were kept in stone containers, and at the gambling house in silver boxes.

I remembered those silver boxes well, and the enormous size of the matches they held; characteristic, I had thought, of the ostentatious absurdities which abound in places which live on the vices and weaknesses of mankind. No one, as far as I could remember, had there or elsewhere handed me a box of matches. As far as I knew, I might have carried that diamond for days, and might have shifted it from the pocket of one suit to the pocket of another time and again. I was so absorbed in mental tracking backward that I nearly fell over Mr. Bourne, who was sprawling against a tree trunk with a sheet of paper in his lap and a pencil in his hand. The poet and I did a mutual dazed stare while we hauled our thoughts back to the present. He jumped up and thanked me profusely for sending along "that remarkable man with the halo of a saint and the brain of a business man."

"I'm glad, Mr. Bourne," I said. "What happened?"

The mind of the poet was as easy to pick as one of his cherries. Captain Bentacute had been told by his friend Charteris—that was I—of the fine cherry crop. He had come down, glanced, hired a motor lorry, bought two tons in the village and sent them by road to Birmingham; had paid a penny the pound over Covent Garden and so pleased everybody; had stayed to lunch and been found a most delightful companion.

"He's a wonderful man," I exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I'm glad to have done you and him a good turn. He's the most ardent cherry merchant in the world. He talked about me a lot, I suppose—he always does."

Mr. Bourne exuded knowledge of me and my affairs. I had been the topic at lunch, and the fascinating detective, my intimate friend, had learned all that Carol did not know about me. That was quite a lot. The poet, with real delicacy and genuine sympathy, expressed the hope that I should soon come again to a perfect understanding with Miss Seravin.

"She is exquisite," he said. "She is the soul of the south. She comes from the home of the troubadour, and her ancestresses, no doubt, have been queens of the tournament. She is romantic. She is charmingly medieval. Don't you see, Mr. Charteris, that she is no more than following the call of heredity?"

Mr. Bourne's pale-blue eyes, persuasively fixed on me, asked gentle pardon for intimate intrusion into my heart affairs. His lined, bloodless face seemed to gain a little color as I politely asked just what he meant.

"In less sordid days," the poet explained, "men served for love—served long and hard."

"I get you," I promptly said. "In the Middle Ages she would have given me a glove and a knot of ribbon, and I should have fared forth on my horse and come back with a big story and large trophies, and so on."

He eyed me with shy gravity, but my serious face precluded the thought of ridicule.

"It had a meaning," he said gently. "The ideal of all love is service. That is what she seeks in you. She does

(Continued on Page 24)

We Were So Still That a Living Blue Bullet Shot Up Amidstream, Swerved and Alighted on a Twig Not Five Feet From Us

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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not know that she is obeying an impulse which comes down through countless generations. She does not know that her flight is a symbol. Follow—follow patiently. You will have your reward."

"Thank you, Mr. Bourne," I answered. "Did you explain her that way to Captain Bentacute?"

"We talked freely," the poet admitted. "His intimate friendship with you and Miss Seravin justified that."

"Of course," I assented. "Did he mention the place of my last meeting with him?"

Mr. Bourne nodded.

"He asked if we shared his friendly fear that you were too fond of games of chance."

"Friendly?"

"You shall not misunderstand him," Mr. Bourne protested warmly. "He admires you profoundly, and only touched on that delicate matter in the most casual and proper way. If your most attached friend fears that you are exceeding a little the bounds, is it not better that you are frankly told?"

"You are right," I agreed. "My attached friend could only have meant well. Did he by any chance speak about the engagement ring or the stone for it?"

To this came a negative, and as there seemed no more to learn I went thoughtfully back to the porch, conscious as I came near that Jim and Carol were getting on all right together. Carol, seeing me, held the diamond high between thumb and finger.

"Odette," she invoked in a clear high treble, "can't you see it? Even there, in Oxford, can't you catch its sparkles? And aren't you flying to it quick?" She turned her head toward me and nodded. "Yes, she's there, at Oxford, at the Mitre Hotel. She wants to see the Thames, her note says—the upper reaches of the Thames—and she's gone there."

Her eyes brimmed with sympathy for me, the faithful lover, following this long trail with such dogged persistency, and bearing with me a peace offering so splendid. I remember vividly how hurt surprise came into Carol's big brown eyes as I burst out in gusts of helpless laughter.

"Is Oxford funny?" Carol asked severely, while Jim Shaw looked solemn reproach.

"Odette is," I said. "Oxford? Half across England!"

"Odette—funny!" Carol snapped, shocked.

I nodded.

"Lots of other things and people too."

Carol, in love with love and bursting with tender sympathy for a forsaken lover who was not a lover and not forsaken, eyed me with a changing face, which told me that she read my brave effort to hide grief behind a veil of levity.

"I understand," she consoled in a voice freighted with feeling.

I thought of my engagement at Folkestone with Angela for the next afternoon. Was I going to Oxford? Not likely.

"Odette," I said, "has gone too far."

"Do you mean," Carol gasped, "that you aren't going after her?"

"I am not," I said firmly. "The river my rival! Let her rest on its bosom."

"She has wounded you deeply," Carol murmured, shaking her head sadly.

She flushed slightly, looked at Jim, hesitated, then shyly asked him to go and examine the orchard.

"He knows all about it," I protested, fearing she would weep if left alone with me. "I don't mind his hearing anything you want to say. He'll tell you I am not to blame."

"Oh, I know that!"

She went on to declare that she liked me and did not want Odette to lose me; that we were absolutely suited to each other; that Odette was a perfect dear, and that two such nice people must not be unhappy forever because of a tiny quarrel. Jim's cigar went out while Carol continued with the prettiest and most earnest plea for love and Odette and me; and I know by that that he was strangely moved. You may imagine the candid heart plea of a bright-eyed, clear-skinned, trembling-voiced Carol when I tell you that Jim Shaw seemed hypnotized into forgetting that Odette and I were strangers, and glowered hot reproach at me.

"Don't you see, Mr. Shaw," she implored, "that he ought to give her another chance?"

"He certainly ought," Jim answered in a voice deep with feeling.

I stared at him, and his solemn eyes looked into mine with profound disapproval. It took me some seconds to perceive that it was all up with Jim—what Carol wanted must be done.

"Miss Bourne," Jim boomed, searching her eyes for a glance of approbation, "has the right angle on this affair of yours, Roke."

A barefooted boy suddenly bobbed up from somewhere and handed Carol a thin yellow envelope. She whooped with pleasure as she read the telegram.

"From Angela—from Miss Egerton!" she cried. "I wired her this morning. I had promised to if I got Odette's address. She's going to Oxford. She's telegraphed to you in London that she's going. Isn't she a wonderful friend? How splendid of her! She loves Odette."

I jumped up.

"I must get back quick!" I said to Jim. "Miss Egerton may be expecting me to join her in London and go on with her."

Jim sat stock-still.

"Isn't there a train?" he asked calmly. "Miss Bourne and her father are going to lunch with me at the inn."

Carol looked in naïve wonder.

"Oh, yes, you are!" Jim asserted. "I'm starting a cherry orchard in New York, and an old-fashioned English garden, and I've a lot of questions to ask."

Jim was one of those hardened city and club men who have a sentimental interest in the country because it is so strange to them. He would forget from one year to another what a hillside of wild flowers looked like, and annually worshiped spring as a fresh invention of that year.

"Your garden is a roof garden," I said sarcastically, "and your flowers are orchids and gardenias, not gillyflowers and pansies."

Carol was interested. Had he glass on his roof? How could he keep his hothouse warm in winter? And was it not very expensive? Jim announced that all exotic cultures were costly, but that now he was going in for simplicity. That meant Carol of course. For the second time in that house I was robbed of an automobile and forced to return to London by train. Jim's eyes glinted, humorously triumphant. He had got rid of me. He was to have Carol to himself. As I picked up my diamond she murmured in my ear a request for permission to telegraph to Odette about it.

"Do you think I would buy her with gems and jewels?" I questioned indignantly, and I bound her to silence. "Did Bentacute mention the stone?"

She shook her head.

"I am glad there is one thing he did not speak of," I could not help saying a little tartly.

"I wish," Carol reproached, "that I had as true a friend."

Jim's look announced himself as a candidate for the position. She was holding my hand, flushed with pleasure at my suddenly kindled ardor.

"I'm sure you'll find her waiting," she said; "but if you shouldn't, and I should learn of a new address ——"

I nodded. "Please let Miss Egerton know just as you did this time."

"You meant to go all the time," Carol breathed, happy in my patient loyalty.

I pressed her hand and walked away, as Jim did not think to offer me a lift to the station. Reflecting on Angela and on the splendid devotion to Odette which made her willing to cross half England at a minute's notice, I did not mind the walk, and was so utterly absorbed in admiration that I bumped violently into a man who came from a side path. As we exchanged good-humored apologies I found that on the sudden impact my hand had unconsciously gone to my pocket and grasped the purse which held the diamond.

The bump recalled another. I remembered the man who had jumped up from his seat at the gaming table with such violence as almost to throw me into the capacious lap of the annoyed LeCroix. If that man had had a diamond in his possession which did not belong to him, and if he had had as good reason to fear Bentacute as he had seemed to have, and if he had wished to get rid of an incriminating gem with just a faint chance of getting it back—well, all he had to do was knock so hard against me that I should not notice his hand slipping a match box into my pocket. Had he followed to my chambers? If so, why had I not heard from him?

At the station I encountered vaguely familiar eyes, set close together, which furtively dropped before mine, to be lifted again when I looked away. I got into the train with the hope that I had been followed from London, for I remembered seeing the face in the dining room of the inn, and I was almost sure that I had seen it before that. Its owner came into my compartment, but as he was nothing like as strong as I was, and in my opinion looked less intelligent, I would not be driven from my place.

I kept careful hidden watch, finding his countenance, as the train went on, more and more detestable in its brutal cunning. He moved once abruptly, and I prepared to spring; but he only took a paper from his pocket and settled down to read. It was a long, tense journey on my part, and I believe a very peaceful one on his.

When the train stopped at its London destination a little girl came crying "Hello, daddy," and flung herself into the glad arms of this hulking malefactor and fond father. The joke was certainly on me, and shows what absurd fancies the unexplained possession of a mysterious diamond may bring.

Arrived at my rooms, I snatched up Angela's telegram:

She is found. I will help. Writing.

I looked up the morrow's trains to Oxford. Perhaps Angela's letter would tell me that she would journey from London with me. What would Angela want to do in Oxford—glance into Magdalen Chapel, inspect quadrangles, visit the Bodleian? If so, these things must be done, and I, too, should gladly worship at Old World shrines. But if she preferred the river?

I laughed aloud in pure pleasure at the idea of tying up our boat under a projecting tree along the Nuneham banks and eating luncheon with her. Confound it, Odette must not be found! A third person on the Thames on a bright summer's day is a cloud on the sun and a dark shadow in the shade.

These were my cheerful thoughts as I read my few unimportant letters. None of these so much as hinted at a diamond, but one from madame asked me in stately French to present myself before her. She had called off the search once, and I did not mind if she called it off a second time, so long as Angela did not know. I meant to camp on the trail of Odette just as long as Angela would camp, too, and no mother living should stop me.

I rang my bell, wondering whether luncheon was in my contract. I had never lunched in my chambers, but it now suited my convenience to test the question. With the caution born of postwar compulsory courtesy to landlords, I addressed Bartram on his entrance with affable good humor.

"Is your wife good at snacks?" I asked.

"I married a second cook, sir," said Bartram. "I don't hold with head cooks. Arbitrary in their ways, and elderly, and special fond of stout, which is very fattening. A second cook as is just ready to go first—with her hand well in—that's my choice, sir, and that's Missus Bartram."

"Lunch, please—anything you can get quick."

Bartram was an agreeable glacier. You were the sun, he seemed to say, and he thawed on the surface when you condescended to shine. He talked freely when encouraged, watching all the time for an excuse to get some extra item into his weekly account. I noted his competent, assured movements as he laid the cloth, and observed that as chance came he was surreptitiously eying me, as I assume a hungry old crow would eye a young pigeon which has unexpectedly developed fresh layers of fat. This courteous and corrupt ex-butler saw a way to get more money out of me. Something had happened. I waited patiently, hoping that there had been an inquiry for the diamond.

At last he flung a table napkin over his arm, said, "Luncheon is served, sir," and drew out my chair. "Ragout, sir, with potatoes duchesse," he announced with a flourish as he removed the cover from an entrée dish.

What he called the ragout, and I the stew, was delicious, and I did not glance up when he told me that his ground-floor let and his second-floor back had been greatly disturbed by the violent visit of the French gentleman a few evenings before. The French gentleman had "tore up and down the room until the chandelier below was dancing, and the ground-floor gentleman was woke up thinking, what with the stamping and shouting overhead, as the house was on fire or murder was being done."

"Monsieur LeCroix," I said, "is large and speaks loud."

"Yes, sir, and it might have been passed as the incident of a day, but the lady has called, sir. The second-floor back."

"Lady? What lady?"

"A little more of the ragout, sir? The young lady you hid from the French gentleman, sir. She has called twice to-day. The second-floor back was going out when she came first and coming in when she turned up again."

"What business ——" I began.

"Quite so, sir. He didn't say it was his business. He went to his room and rang very loud and he said: 'Are these apartments for gentlemen?' I said: 'Certainly, sir.' He said: 'That young person is here again, and that noisy man will come hunting for her.' He intimated that him or the drawing-room let must leave the house, you being the drawing-room let, sir."

"Pepper, please, Bartram."

"I beg your pardon, sir." He placed it on the salver and stood while I sifted it over my plate. "He sent his compliments to the ground floor, they not being acquainted, and did the ground floor hold with such doings, and him being a very late riser, received the second floor in his bed not an hour ago, sir, and they was indignantly unanimous."

"More potatoes, Bartram, please. So a lady has called. Did she ask for me?"

"She made a liqueur out of you, sir. She asked for Monsieur Chartreuse."

"Young?" I asked sharply. Bartram nodded gravely.

"French?" I asked.

It was just possible that Odette had come to London, and had heard from Carol that she was engaged to me. It had never occurred to me before that Odette had an interest in this cheerful game. Had she come to call off the banns?

"Oh, sir, you know! I'm very sorry, and I don't say as I should have mentioned it but for the two of them taking it up. But my house is kept very quiet and respectable."

I looked up into the cold, saturnine face of my polite but implacable landlord.

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"I do not know," I announced with frigid dignity. "I never met the lady for whom Mr. LeCroix was searching. She was not hidden here."

Bartram returned my stare with a look which flatly called me a liar.

"Then," he said, "the lady is in error in saying so."

"The lady," I hazarded, "asked for me. When you said I was out she told you that she had left something in my sitting room, and you let her in, I suppose."

"I did not admit her, sir. She was agitated. I said, 'You are the lady as was hid from the French gentleman,' and she said quick, 'Ah, oui, oui.'"

I nodded as Bartram served me once again with the delicious browned potatoes.

"And you thought she smoked a great many cigarettes, Bartram?"

"That's it, sir, I dessay. It was her match box she was after."

I had guessed aright—I had a claimant for the diamond.

"She is a stranger to me, Bartram," I said, "and her saying 'oui, oui' was no more than an excuse to get in."

My landlord nodded respectfully.

"Then Jamison was in error likewise," he said.

"Jamison," I answered, hiding my surprise, "was a discharged servant."

Doubt rippled over the glacierlike features of my landlord. He appeared to reflect.

"That's so, sir. And he was very hot under the collar at getting the sack, and he was not the kind to stop at a word or two."

"What follows, Bartram?" I asked, pointing my meaning by glancing about the table.

"Sweets, sir? Or a savory? Or there's a Camembert just ripe."

"The cheese, please." As he changed the plates I observed that I had knocked Jamison out once, and should have to give him another thrashing. "I am surprised, Bartram," I rebuked, "that a man of your experience with footmen and valets should listen to the malicious lies of a dismissed servant."

"It went all through the house, sir," the apologetic Bartram defended. "He told me you was out when Mr. LeCroix came, and you entered later with the lady. He told my missus as he had seen one of the lady's slippers in your pocket. He told the chambermaid as you had took the lady to Folkestone."

"Folkestone?" I echoed. "He must have followed me to the station."

"So I understood, sir. He came back here to get his things and he said ——"

"Well?"

"That you was deceiving your partner something atrocious—his words, sir, not mine."

"A pack of lies, Bartram—lies from beginning to end. This lady—what is she like?"

"No one can't say as she isn't very pretty in her way."

"Well dressed?"

"Very, sir, but not enough; not as she's different in that from any other lady. She doesn't speak much English, sir."

"You're sure she is a lady, Bartram?"

"She tried her best, sir."

Bartram had an unerring eye for caste, and when he said that this girl tried her best he meant that she had failed.

"This Camembert is excellent. Some more pulled bread, please. If she comes again when I am out say that I shall be back at six o'clock. Tell her in an offhand way that I have gone to my safe-deposit vault to put some valuables away."

"I see, sir; I'll drop the words casual."

"And when she is with me answer the bell promptly if I ring."

"I'll be on hand, sir."

This, of course, meant an ear to the keyhole, and protected me from blackmail.

"You'll clear my character with the ground-floor let and the second-floor back?"

"That doesn't matter, sir. I was second footman at the Paris embassy, sir, and I heard His Excellency say—he was a jocular gentleman, sir, among his equals—that the consul at Rouen was disputing with him and the consul was right, but His Excellency said: 'A consul can't fight an ambassador.' I've never forgot it, Mr. Charteris. The ground floor and the second floor can't fight the drawing-room, and if they're pleased to leave, let 'em leave. But I think, sir, with the extra trouble and expense as you would not mind ten shillings a week more in the rent."

He met my reproachful stare without flinching.

"The house is under observation," he told me. "There's more than one of 'em. I've been out and sent out, and there's no mistake."

I went to the open window and looked about.

"I see no suspicious prowlers, Bartram," I said.

"The young woman"—he had dropped "lady" on finding that I did not know her—"is in a crawling taxi with her confederate, and there's what I would think a plain-clothes man patrolling up and down."

It was just by chance that I saw Henri coming along in LeCroix's automobile, and I signaled to him. I was at the curb by the time he had drawn up.

"Drive me to the safe deposit, Lombard Street, Henri," I commanded, and stepped inside.

I watched through the back window of the limousine as we went down the street. I saw a man frantically summoning a taxi, and I thought that two other taxis were in pursuit. This was interesting, but my experience in the train led to caution in my hopes. I actually went to my safe-deposit bank and retired to the recesses which held my box, into which, for the benefit of the attendant, I deposited an empty match box. If anybody should wonder why I did not place the stone in safety, or why I did not take it to the police, or why I did not telephone to Captain Bentacute to inquire if he was after it, I will confess that I wanted to show it to Angela on the morrow. I was on my mettle to interest her by every possible means, and the casual production of that gleaming stone was bound to be a real winner. I chuckled as I imagined the story which she would invent to account for its appearance in my pocket. We should have a jolly hour over that diamond—time enough for the police Monday.

As I came out of the bank I assumed an expression of triumph. I was sending a wireless out into space. My features were the transmitter, their arrangement the message. Some hundreds of persons were in sight, and one or two of these looked casually at me. If any sleuth hound were on my trail he would know that he was foiled; that the diamond lay in safety. It would be useless trouble to sandbag me, or to decoy me into some lonely place and gag and search me, or to accost me as an old friend and to celebrate the happy reunion by administering knockout drops in bubbling champagne.

I stood on the edge of the sidewalk and surveyed the striking façade of the bank with a muttered "Ha, ha!" then carelessly tore up a match box into small splinters and let them drop into the gutter. This absurd playing at charades, or whatever you like to call it, in the prosaic streets of London, may strike the superior person as childish, but my defense is that my whole life at this time was a comedy. I was having so much fun, in such an unexpected, impossible, ridiculous way, that I could not endure a relapse, even for an hour, into normal.

And who shall say that there was not method in my madness? This was proved when I turned about and caught a glimpse of my discharged valet, Jamison, as he jerked his head back into a taxi. I also saw a lady's hat swiftly retire into the window of another taxi. With a slow dignity I said to Henri, "Office, please," and stepped into the automobile. I went reluctantly, but the office was not two hundred yards away, and in it was conducted a business really profitable and perhaps needing my presence.

I was so topsy-turvy these days that it seemed unnatural to think of work or profits, and I do not suppose that I should have gone near the place but for an intense curiosity about my partner. How far had he advanced along the primrose path of aristocracy? What was he thinking of me? Had he sent Bentacute to Carol, and if so, why? Why had he wanted me out of London? Did he still wish Odette found and yet not found? Had the vicomte been told to go home? Oh, yes, there were reasons in plenty for me to go to my office!

I found it a humming hive of peaceful industry, controlled by a soft-voiced and gentle-mannered LeCroix. When he saw me come in he stopped dictating and cooed in a subdued bellow to the stenographer that he would finish later. He beamed on me in silence, and when we were alone no more than lifted his eyebrows in a polite restrained questioning.

"I have not caught up with her," I said, "but I shall to-morrow. I know where she is."

No truthteller could describe any movement of LeCroix's great red lips as curving into a wan smile, but I got the impression that if he could have smiled wanly he would have done so. His face, in a vain effort to look pale, was moderately pink tinted, and his once fierce, eager eyes stared dully from above baggy cheeks.

"The life of an aristocrat is wearing," I said, noting all these evidences of want of rest.

From his tired eyes dull sparks flew.

"He sleeps till one, two, three of the afternoon," he said. "But I—I must be here at nine." He yawned deeply.

"Cards again?"

He nodded.

"In a palatial home," he said, caressing the word. "I won, but I sat as one in a dream. If I cannot get rest—but it will soon be over." He woke to something of his old animation. "The way of a mother is wonderful, Roke, my boy," he cried. "Her invention, her finesse! All will come well! We but follow the course of Nature. You will see! You will approve! The vicomte will depart with sorrow, perhaps with tears; but his heart will be charged with tenderness for madame and for his lost love. Such miracles a mother can achieve. And then she can fold her daughter to her breast."

His eyes appeared to be refreshed by contemplation of this touching reunion, for they beamed on me with a tenderness almost paternal.

"You forgive Odette?" I asked incredulously.

"I go further than that," LeCroix announced. "There is nothing to forgive. With the vicomte I dined last night at a great house and I sat beside a beautiful mondaine of an exquisite esprit. She is so modern that yesterday seems to have gray hairs. We talked of the new soul in woman, of her new responsibilities, her new rights and privileges. Odette had the right of choice. She had the right to flee when choice was denied to her. She returns to my house as an honored guest. Tell her this, Roke."

I eyed him curiously, suspicious of this amazing conversation.

"The mondaine," I said, "must have been very beautiful, LeCroix."

"She was a brilliant teacher, Roke, and I am a quick scholar."

I grinned and asked some questions about office matters. I saw that, notwithstanding his dissipations, my partner was neglecting nothing. He would not hear of my doing any work until I could report that I had had speech with Odette, had assured her of a welcome and had satisfied myself that her passport was right and her travels were legal. I spoke of the gambling house, of the raid, of Captain Bentacute, finally of my discharged valet, Jamison; but LeCroix only yawned and showed no more than perfunctory interest. He was no longer the babbling bourgeois of an older date, who was too vivid and eager to keep a secret; he was a blasé aristocrat, so sleepy that his secrets hid themselves. I left him fairly certain that some of the sleuth hounds on my trail had been slipped by him.

Henri flung his cigarette away as I approached the limousine, shot two streams of acrid smoke from his nostrils and cackled the laugh of the Paris Apache. He addressed me in his execrable French:

"A sparrow of Auvergne with the feathers of a parrakeet has given me a Bradbury to hold the auto till she speaks to monsieur. Will monsieur grant the little tête-à-tête? If not, quick! She is coming!"

I glanced up. A pretty girl was approaching. She was wearing the hat which I had seen disappear into a taxi.

"You have the pound note, Henri," I answered. "I cannot let you swindle her."

So I turned and waited.

"Mons eur!"

The girl lisped the word in agitated appeal.

"Madame?" I responded with solicitous interest.

"If monsieur could spare me five minutes?"

Her provincial French was as bad as Henri's Paris argot.

"Please drive with me, madame. I have an appointment and cannot delay here."

She jumped in nimbly, flinging about a scent so heavy that I almost thought I could see it.

"To Madame LeCroix, Henri. But do not stop right in front of the house."

His flutter of an emaciated eyelid could hardly be called a wink. He leaned over and muttered: "A fleet of taxicabs is on trail of monsieur."

His ferret eyes expressed admiration for me. I nodded and got in beside the girl.

"I am Madame Bonteel," the lady stammered, lifting her lids and peering anxiously into my eyes, "and monsieur has my diamond."

She was so agitated that she could hardly speak plainly, and she was so pretty that her make-up could not entirely spoil her face.

"You are married?" I asked blandly.

"Oh, yes, monsieur. Bonteel, the bookie—he is my husband. But my diamond?"

"Ah, a bookmaker?"

"Yes, with the devil's own luck this season."

"Good luck?"

"No, no monsieur. It began with the Lincoln handicap. His book—well, monsieur knows who run that race. And nine thousand defaulted—yes, monsieur, by a well-known gentleman. And it came down at last to the reserves, monsieur—yes, even to that." Her strident, somewhat nasal voice fell to a shaking whisper. "A wife's jewel box," she murmured, "is the bookie's reserve fund—and monsieur has it."

"I've never heard of your husband, madame."

"Perhaps monsieur does not back the gee-gees. He is well known. He must settle Monday—and this is Friday—and monsieur has my diamond."

I suppose that my eyes expressed too much admiration for this neat story, for Madame Bonteel's pretty penciled brows gathered in a frown. I did not believe a word, but it was about the only tale which might induce a sentimental sporting man to yield up a diamond without too much inquiry. A bookmaker's business is on honor, and no subsequent explanations will explain away a failure to settle on Monday.

"Where is your husband's office?" I asked.

"In his hat, monsieur. You could see him at the Café Royal, or he would come to monsieur."

"Why did he send you?"

"He is at Kempton, monsieur."

"Why did he present me with the diamond?"

The lady jumped palpably, and she gulped a strangling mouthful of air—and I understood. Until that instant she had not been certain that I had the stone, or else that I should admit that I had it.

"Bonteel," she said, "is a fine-appearing man. He goes where he chooses. He was at a gambling table with monsieur. A bookmaker must not gamble. His clients would forsake him. Captain Bentacute comes. My husband fears arrest. He is excited. He grabs his money—so." Madame lunged long graceful arms about in a wide sweep. "He is about to go when he remembers that he had placed the diamond on the table for luck. It was in a match box, monsieur, and when he had gathered up his money he had forgotten that it had held more than matches.

"He sees you pick it up, monsieur. You place it in your pocket—so, without knowing that you do it. You think you might want matches going home—you take it. My husband waits outside. You come with other gentlemen. You drive away with them. He has no chance to speak. He follows. One of the gentlemen enters your house with you. My husband knows that you will not defraud him. He will not wait till this gentleman goes and then disturb you at a late hour. He puts down the address ——"

"And lets a day pass by."

"His engagements at Lingfield, monsieur—and I was not in London. He telegraphs to me. I come when I can come. You are out this morning. I find you now."

Madame breathed a long sigh of relief, as though the diamond was in her purse.

"It is very simple, madame," I said. "We will go now to the Vine Street station ——"

"Monsieur!" She choked with indignation.

"And we will tell the police ——"

The lady's face was black.

"It is very simple," I soothed. "In ten minutes you will prove your claim."

Madame's flaming eyes impudently stared.

(Continued on Page 28)

IF the new price of the Hupmobile were $5000 instead of $1485, the processes by which it is manufactured would still be the same.

Such factory practices are not unusual for the costlier cars. They are decidedly unusual for cars of the Hupmobile price.

They mean the use of finer materials; more searching material-tests; more scientific and precise shop and machine work; more exacting inspection of finished parts.

The Hupmobile costs more to manufacture; and it is worth far more to its owner.

Its great economy, its very small repair costs, its day-after-day reliability, long life, and high re-sale value are the things that make the Hupmobile worth more. They are the direct, tangible results of our production methods.

(Continued from Page 26)

"A bookmaker does not get justice," she said in a shrill voice. "He does not go to the police for anything."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"My lawyers then, or my bankers. Ah, my bankers! You know them. You followed me in a taxi. I will give you a letter to them, and your husband can make good what you say. Then they will give you the match box and all there is in it."

Madame forgot those high ideals which had led her at her meeting with Bartram to try her best to be a lady. She lost her temper completely, and her language was fluent and free. I called through the tube to Henri, who drew up at the curb. The lady settled herself obstinately. I stepped out, raised my hat, slammed the door and heard her agitated scream as I jumped into a taxi.

I did not look back, having full confidence in the capacity of Henri to handle the situation and the lady.

Of course it was my duty to notify the police then and there, but the report of the trial of the thief would disclose the interesting fact that he frequented the same gambling house as the flourishing firm of LeCroix & Charteris. LeCroix's French clients would never understand that he had been no more than playing at aristocracy for a week. As for my English and American associates—well, I might as well put up my shutters as to get into print over this.

At LeCroix's house Jacques welcomed me as in the old cheerful days, Marie had a pleasant smile for me, and Madame Seravin greeted me with a high dignity, which yet was friendly in a cool way. She had regretted her request that I should no longer seek Mademoiselle Seravin, she frankly told me. She had seen the way to dismissal of the vicomte.

"The course of Nature," I broke in, suppressing a smile as I quoted LeCroix, but I got no hint as to what Nature was to do—madame evaded particulars.

She had a growing fear, she admitted, that her daughter might not understand how complete was her forgiveness, and how all this dreadful bother was to be buried in forgetfulness. Madame relaxed by degrees, and became not only human but maternal. Tears were in her eyes as she charged me to impress on mademoiselle how her arms yearned to clasp the prodigal daughter.

Not that "prodigal" was her word. She almost admitted that Odette had been right in fleeing; and this astonished me, for she was not—as was LeCroix—susceptible to the teachings of beautiful modern ladies. I was pleased by her expressions of confidence. She had naturally talked much about me with Madame LeCroix, she said. Madame LeCroix trusted me—so did she.

"It is not that a French mother would choose a messenger so young," she said. "Monsieur will understand that. But the fear grows each hour on me that my daughter will not understand. Should she not return when the way is clear for her!" Madame flung up her hands in dismay.

I left her, convinced that she was absolutely sincere. I thought her changed attitude natural. If a child strays for an hour it is punished; if lost for a day it is received with caresses. I carried with me a letter, the outpouring of a mother's heart, said madame, apologizing that it was sealed. I slipped out by the back alleyway, thinking as I went along of Odette tripping along that path, and I remember that I thanked her fervently for a flight which had led me straight to Angela. I strolled along the street with pleasant anticipations for the morrow, wondering sometimes how long the army of watchers would wait in front of LeCroix's house. At my chambers I found the expected letter from Angela. It said no more than that, if I still wanted to see Odette she—Angela—would meet me at the station in Oxford the next morning at eleven o'clock. I packed my bag and went immediately to the Great Western Hotel at Paddington. Thus I thought to elude pursuers, but, as I afterward learned, I reckoned without Bartram's housemaid, the faithful friend of Jamison, my embittered ex-valet.

Afterward, trying to find Jim Shaw that night, I went alone to a theater and afterward to a dancing club; and there I perceived one of the reasons which led my partner to want me out of London. Monsieur le Vicomte de Levilier and Monsieur LeCroix sat at either end of a table, and between them on each side sat three young chorus girls. Unseen, I slipped away to my hotel.

x

AT PADDINGTON station the next morning I walked from the head of the train, glancing into every compartment, so intent on my search that I did not perceive that the train was slowly gliding past me. I swung myself through the open door of the guard's van, deaf to the hoarse hails of an indignant porter; and when the guard got in after me I nodded innocently and felt for my cigar case; but he was not that kind. He demanded my name and address, announced that I should be summoned for entering a train in motion and for getting into the guard's van, and told me sharply that I ought to know better. I was in for an uncomfortable hour unless I had recourse to the one certain defense.

"It's the driver's fault," I said contritely. "I asked him a civil question ——"

The surly guard nodded. I had him. The undying rancor between the two ends of a British train may retard its progress, but is an always saving note for a passenger to strike.

"He was offensive," I went on, "and I expostulated with him. He started off sharp at your signal so as to leave me behind."

"Sit down, sir," the guard said. "If I was to go up there and put my foot on the step of his cab he'd order it off. Now ain't that a fine thing on my own train?"

I shook my head in gloomy sympathy and seated myself by his little projecting bay window. It is pleasant to sit thus and look down the length of the train and watch it swing like a snake round curves. The guard gave me heated information about the Locomotive Engineers' Union and how it would never strike when the Railwaymen's Union wanted a rest, and how it always struck when the other union had a passionate desire to work. By the time we got to Didcot he was enjoying my cigar and laughing bitterly at the locomotive engineers' contention that engineers were highly skilled and entitled to look down on guards, who—the guard explained—worked with their brains and not with their hands.

As we drew up at the Oxford station a girl in white jumped from the car in front of me and saved herself from falling by a swift little graceful run. Angela's back—for I recognized it immediately as hers—gave me three distinct thrills: one of poignant pain that it had been turned on me at Paddington, for she could not have been missed unless she had wished and planned to be; one of keen hope, for the back was covered by a white sports coat, workmanlike for the river and hinting at boats; and one of æsthetic impersonal pleasure, because the back was so straight and springy and carried her fine head with such a dignified grace.

I watched her make a wide, swift half circle and come to a halt by the exit. As I crossed she came toward me, and her little acted fib would completely have deceived me if I had not seen her get out of my train. I was embarrassed and awkwardly self-conscious, for in my dreams Angela was my intimate friend, but in the flesh a girl I had met twice, who each time had maneuvered me with effortless ease into a ludicrous position. I knew as she greeted me that I was a little afraid of her. I had not thought of this before, but as I shook hands and looked into those apparently innocent eyes I asked myself what she would be up to to-day. I hate to be ridiculous—so does everybody; and I especially hated to be the object of her ridicule. I was on my guard. Angela was gracious, but a little aloof.

"Miss Bourne," she said as we got into a taxi, "has sent me Odette's note. I'm afraid I have brought you for nothing. Odette has not come here for the university or antiquity. It's the river."

"Did you think," I asked, trying to be clever, "that she had come to take an intensive summer course of psychology?"

Angela gravely inspected my owl-like countenance, and neither in her eyes nor on her lips lurked any hint of latent fun.

"Oxford is the place river people go to to come back from," she explained. "They all start down from here."

"We must follow in her wake, Miss Egerton," I exclaimed with a brisk detective manner which hid a trembling fear of rebuff. She showed no faint sign of interest in the proposed water trip. "We have the lesson of the Canadian mounted police; they never stop; they never leave the trail."

Angela's oblique glance was almost stony.

"I have read," she dryly remarked, "that they have followed a criminal for a year or two, but I fail to see ——"

"Robert Bruce," I broke in, "did not weave spider webs, but he learned a lot all the same. He and the spider and the mounted police never give up, and that's our lesson. We must be in at the death."

Now that ending will show how rattled I was, and how little I realized what nonsense I was talking. I had come for a picnic with a girl, and the girl had come as a delegate on a mission; and her attitude toward me was that we had met casually outside the hall. I fought this point of view without discretion, and with every sentence I felt that Angela slipped farther away from me. Her grave, inquiring eyes were lifted again to mine in wondering rebuke.

"What an odd comparison!" she said coldly. "I am not so annoyed with poor Odette as to wish to see her torn to pieces."

"Say up a tree then," I ran on, forcing a laugh. "We cannot in honor drop the hunt until we have treed Odette."

Angela's chin was projected upward, just as it had been when she had propped it up with her family tree. "Mademoiselle Seravin ——" she began haughtily.

"At bay," I broke in. "That's what I meant all the time. It's not undignified to stand at bay. Antlered monarchs of the glen do it, and prime ministers and beautiful ladies."

Angela's lips condescended to twitch into the beginnings of what would have been a smile if vigorously encouraged. My embarrassed nonsense was perhaps the best way, after all, to lead us back to the gay friendliness of our last meeting. I rattled on, hardly knowing what stuff I chattered, but Angela broke in with a chill statement of her plans.

"If it is as I fear," she said, "and Odette has gone, I will keep the taxi, if you don't mind. I can slip in a visit or two to friends who live near here."

I looked at her with such pained entreaty that she instantly made a concession.

"If you care to," she offered, "we could lunch together. I will come back to the hotel at half past one, but I must leave again at three."

She made it clear by her manner that this suggestion was no more nor less than courtesy demanded, and she seemed to expect gratitude. I scowled blackly and shook my head in a blunt, angry refusal. Her calm eyes widened a trifle, but now the taxi slackened in front of the hotel and I jumped hastily out.

"Please see if she's there, Mr. Charteris," she coldly requested. I was three feet away when she called me back. "If she is, we have her—up a tree."

She smiled as she had at Charing, and I smiled back and frowned and turned on my heel with the renewed conviction that I was being played with as usual. This humiliating knowledge brought a swift decision. Angela was coming into a boat with me if she had to be shanghaied. I entered the hotel and peered about with eyes which I am sure glinted with stern resolve. I read Odette's name on the register, but was surprised and apprehensive when I saw that she had arrived only the day before. The porter's news removed my fears. Odette had gone, not to return. She had taken the little down-river steamer that morning.

"As near as I could make out, sir," the porter told me, "she was planning steamer to Abingdon and sculling on from there."

"How do you mean, 'as near as you can make out'?" I asked, eager to be sure that Odette was safely out of the way.

"The young lady don't know much English, sir."

"Nonsense! She talks English as well as she does French."

The porter shook his head.

"Not with no Oxford accent, she don't speak," he said.

I ran out flashing additional glints from stern eyes, for I perceived that shanghaiing could be effected in a taxi. I stored this past several hours between Angela and these friends whom she had thought she was to visit, and we should come to a far lovelier stretch of river.

"Abingdon!" I shouted, and the driver started off as though there was a fire and I was chief.

I did not dare to glance at Angela as I remarked in an offhand way that we had just missed Odette and there was hope of overtaking her at Abingdon. I prepared for the struggle of my life, but it speedily became apparent that it would be a deadly war of inaction. Angela would not protest, would not argue, would not even sulk. I cannot even say that she mounted her high horse; or if she did, it was not so very high. She transformed herself into one of those maddening, amiable girls who have no real interest in anything and pretend it for everything; who nod in the right places and say yes and no occasionally; who leach all the vitality from talk and sap all the ginger from life.

I endured this for some miles, and then I turned round and said: "It's all right, Miss Egerton; your hat is on straight."

"Thank you, Mr. Charteris," she said. "I'm glad, of course, but I wasn't worrying about that."

"Oh, I thought you were," I said curtly.

She smiled a flat, meaningless smile and looked vaguely out of the window, as though dreaming those meaningless fancies which the brainless dull pretend to dream to hide the want of ideas.

Now what can you do with a clever girl who will fall to that? In a boat you might duck her; in a taxi you can only wearily close your eyes unless, that is, you have a whip. Now I had one, but I had not meant to use it. I was almost certain that LeCroix was employing Jamison and had sent Bentacute to Charing; I was fairly confident that Bentacute had reported that Odette and I were engaged to be married; and for this complication Angela was directly responsible. She should know what she had done.

I began my tale, and soon Angela's face betrayed the dawning of intellect. When I told of Bentacute at Charing she sat up. When I quoted Carol's father she laughed wildly. When I told of the altered attitude of LeCroix and Madame Seravin she eyed me askance. When I had finished a long and well-told story I flung an abrupt question.

"Why has LeCroix changed?" I asked. "Why, madame?"

Angela, choking with laughter, uttered what she meant for an enigma.

"I can prove your alibi," she said mysteriously.

"I know," I replied with a deep gravity, "but you cannot restore confidence between partners."

Angela, startled, reflected on this as she looked ahead at the tower of the five-gabled roof of the Abingdon church. Did she perceive that she was in part responsible for an entanglement which must seriously interfere with the lives of men?

I think she did, and was sorry and resolved to do as she was told, but she began in a round about way. She mocked me with solemn, sympathetic eyes, just as she had at Carol Bourne's house, and she giggled with an irresponsible gayety most unbecoming in a descendant of John of Egerton with marlets all over his heraldic shield. I agreed with her for the moment, for everything was coming my way. A real river girl by my side, Sutton Courtney, the loveliest backwater of the Thames only two miles away; a soft June breeze carrying the scent of belated hay; who would not taxi into stately, venerable Abingdon on the top note of elation? What did I care about enemies or allies?

When Angela proposed to stop at the Red Lion and order the luncheon while I engaged the boat I felt dizzy. This implied a postponement of the search for Odette, and this workmanlike willingness to talk over the provisioning filled me with delight. She knew Abingdon as well as I did, for she said that it would be easier to pick her up by the church.

I left her under the arch of the inn entrance and rushed away, resolved to keep up my pretense of deadly anger against LeCroix. It worked beautifully.

At the Nag's Head, when I paid the driver, he told me that a taxi had come behind us all the way from Oxford.

"When I slacked, he slacked," he said; "when I stopped, he stopped."

This vexatious news was confirmed by the appearance on the bridge five minutes later of the offensive outlines of my discharged servant. Everybody knows that the Nag's Head is a tiny islet hiding in the shade of solid old Burford Bridge, and I stood unperceived down below and watched the detestable silhouette of Jamison as it crossed to the Oxfordshire side of the river.

Fifteen minutes later I poled a beamy punt beneath the low-arched bridge and

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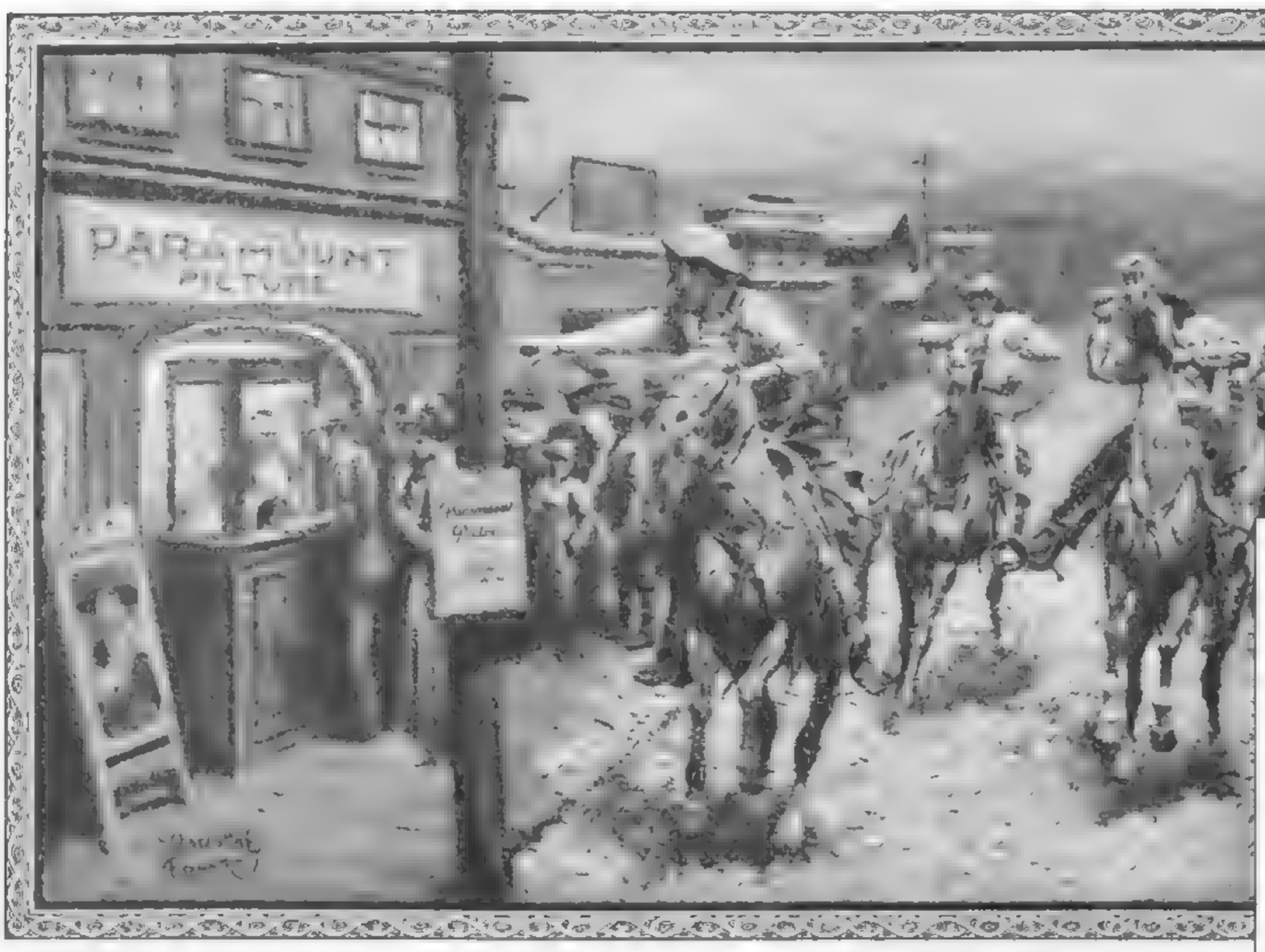

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A whimsical and romantic comedy
By John D. Swain

"Appearances" by Edward Knoblock
A Donald Crisp production
Made in England. With David Powell

Thomas H. Ince Special, "The Bronze Bell"
By Louis Joseph Vance.

Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute"
Thos. H. Ince production
Fred Jackson's famous stage farce

Ethel Clayton in "Sham"
By Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner

George Melford's production
"A Wise Fool"
By Sir Gilbert Parker
A drama of the Northwest

Cosmopolitan production
"The Woman God Changed"
By Donn Byrne

Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
A comedy novelty by Byron Morgan

"The Mystery Road"
A British production with David Powell, from
E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel
A Paul Powell production

William A. Brady's production, "Life"
By Thompson Buchanan

Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks"
An adaptation of the famous novel by
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"Jeanne of the Marshes"

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
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William deMille's "The Lost Romance"
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William S. Hart in "The Whistle"
A Hart production
A story with an unforgetable punch.

"The Princess of New York"
With David Powell
A Donald Crisp British production from the
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Douglas MacLean in "Passing Thru"
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Thomas Meighan in
"The Conquest of Canaan"
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Ethel Clayton in "Wealth"
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Coming

4TH ANNUAL Paramount WEEK
SEPTEMBER 1921

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 28)

round into the shadows of the many-gabled church. A punt is the most perfect thing on the most perfect of pleasure rivers, if you like the girl and do not have to get anywhere; and there were seven cushions in this one, and two paddles and two iron-shod poles, one sixteen feet long and one a little lighter for Angela. I had yielded to sudden overwhelming temptation in rejecting a boat and choosing a punt. In the first starry twilights of a betrothal a real river girl will condescend to a punt; or on a honeymoon or when a proposal is due. But no proposal in a punt is considered by a fair-minded girl as binding on the man unless confirmed on shore. There is a knack in poling, but if I had believed that I could manage Angela half as easily as I could the punt I should have felt blissful. I was anxious on this point. Would Angela shy at this languorous water conveyance which held for the initiated all these alluring implications?

My speculations were rudely cut short by a sight of Jamison walking the towpath on the other side. I do not know that he saw that I saw him, but he walked openly and he carried a camera. This blight on the landscape woke me to knowledge of my surroundings. Aged, sharp-voiced dames, inmates of the lovely old almshouses on the shore, were keeping themselves young by quarreling about precedence, based—as I gathered—on date of entrance.. Across the river rooks were cawing in raucous anger, and an invisible young cuckoo was clamorously demanding food from strange birds. A barge had almost run down a small boat containing an obvious honeymoon couple who could not scull, and the bargee's language was bloodcurdling. All Nature which had no voice was peaceful on this idyllic summer's day, but such parts of it as possessed tongues combined to defy the lulling languor of the linden-scented air.

When Angela came swirling round the corner she changed her step; that is, she stopped short at sight of the punt, immediately perceived that she was helpless and promptly came on and in. This highly intelligent young lady flung herself down on the cushions in the bow, while I took the lunch basket from the hotel porter and set it amidships. As I pushed out into the stream I broke an uncomfortable silence.

"Odette," I said casually, "has engaged a single scull, half outrigger."

"She left the steamer?" Angela asked, sitting up straight, glancing sharply at me and then at the punt.

I nodded and smiled as innocently as I could.

"The boatman says she has wrists like rubber and that she feathers in the top form of a Diamond-Sculls winner. She is miles away."

"But she is coming back?"

I shook my head triumphantly.

"She might stop over at the Barley Mow across the river from Clifden Hampden, she told him, and go on down to-morrow, or she might pull all the way to Wallingford and catch a late train. She is to wire him where to send for the boat."

I was poling my hardest, for I had business with the bargee who had addressed such curdled words to the young couple, and a chase after a canal boat is not easy for a punt; but my triumphant eyes were fixed on Angela. She drew out her hatpins and flung down her hat. She glanced at her wrist watch and began rolling up her sleeves. She smiled faintly. The intoxication of the punt overcame me prematurely; that is, I was affected before Angela caught the exhilaration. I must needs crow.

"Angela," I began in a firm, level voice. I peered over her head as though perceiving some danger to navigation. I saw her head jerk backward as she heard my familiar address. I guessed that she was fixing on me a dignified, repelling glance; but I glued my eyes on the horizon as a mariner might who searches for a lighthouse. "Angela," I repeated hardily, "let us be frank." I paused to give a push of special power. We shot ahead, the punt pleasantly shivering. "If you had really wished to catch her you would have suggested that we head her off. You have never so much as hinted at that simple course this day."

Now that was a tactful speech, wasn't it? I let my eyes drop as I finished it, to note the effect of my audacity. I was thrilled with a further sense of triumph, for Angela's face was kind and her lips were again parted in a little smile. She rose and picked up her pole, testing its balance in a knowing way. She came aft to my side, took her time exactly from me, and I saw with relief that she was no amateur. Double poling is a skittish business, and beginners always bump each other into the water; but Angela never touched me.

"Splendid!" I cried. "I want to catch the canal boat."

"And I," Angela softly cooed, "the train."

"The train?" I echoed, with a fierce thrust which found soft mud and nearly overbalanced me.

"At Culham, Mr. Charteris," she gently explained. "There's plenty of time. You had better go to Wallingford, I think, don't you—and then work upward? You can't miss her."

I had forgotten little Culham Station, less than two miles away. I was shocked into silence. What would I have given not to have called her Angela, and to wipe out my mad speech?

"Ahoy!" Angela hailed, and waved her hand, and the bargee yelled out to the boy on the bank and the plodding horse was checked.

"A good idea of yours," Angela commended. "We'll have a tow down and make the train a certainty."

My answer was to curve my pole in a sweep to port and put the end of the punt on the Oxfordshire shore. I jumped to the bank without a word and ran down the towpath. I had meant to have it out with Jamison, anyhow, but now I intended to take it out of him. He was going to pay for my forgetfulness of Culham Station.

A quarter of a mile below I came on him crouching beneath the bank holding the camera. My rubber-soled shoes had given no warning, and I towered high above him as he leaped to his feet, unsteadily balancing. I stretched out my forefinger and gently but inexorably pushed his forehead. He went over backward, splash, the camera making a wide curve as he flung up his hands. It fell in midstream plump on a dusky cygnet. The mother swan played a vicious tattoo on the camera, but the father came for Jamison.

These Thames swans, carefully protected, are an impertinent nuisance at all times, and dangerous in the breeding season. I stretched desperately for Jamison's hair, but he was just out of reach.

"Paddle in, you fool!" I cried, but he only waved his hands wildly and went under again.

I was bound to go after him. I held his hair and with my left boxed with the swan, whose taps on Jamison's skull sounded like those of a monster woodpecker at a hollow tree. He got in a blow with his wing on my hand which would have broken every bone if it had not struck glancing.

"Who sent you?" I said to Jamison when he lay panting on the grass.

"I'll have the law of you," he snarled, and he turned his face.

I wasted no further word, but ran on, leaving a watery trail. Behind trees I stripped hastily and wrung out my flannels. I was dressed again by the time the canal boat was abeam.

"Cast off!" Angela called to the bargee.

She twirled the nose of the punt and I stepped in. Her eyes roved over dank and bedraggled me, and she uttered a heavenly word of unconditional surrender. All she said was "Paddle," but no paddled punt will catch a train. There was also implied in the commonplace word a gentle consideration, for one can work harder and dry quicker in paddling a punt than in sawing wood.

"I am sorry I called you Angela," I said meekly as I cut the water with my shining blade.

Angela was lolling on cushions amidships fingering feathery masses of meadowsweet which she had snatched from the bank. "You think," she said as she lifted the heavily scented flowers to her nose, "that because you threw a camera in the river and a man after it you are a hero and can ask me to ask you to call me Angela."

"How can you see round corners?" I asked, surprised.

"A wet man sat on the bank and swore at me when I picked up the floating camera," Angela explained. She drew it from beneath a cushion. "It's marked 'LeC.'" She looked the laughter of the morning at me. "I told you you would need an alibi," she gibed.

"I wouldn't let myself believe it!" I cried, pretending to flame. "I couldn't think it of LeCroix. He's a preposterous old idiot, but I thought ——"

Angela looked at me, startled.

"You're not really angry with him?" she cried anxiously. "There's a lot to be said for him."

"A great lot!" I scoffed. "Sets my discharged manservant to spy on me! Oh, a low-down beast! And lends his own camera—to photograph you and me!"

Angela drooped her head.

"He thinks I'm Odette," she said, looking very contrite.

"Of course he thinks you're Odette," I agreed.

She had dropped the camera and her hands were resting in her lap. She sat in silent discomfiture. I saw a forefinger stretch out and trace a square on her skirt and then a circle and then what I thought was a letter of the alphabet. I stared stupidly at this graceful, slender finger making little curlicues just as LeCroix had described Odette as making them. My open-mouthed astonishment must surely have been noted by Angela if she had not been sharply jerked backward. I had accidentally run the punt bang into the bank. Too depressed to criticize my steering, she straightened up from the cushions and sighed.

"It's my fault," she said regretfully.

"It is, Angela."

"It's not fair to call me Angela when I'm defenseless and penitent and feel a worm," she protested. "It was only a joke, and it took so well. It fooled Carrie Bourne so neatly that I made the most of it. How could I know that a snake was creeping after you in the grass? And—oh, don't look so solemn over it, and don't say one word to your partner about it, and ——"

"I won't," I promptly agreed, unobtrusively steering out of the river into the enchanting backwater of Sutton Courtney, happy in my submissive and gentle Angela. As she looked up gratefully I added: "Words are not needed. I shall tear up the partnership agreement and leave his office forever."

After this ultimatum I poled with immense exertion and finally shot the punt beneath the overhanging branches of a great willow. Angela and I and lunch were beneath a green, sun-flecked canopy, and the world and care and to-morrow were shut out for me; but Angela was obviously worried at having helped to make trouble between partners.

As she unpacked the basket I cried with enthusiasm: "Much may be forgiven to a girl who can bring along a lunch like that."

A wintry smile flickered as she piled up tongue and ham on a plate for me. She began a gentle plea for patience with LeCroix.

"He's not to blame, Mr. Charteris."

"If you said Roke, Angela," I broke in, "it would be the fair exchange."

She speared a pickle very neatly through a narrow-necked bottle.

"I will," she said at length, lifting her fine eyes to mine for an instant, then dropping her lids, "if you will make me a promise."

"It's a small word and easily said," I pointed out, "and I would make a large promise to hear it. But I will not promise to forgive LeCroix."

Angela impatiently brushed back a waving strand which the light breeze carried across her eyes. The sun caught her bare, sun-browned arm and ruddied it beautifully.

"You must promise more than that," she said as she bent over and helped herself to chicken. I thrilled to her voice, for it trembled a little. "When he demands your intentions ——"

"When he what?" I asked.

My startled utterance frightened a blackbird, which flew away chattering.

Angela's head was long and the scalp in the parting was very white. Why should she bend for so long a time, and was it regret that shook her shoulders? Suspicious, I leaned far over the side of the punt as though I had suddenly seen a shark or a stickleback or something, and then twisted my neck and glimpsed her face. Detected, she laughed aloud, but she had the grace to crimson.

We ate in a silence so deep that a shy swallow came to the tree overhead and chirped to her young to follow. She gave them a lesson in flying before we were found out. This little intimate touch with Nature assuaged my hurt vanity and encouraged Angela.

"It's funny," she said, "and you can't blame me for laughing. Ah, if you had only told me ——"

She fixed reproachful eyes on me.

"Told you what?"

"That you were going to duck a photographer. I would have said, 'Let the camera click.'"

"Do you think I could have allowed ——"

"It would have proved your alibi."

"Odette's, you mean."

"The same thing."

"But you ——"

"My reparation," Angela breathed. "Honor demands it."

"Nonsense!"

"It is so. My poor little joke! Monsieur LeCroix and Madame Seravin mourn over a girl who has lost a vicomte and then lost herself. All is lost. All is gloom. No! A hero flies to the rescue. Joy! He is not a vicomte, but he will do. Anybody will do who brings Odette and a marriage certificate home."

"It's very funny," I said stiffly.

"Some more tongue? No? This is jolly good cake. Will you have some?"

We munched cake together while Angela maliciously continued.

"The hero is mysterious. They beam on him. Monsieur LeCroix is almost a father, Madame Seravin a tender and anxious mother. But the hero will not speak. He must be gently handled. How can he be made to speak? Ah, a snapshot of the two together!" Angela melodramatically flung out her arms. "Captured!" She drew a ludicrous picture of LeCroix developing the photograph. "Ah! Ah!" she cried, holding up a pretended film to the light. "A punt! Our dear romantic Roke—our little Odette, *chère petite!* How happy! But what's this? Who is she? Bah!" Angela tore an imaginary film into rags.

Angela was very funny, but that was not my mood. I observed with solemn decision that LeCroix and I were thenceforth neither friends nor partners. This sudden dissolution of business relationships effected by a word in a backwater of the Thames genuinely impressed Angela. She studied my face for some time, and it convinced her, for she became serious.

"If I should be the one to make ill feeling between Monsieur LeCroix and you," she said with winning earnestness, "I should never forgive myself. It would cloud my memories of hours that have been very pleasant. Never let him know that you know that he has put detectives on your track. Don't quarrel with him."

She looked out through the branches on the still water and at the old mill in the distance, and her eyes were wistful.

"Promise, Roke," she implored.

I could not stand an instant against such pleading.

"Of course, Angela."

She turned her head and thanked me with a look. Our eyes held for a long instant. Then she began washing dishes over the side, while I smoked a cigarette and lazily watched her deft, quick movements. When she finished packing the basket she dreamed, resting back on the cushions, and I basked, watching her dream; and we were so still that a living blue bullet shot up amidstream, swerved and alighted on a twig not five feet from us. The shy, brilliant bird actually looked at us two breathless watchers, then glanced downward, flashed into the water and flew away with a little fish in his mouth. Angela's lips were parted and her eyes were wide.

"Nobody," she murmured, "ever saw a kingfisher so close."

"Everybody and everything trusts you, Angela," I answered with a slight exaggeration of manner to hide my embarrassment at stating what was to me a solemn truth.

She flushed red, to my surprise, and said that she would never betray a kingfisher. Her hand, palm upward, rested on the gunwale. Without uttering a word I dropped the diamond into it and pretended then to go to sleep. As I heard no question, I opened my eyes suddenly to find that Angela was gazing at me and not at the gem, and that she seemed more perplexed than amused. I told her the whole long story, to which she listened with absorbed, serious attention, which missed all the humor I put into it. At the end she made a surprising request, to which I acceded immediately. She asked me to let her keep the diamond until Monday.

"It's such a beauty," she said. "And you can't do anything about it on Sunday, anyhow."

The punt—I have told you of the peculiar effect of that exhilarating water craft—and the sheltering curtain of leaves, and

(Continued on Page 33)

Make this Chart your Guide

for Correct Automobile Lubrication

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart:

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in many cars are listed separately for convenience.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1921		1920		1919		1918		1917	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Acason (1 and 1½ ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (2 ton)					A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ace (Newark, O.) (1½ ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" " All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Allen	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
[illegible]										
[illegible]										
Apperson (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models										Arc.
Armleder (3-ton)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Atterbury (Mod. 8-E)	A	A	A	A	A					
[illegible]										
Auburn (6 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6-18)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
[illegible]							A	A		
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
[illegible]	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Bethlehem									A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Biddle			A	A	A	A			A	Arc.
Biggs Travo									Arc.	Arc.
[illegible]	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
[illegible]	A	A								
"	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Buick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cleveland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Clydesdale (3 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Columbia (Detroit)	Arc.	Arc.	[illegible]		[illegible]		Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Comet	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" [illegible]					A	A				
Concord	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Corbitt (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
" All Other Models	A	A	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		Arc.	Arc.
Crow Elkhart	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Davis	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dart (3 ton)	....	....	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" [illegible]	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Davis	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Derby (Model [illegible])									A	Arc.
" [illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dixie Flyer	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		A	Arc.
Dixie Brothers	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dort	A	A	[illegible]		[illegible]		A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Earl (4 cyl.)	A	A	[illegible]		[illegible]		A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	[illegible]		[illegible]		Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Elgin	A	A	[illegible]		[illegible]		A	Arc.	A	Arc.
[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		Arc.	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	[illegible]		A	Arc.			....	....
Federal (Model [illegible])	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		A	A
" [illegible]							[illegible]		[illegible]	
" All Other Models	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		Arc.	Arc.
Fiat							B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		A	A
[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		....	....
Garford (3 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1921		1920		1919		1918		1917	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Garford [illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" All Other Models	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
G.M.C. [illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
Graham Brothers [illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" " All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Grant (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Com'l Mod. 5B)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" " All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Gray Dort									A	Arc.
Hahn	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		Arc.	Arc.
Hal-Fay	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]					
Harroun	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		A	Arc.
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
H C S.	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Holmes	A	A	B	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
[illegible] Super Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
I. H. C.	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
Indiana (1 ton)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (1½ ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
International	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
Jackson (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
Jackson, All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	[illegible]		A	A	A	A
Jones	[illegible]		Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
King Bird	[illegible]		[illegible]		A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel Kar (12 cyl.)	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Kline Kar	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Koehler (Models M & MT)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lafayette (Indianapolis)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Lang	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
[illegible] Long	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
Lincoln	A	A	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
L. M. C.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E
Mais	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mack	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maibohm (3 cyl.)	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" (6 cyl.)	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
Malbohm	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
McFarlan	A	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
Menges	A	[illegible]	A	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]		A	A
Mercer	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		A	A	[illegible]	
M H M	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
Monroe (Model M 3)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		A	A
Monitor	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
Moon	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		Arc.	Arc.
Nash	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" (Model 690)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	....	....
" (Com'l (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
" (1 ton and 2 ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
National (6 cyl.)	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" (12 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nesco	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Noble	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nova	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Old Hickory	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Owen Magnetic	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" [illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Continental Eng.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Paterson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

These recommendations represent the professional advice of the Vacuum Oil Company as determined by its Board of Automotive Engineers.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1921		1920		1919		1918		1917	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Penniess [illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
All Other Models							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pharma	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" [illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Porter	A	A	Arc.		A	Arc.				
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rauch (1½ ton)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
" [illegible]	A	A								
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
R & V Knight	B	A	B	A						
Renault French	A	A								
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Republic (1 and 1½ ton)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
ReVere	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.		
Roamer (Model R. A.)	....	....							A	Arc.
[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.			Arc.	Arc.
Rock Falls	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Rolls Royce (British)	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		A	A
Saxon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E	E	E
Sayers-Scott	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Schacht (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Scripps-Booth	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Selden (½ ton)	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		A	Arc.
" (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	[illegible]		[illegible]		Arc.	Arc.
Seneca	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	A	[illegible]	
Service (20)	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	[illegible]	
" (130, 130, 140, 170)	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Simplex	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		A	A	A	A
Sinclair	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Stephens	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Stevens-Duryea	A	Arc.	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
Stewart (Delta)	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
(Com'l [illegible])	[illegible]		A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" [illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Models 7x & 10x)	A	A	A	A	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stoughton	A	A	A	A	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	[illegible]		[illegible]	
Stromberg	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Sullivan	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	[illegible]	
Traffic	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	[illegible]	
United (Mich.)	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" (2½, 3, 5, 6 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4½ ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
" [illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Velie Motor [illegible]	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" [illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Velie (Mod. 22, 23 & 24)	A	A	A	A	A	A	[illegible]		[illegible]	
" (Model 27)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	
" [illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
Westcott	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	
White Hickory	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		A	A	A	A
" (3 and 5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	[illegible]		[illegible]	
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	[illegible]		[illegible]	
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	
Wisconsin	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
Wolverine	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
Worcester	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" [illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" All Other Models	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
Wyman	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

Prominent Makes of Engines

Beaver Mod. [illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Buda (Mod. A-CTU-DTU-ETU-FTU-HU-HTU-IU-ITU-KU-[illegible])	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buda, All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Continental (Model B2)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Model T)	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A
Falls	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
G. B. & S. (Model AA)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Herschell Spillman	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hinkley	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Northway (4 cyl.)	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		Arc.	Arc.
" [illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Waukesha [illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
DC EU & FU	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Wisely	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wisconsin (Mod. Q & QC)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

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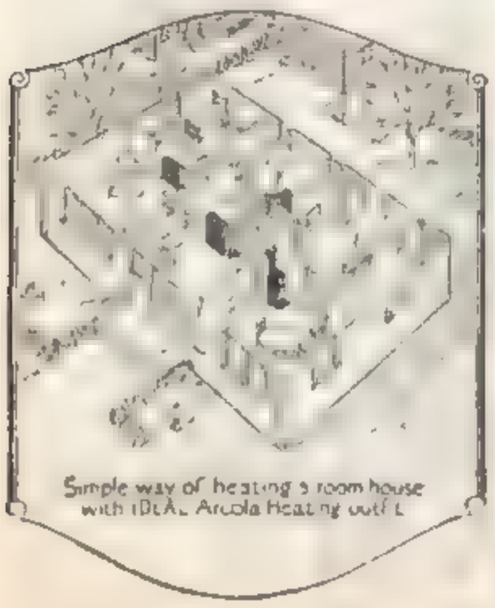
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(Continued from Page 30)

the companionable swallows and the friendly kingfisher, had combined to produce an illusion that Angela and I were in a world of our own, where we made our own rules. If she had asked me to give her the diamond I should promptly have handed it over, so you may measure the depth of my intoxication. It seemed to me quite reasonable that Angela should burden herself for a day or two with the responsibility of this costly stone, and quite natural that she should be sitting silently there gazing into its depths.

As she looked at it her forefinger traced on her lap the letter "L." This second display of Odette's peculiar mannerism set me to thinking, but there was only one possible explanation. The two had been together for some time as nurses, and one had picked up the trick from the other. I am sure that Angela spelled out a word, but I could read only the capital letter. Had she written a name? I was jealous. What a dangerous exposure of her innermost thoughts she might some day make.

Angela looked up suddenly, and I am sure that she saw that I had been watching her hand; but she did not know that she had been spelling names.

"I'm staying with friends not very far away," she said. "I'm going through London on Monday afternoon."

"I'll meet you at the train," I promptly said, "and I hope that you will have dinner somewhere with me."

She declined the dinner, but asked me to meet her at Paddington at four.

"You shall have your diamond then," she said. "You are good to let me live with it over Sunday." She unfastened the painter from the gnarled root and ordered me from the stern. "I feel like working," she said as we shot from our shield of leaves. She poled down the lovely backwater, past the quaint old houses and the sluiceway and down to the sleepy mill.

"The lower pool," I said, "is more beautiful than this."

"I know," Angela answered as she turned the punt with a deft, graceful sweep, "but there isn't time."

I had been stretched full length, staring contentedly at the sky, but now I sat up sharply. The long June twilight is the true river hour.

"There's a late train," I said so anxiously that Angela laughed.

"I would do much for Odette," she said dryly, "but there are limits."

I listened in dismay as she broke the news of her departure by the train leaving Culham at six o'clock. I, however, pretended cheerful acquiescence, and was rewarded by a smile of gratitude. We wandered in the punt as her fancy willed, lazily basking in the afternoon sun, until at length she glanced at her watch and cried out in dismay:

"Oh, quick, quick! I'll miss it!"

"I can easily do it," I answered. "You rest."

So I poled round into Culham Cut.

"I'll send somebody back with the punt," I said.

When she answered that she thought I ought to take it back myself I agreed promptly, but looked down at my muddy, bedraggled flannels.

"It isn't that," she denied.

I nodded, understanding. She had a good reason, no doubt, for wishing to journey alone. I struck while the iron was hot; in other words, while Angela was approving my course in letting her slip away without protest or comment.

"As you said," I remarked, "we must find Odette—for her protection and mine. If you hear of her, or from her, of course you'll wire."

"Oh, of course, Roke."

My nerves tingled to that frank friendly "Roke" and to the hope of another day with her. I was poling, looking ahead, and Angela was lounging on cushions, facing me; so that I saw, and she could not see, a giant figure ludicrously topped by a tall silk hat outlined far ahead on the towpath against the afternoon sky. LeCroix was the only man I knew who could cover so much of the horizon, and no other living human being would have dared to come to the river in that hat.

I reflected that a telegram from Jamison sent from Abingdon would have given LeCroix time enough to catch a Culham train. I was glad that he had come. He would see that I was not with Odette. All the nonsense would be ended. I have a dim recollection that Angela was telling me a story, and that she smiled and I laughed and it seemed to be all right, but I was speculating on LeCroix's course. He melted out of the landscape as I wondered, and this seemed to tell me that he would have the sense not to show himself.

I passed the spot where he had appeared, without a glance at the bank, fearing to hear a stentorian hail; but all Nature was silent. As we approached the footbridge which crosses the cut I saw the thatch of his head through the railings. He was evidently lying flat on the bridge and would see us pass directly underneath.

I was glad that Angela was hatless and looking upward. What a shock for LeCroix! He was comfortably certain that unhappy, misguided Odette was under my wing and in that punt. Folly and self-will had led her to decline a coronet, but she was safe. I, who a few days before had been a detriment, was now the salvation of Odette. No one could point the finger of scorn at her when she chose to return from her unholy wanderings as the affianced of his partner. I expected, as I shot from under the narrow bridge, to hear a bellow of rage; but again all Nature was silent. LeCroix was learning manners, I remembered, from an aristocrat of the old school.

That Culham Cut has a bottom of tenacious mud, and my pole sank a foot with every stroke. Angela glanced again at her watch and snatched up a paddle. We knelt side by side and worked like voyageurs in the rapids.

"There's always a rush like this at the end," I said, laughing.

"You have had a lot of river experience," Angela answered dryly.

"You are no novice yourself," I retorted bitterly.

But banter ceased as breath came short. She pointed and I swung the punt in. She snatched up her hat and jacket, sprung to the bank and sprinted across a close-cropped meadow, calling out: "Monday—four!"

"I'll be there."

I watched her out of sight and turned to see the punt slowly drifting down the cut. I walked down to the lock and retrieved it there.

The lock keeper remembered the French girl who had passed that morning in a half outrigger.

"I never could 'a' believed as one of them foreigners could handle a boat like her," he said.

I heard the train which I hoped bore Angela thunder across the bridge in the distance, and I turned and poled back to Abingdon, lonely but filled with a pleasant melancholy. I feared that LeCroix would ask for a lift; but for the third time all Nature was silent, and I was left free to think what Angela had said and done at each point in the downward journey.

At Abingdon I bought some sandwiches and rushed to a train just departing. I saw from the corner of my eye a brilliantly shining tall hat, but LeCroix did not hail me. This aristocratic reticence filled me with joy. I was left alone in my compartment to munch my food and dream of Angela. At Slough I was startled by a stentorian cry. LeCroix bustled in with loud exclamations of pleasure. I slipped his water-logged camera to the other side of me and expressed wonder at his presence.

"I, too, love the vernal woods and the innocent pleasures of the country," he said. "I have been to Windsor."

I gazed at this monster of deceit with wonder as he asked for news of Odette. I confessed failure once more, and he only chuckled and expressed a hope for better luck next time. Contact with the vicomte had made a superb diplomatist of him, and he was accepting defeat with aplomb. He rolled out praise of Odette, just as though he had not seen another girl in a punt with me and just as though he still hoped for an alliance between the houses of Charteris and Seravin. While he was pensively dwelling on the virtues of Odette and gazing out of one window, I flung his camera out of the other. So now was destroyed any evidence that LeCroix had set watchers on me, and the tranquillity of the future was assured.

I never admired my Gascon partner so much as during that journey. He hummed snatches of French songs. He burst sometimes into joyous laughter. He leaned back as far as his hat would allow, gazed at the roof of the car and murmured sentimentalisms about the adorable Odette. Unaccustomed to outdoors, his face was beet red from sunshine and his enormous collar

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was a mere rag; but his hat still shone and his eyes were radiant. I gradually got anxious as I became convinced that he was not acting, and was troubled by the sly, understanding glances which he flung at me.

At Paddington we took a taxi together. When he dropped me at my rooms he patted my shoulder affectionately, squeezed my hand hard and as his taxi was about to start he dropped his enormous eyelid in the most prodigious, significant wink I ever saw achieved.

"When you are ready to address a guardian, my boy," he said in a voice tremulous with great meanings, "you will not find him deaf."

I stared after the departing taxi, dazed. Was he blind? No, not even shortsighted; his eyes were exceptionally keen. He could not have mistaken Angela for Odette. I went into my house, shaking and trembling as I came to the inevitable conclusion—Angela was Odette.

In the dusk I saw a figure lounging in the long chair in my sitting room, and it was the voice of Jack Saumarez that hailed me.

I suppose I answered, and that my voice was peculiar, for he cried out: "What's the matter, old chap?"

I switched on the light and he turned his good eye on me and promptly sat up.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing is changed," I answered, pulling myself together, "except a name."

"Has she taken yours, what?" he asked.

"No; but she will," I responded, and that was my first knowledge that I loved Angela and meant to marry her if I possibly could.

Jack laughed and shook my hand warmly.

"Don't let her find out you've been drivin' Cherry's French housemaid about town in a swank motor car, what!"

I stared at him.

"The diamond!" I cried. "Yours."

He nodded.

"Pulled it out with the bank notes, I suppose, and left it here, what!"

"And I never thought of you, old man," I said, crestfallen. "How stupid!"

"Never mind. I've got it back. A long story, and no time. I'm for a train." He looked at his watch. "Quick," he said, "and ask your man to whistle up a taxi."

"Sorry, Jack, I haven't it here."

He looked surprise and disappointment.

"In your safe, what? Could you dig it out to-morrow morning?"

I shook my head, embarrassed enough, you may be sure.

"Ah!" Jack cried. "In bank! Monday morning will save me."

I stammered out what was nearly the truth.

"I—I—asked the girl to keep it for me."

He drew back a step and looked at me in silent reproach.

"I can't see her till Monday at four," I said humbly.

He turned a shoulder.

"Two hours too late," he said.

"Jack!" I cried in misery.

He turned and contorted his built-up face into a smile.

"I've heard," he cried in his old, cheery manner, "of killing two birds with one stone; but two girls? What!" He laughed and sat down. "Yes, I've a girl too. I've told you about her."

"All right this time?"

"It will be," he announced confidently.

We shook hands in mutual congratulation.

"I wish I was as sure," I said.

Jack stared at me, then winked. That slow, sly droop of the lid over his good eye held half as much meaning as LeCroix's contortion. But I did not care what Jack knew. I only wanted him to go. I wanted a chance to think. Angela—Odette; Odette—Angela; these names were whirling in my brain.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE MANIKIN MAKERS

(Continued from Page 5)

oratorical pose and began: "For the benefit of those, if such there be, who may not have heard this classic, I will introduce it by saying that one summer some years ago I was at Coney Island, and went to see the spectacle of the Johnstown Flood as reproduced in a cyclorama for the small sum of twenty-five cents admission and no reserved seats, and with real water for the flood.

"The spectacle had a lecturer, and as the picture was shown this is what he said: 'Twas the night before Memorial Day in the beautiful city of Johnstown, nestling among the verdure-clad hills of Pennsylvania, and in yonder hall the local G. A. R. are preparing for that celebration on the morrow when they shall march with faltering footsteps to the graves of those who died that this country might live in its gee-lorious unity as one and indivisible—as *E pluribus unum*, if you will pardon my use of the Latin tongue for the nonce, which so well expresses my thought—and lay upon those grassy but sacred mounds these tributes of eternal and comradely love and affection plucked by the fairy fingers of the golden children in the mossy dells.

"'All is peace and happiness in our fair city. In the minds of its busy husbandry there is no intimation of the dread disaster of to-morrow. At yonder station the Pittsburgh Express is waiting to carry to the Manchester of America those of the citizens of peaceful Johnstown who prefer to spend this hallowed holiday in the busy marts of trade, for even in this fair city there were those who put the sordid clutch of wealth above the shining rewards of patriotic remembrance. All is peace and happiness in our fair city. The hour is twilight and through the windows of the happy homes twinkle the beams of many a prosperous fireside sanctified by love and affection and made musical by the tinkling laughter of merry children.

"'But hark! Hark! Hark! What now impends? There comes a burst of thunder sound—the roar of waters—the clatter of hoofs! Who rides? Who rides? John Baker! John Baker! And as he rides he cries: "My God, the dam has bust!"'"

There was a clamor of appreciation over Hollister's rendition of the old favorite, led by the President, who shouted, "Fine, Hank! You never did it half so well."

When the table had quieted Enderly rose.

"Boys," he said, "Jim's time is almost up, and I've got a few things to say before he goes."

"Oh, wait until to-morrow, you crape hanger!" they shouted at him. "Elliott hasn't sung Sweet Adeline yet."

"I can't help it," Enderly told them. "Elliott can sing after I finish."

"He'll probably be crying by that time," said Hollister, "if what you are going to say is half as serious as you look."

"It's serious enough."

"What is?" asked the President. "Are there signs of trouble?"

"A few—here and there."

"What do you think, Henry?" The President turned to Hollister.

"I think Cato is a bit jumpy. He's letting that gang of reformers and uplifters frighten him. There's nothing in sight that cannot be overcome by playing practical politics as we know how to play it."

"Did you ever hear Disraeli's definition of a practical politician?" Enderly asked Hollister.

"No; what was it?"

"Disraeli said a practical politician is one who perpetuates the blunders of his predecessors instead of striking out into blunders of his own."

"Well, Disraeli was a practical politician."

"And an impractical one, too, for want of a better term."

"What are you driving at?"

"You said, Henry, that I am frightened by the reformers and the uplifters, and that there is nothing in the situation that cannot be composed by practical politics. Do I quote you correctly?"

"You do; that is what I said, and I deplore the first part of it and insist on the second part."

"I appreciate your regret, Henry," said Enderly, "but condemn your judgment. I call your attention to the fact that we have been applying the curative processes of practical politics to the public unrest and discontent with our party organization for quite a time, and that the public discontent is still to be observed, and the reformers and uplifters are still with us. Perhaps Disraeli wasn't so far wrong, after all."

"What of it?" asked Hollister. "They are not getting anywhere. You can't make me believe that the people are not intelligent enough to see into their motives. My experience is that a reformer is a man who is out and wants to get in. You never heard of a reformer who had what he wanted. As soon as he gets what he wants he joins the organization. The people are too smart not to see that."

"Don't bank too much on the intelligence of the people," Enderly replied. "The people act from impulse, not from reasoned processes. They feel, rather than think. They accept, rather than inquire. As for mass intelligence now, that is nil, or almost so. We parrot after Lincoln that we can't fool all the people all the time, but we can, and have, and so have others, and our danger is in that fact. We have no monopoly in the fooling privileges. Why, look at all this restrictive legislation we have been forced to enact in the past few years. What was behind that? It all originated with the reformers, who act on the theory that what they think is right for the people is right, who assume for themselves some omnipotent quality of decision in the regulation of the affairs of the people—and get away with it!—because the people believe the label on the bottle and never analyze the contents of it. We had to sail with the wind. Otherwise we should have been wrecked.

"I could name a dozen of those restrictive laws that had no reason save half-baked theory and blind bigotry of assault on what existed, and existed not uncomfortably to the people at that, but that had the popular virtue of plausible presentation and curative assertion. Now the greater intelligence a man has the less resilient he is to restriction. You cannot deny that. And yet, with the claimed growth of popular intelligence in the United States comes a mass of legislation, that has hardly begun as yet, restricting the activities, pleasures, the very lives of the people; and they not only submit to it but demand it, because the specious proponents of it have made the alleged virtues of it plausible, and because they have made the people think that by it they are penalizing those few who have, by a superior intelligence, secured results for themselves greater than those that come to the mass.

"The theory of the growth of popular intelligence in this country is absolutely refuted by this increasing and accepted amount of restrictive legislation, throttling business, throttling commerce, dictating human conduct, standardizing according to certain economic and pseudosociological principles the lives of our citizens. Don't talk to me about mass intelligence, nor a smart people. We are a lot of rabbits."

"Which fact does not work to our organization's detriment," commented Hollister.

"Exactly so, but which fact will work to our detriment unless we take greater heed of it than we show signs of doing at present."

"What do you mean, Cato?" asked the President.

"I mean that we have drifted along with this radicalism, this uplift, this reform, these attacks on capital, these assaults on that conservatism that has held this country steady and made us what we are, until we are now at a place where we face one of two contingencies—either we must take it over or it will take us over."

"Take us over!" roared Hollister. "Why, we can go out and smash all that stuff any time we want to."

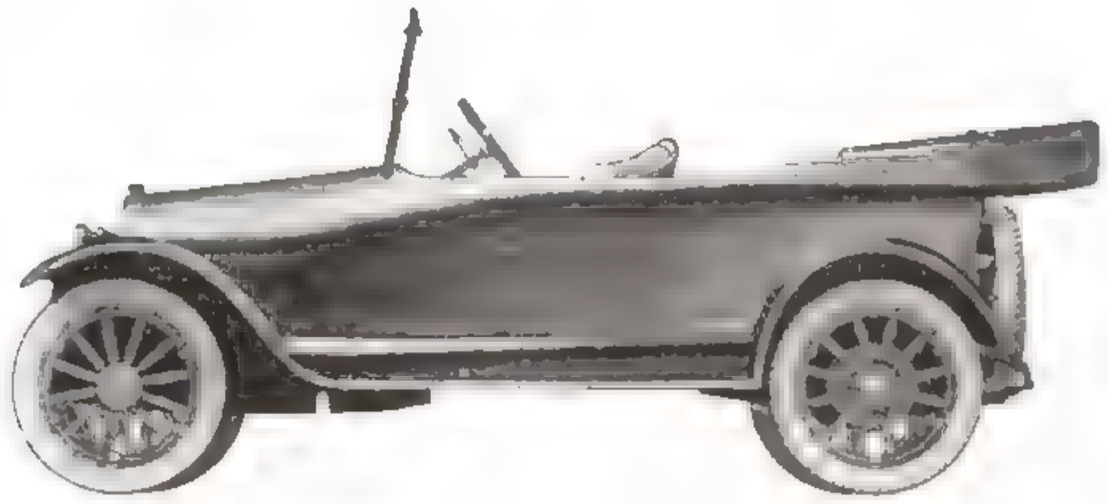
"No, we can't, Henry. They have created an impression among the people that a lot of things are wrong. Now some things are wrong, but not so many as the reformers say are wrong, and most things are not so wrong as they are held to be; but the people don't diagnose—they destroy."

"They can't destroy us," asserted Turnbull. "We've got the organization."

"I admit it would be pretty difficult for them to destroy the machine," Enderly answered, "but they can throw a lot of monkey wrenches into it, and interfere with its effectiveness, which amounts to the same thing. After all, we stop at a certain point. We can name candidates and frame platforms and lay down policies, but it is the people who provide the votes. There is where they have the constant advantage—they have the voting say. What difference

(Continued on Page 36)

MAXWELL



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The Good Maxwell

(Continued from Page 34)

does it make, and where do we benefit by naming our own candidates if those candidates are not elected?"

"I gather," said Hollister, who had listened impatiently to Enderly's talk, "that you think we should join them."

"Not at all," Enderly replied, smiling at his big colleague; "but I do think they should be induced to join us."

Enderly stopped here, and looked around the table. His guests had been listening eagerly, and his final suggestion was so revolutionary that they all stared at him in amazement. Hollister leaned forward and scowled.

"Do you mean to let them into the organization?" he asked. "That would be a hell of a note."

"Not let, Henry, but get. There's a good deal of difference in the procedures."

"I don't follow you," protested Hollister. "Seems to me you are talking at random. Why should we truckle to those fellows who have been knifing us for years? We can lick them. We always have, and we can do it again. I'm against it."

"Henry," said Enderly, "in my feeble way I have been trying here to define the temper of the public mind, to count the beats of the public pulse. I repeat, we are now at a place where we must shift ground, or seem to, or the ground will be shifted for us without our having anything to do with it. We've got to take this radical element into camp."

"Over my dead body," growled Hollister.

"Not at all; with your glad acclaim, assent and your invaluable assistance. Our old friend Hamlet may have been mad, but in one of his sane moments he pronounced the basic principle of all successful politics, as follows: 'Assume a virtue, if you have it not.'"

"Do you mean ——" began Hollister.

"I do," Enderly replied. "I mean that if they will not play our game, as they certainly will not, we must play theirs and beat them at it."

"You want me to pose for a reformer?" exclaimed Hollister. "I'm damned ——"

"Not at all, Henry. Calm yourself. I want the reformers to pose for you."

There was the screech of an automobile horn outside.

"There they are," said the President, looking at his watch. "On time to the dot. The punctuality of those keepers of mine is appalling and exasperating, especially Arnold's. Arnold is a most estimable secretary, but he is so exquisitely precise that he seems inhuman at times. He never missed an appointment by a second, and he never lets me miss one either. That whole White House organization exists for no other purpose, apparently, than to make a time machine out of me. I'm not a free moral agent. I'm a creature of Arnold's infernal schedule of engagements. Some day—oh, well, what's the use? I've had a three-hours' parole, anyhow. Thank you, Cato, and thank you all, boys. I've enjoyed myself immensely."

He rose and made his good-by. Enderly walked to the door with him.

"Cato," the President said, "I am interested in what you have been telling us. I'd like to hear more about it. Can you and Hollister and Pondevero come over at nine o'clock on Tuesday night? I'll be free from that time on."

"Certainly. I'm going to New York on the Congressional Limited at four o'clock, but I'll be back Tuesday afternoon, and I'll engage to bring Pon and Henry. Then we can talk it out, and there's a lot in what I have been saying, let me tell you."

"All right; Tuesday night at nine is an engagement. Thanks again for a happy time and a fine breakfast. Good-by."

The President walked quickly to his waiting automobile; the driver and footman saluted; the secret-service men stood close by until the President was safely in his car and then jumped into theirs; the two attending local policemen shattered the Sabbath stillness with the roar of their starting motorcycles, and the little procession swept away towards the White House.

III

A SIGHT at the capital in those days as familiar as the Washington Monument, and more interesting, was the tripartite political combination that was made up of Cato Enderly, Henry Mansfield Hollister and Lemuel Pondevero. "The Sagacity Sandwich," old Elias Allenton called it one day when he saw Hollister, Enderly and Pondevero on their way to a conference—the great bulk of Hollister on one side, and the lesser but impressive bulk of Enderly on the other, and the frail wisp of a Pondevero between the two; and the designation stuck, not because the enveloping Hollister and Enderly were not sagacious, but because the in-between Pondevero notably was.

They had arrived at such a triple dictatorship of their party that they had most to say in the naming of the candidates, most to say in the framing of platforms, most to say in the designation of policies, and the last word in campaign management. After successful elections they maintained discreet, flexible but potent direction both of those elected and of the machinery that elected them. Hollister had been in the Senate two terms before Enderly and Pondevero came, and the Senate association of the three cemented the political association. They made a combination that won more times than it lost, and at the time of Enderly's breakfast they were firmly in control.

Enderly and Pondevero were past sixty, and Hollister in his early fifties. Enderly had a great deal of money, Pondevero had plenty of money, and Hollister an income of a few thousands in addition to his salary. Enderly liked politics because of the power of it, Pondevero because of the intrigue of it, and politics was the breath of life for Hollister. Enderly handled men, Pondevero conciliated them, and Hollister commanded them. Enderly had the greater ability and mental capacity, Pondevero the greater tact and diplomacy, and Hollister the strength, the force, the cold courage needed to make decisions operative. Enderly reasoned, Pondevero cajoled, but Hollister used a club. Enderly had a humorous philosophy, Hollister a philosophical humor, but Pondevero had no humor at all. He was as serious as he was secretive.

Enderly was an energetic man, Pondevero a busy man, and Hollister a lazy man until stirred. Then he was a marvel of action. Enderly used money in politics as a lever, Pondevero used it as a salve, but when Hollister had to use money to dig into a situation, or out of one, he did not use money like a spade, but like a steam shovel. Fundamentally their views of the game they played and the men who played it with them were the same. They knew all the quirks, weaknesses, foibles, crookednesses of politics and the politicians, their humbug, their bunkum, their selfishness, their sectionalism, their provincialism and littleness, and such good as was in them.

They had a full appreciation of the hypocrisies and hokum of their pursuit, and none of them had any scruples over adopting any political expedient that seemed feasible, but Enderly and Hollister never insulted their own intelligences by pretending their motives were patriotic or for popular good, while Pondevero was outwardly easy of conviction of the purity and patriotism of the motives of those with whom he dealt, applauded them, praised them, used them, but understood them, also, as well as his two colleagues. He had a different method, that was all.

On one main point they were all agreed: They were all conservatives, all firm believers in the rights of property, and not at all impressed with the clamor of or for the common people. They thought the common people were doing very well, all circumstances considered, and getting all they deserved in view of their utter lack of appreciation of their own latent powers, and had no intention of informing the commonalty of what those powers were or how they might be exercised. However, all three of them were expert at trimming their own sails, and the sails of their candidates, to even a faint breeze of popular desire or fancied desire, and they had ridden out many a vociferous demand for change and reform, and gone on their reactionary ways serenely and effectively.

IV

ENDERLY notified Hollister and Pondevero of the President's request and asked them to dine with him at the Metropolitan Club at half past seven Tuesday night. The two were waiting before the big fireplace in the great hall when Enderly arrived.

"Howdy, boys," he said. "Let's get some dinner."

They took the elevator to the dining room, and after they had selected their table and were seated Enderly said: "I've got a lot of things to say, and as I'll have to say them to Jim there's no use in going into what I have in mind here. Economy of effort is my slogan. What will you eat?"

The meal was typical of the men. Hollister nourished his huge bulk with oysters, a Potomac bass, a great steak, a dish of potatoes Anna, and sundry other comestibles. Enderly had terrapin and a duck, while Pondevero fussed with a single chop that must have come from a pygmy lamb, and a slight salad. Hollister and Enderly had champagne, and Pondevero a small glass of sauterne.

Enderly and Hollister talked mostly of Senate matters during the meal. Pondevero made an occasional whispered comment. They sat over their coffee and cigars until a quarter to nine and then Enderly said "It's time to go," and they left the club, walked along H Street to Lafayette Square, cut diagonally across the square to a point opposite the Pennsylvania Avenue gate to the White House, crossed the asphalt there and went up the walk to the portico.

The front door opened as they approached it, and they were greeted by the head usher: "Good evening, gentlemen: the President is expecting you. He's in his study."

The usher took their coats, hats and sticks, and they walked up the main staircase to the second floor, preceded by the usher, who rapped on the study door. At the President's "Come in" he threw the door open and announced them: "Senator Enderly, Senator Hollister and Senator Pondevero."

"Good evening, boys," said the President. "Glad to see you."

They entered a rectangular room with a fireplace of white marble surmounted by a gold-framed mirror on one of the long sides of the room, and a row of bookshelves on the other. There were two windows at the far end of the room, giving out over the South Portico, from which the Mall and the Monument could be seen, a big mahogany desk not far from the windows and at right angles to them, with the President's chair so disposed that he sat with his back to the light. There were several vases of flowers about the room, half a dozen more or less comfortable chairs, a couch, and a table piled with papers, documents, books and reports. A map or two hung on the walls, and the pictures of a couple of former Presidents. There was a globe, heavy volumes overflowing the shelves to the carpet here and there, but save for two or three books on the President's desk, and the case for letter paper, the blotter and inkwell, the desk was clear.

"All cleaned up," said the President, waving his hand over the top of his orderly desk, "and in a highly receptive mood for your communications. Make yourselves comfortable," he continued. "I'll sit here at the desk."

The visitors selected chairs, ranged them by the desk so they sat facing the President. Automatically they came into their accustomed positions—Enderly on one side, Hollister on the other and Pondevero between.

The President laughed. "You present to me Uncle Elias Allenton's Sagacity Sandwich, I observe," he said, "which warns me to be discreet. An invulnerable combination. Somebody will write a book about you three one of these days."

"You flatter us," said Hollister, "and excite my curiosity, at least. What sort of book?"

"Something after the manner of The Three Guardsmen perhaps, but not exactly that. The author will call it The Three Guardians, possibly."

"He'll call it The Three Galoots unless we get hold of this present situation," said Enderly.

"What is the trouble with the present situation?" asked the President. "We are in good shape before the country. We have two years to go before there is a presidential election. We have working majorities in the House and Senate, and certainly we have enough political acumen to take care of ourselves. Everything looks shipshape to me."

"Me too," said Hollister.

"What do you think, senator?" asked the President, turning to Pondevero.

"Outwardly the situation seems satisfactory," Pondevero answered; "but on the other hand there may be disturbing influences not apparent to me, and while that possibility exists I prefer not to venture an opinion save to say that we must take a middle course."

"Spoken like a true pussyfoot," laughed Hollister. "The illumination of this proposition is now up to you, Cato. Go ahead and tell us what is on your mind."

Enderly crossed his legs comfortably, puffed his cigar well alight and began: "You'll have to humor me, boys, if I seem a bit discursive. I've got a good deal of hay down on this proposition, as we used to say on the farm, and it will take me quite a time to get it cocked and ready for the wagon of your consideration. As a starter I'll say I agree with you, Jim, that to all outward appearances things seem to be in order. We are in fair shape before the country. We have two years to go, and we have control of Congress. On the face of it, all that seems necessary is for us to sit steady, do as little as we can, stick to the old-and-tried stuff, and go to the bat in the next election on the proposition of let-well-enough-alone. If there is a good crop this year so wheat and corn failure can't be charged up to us, and if there are good prices, we might pull through, especially as my financial friends tell me they see no signs of bad business, save in the unexpected event of a crop failure."

"Well," interrupted Hollister, "what more can we ask?"

"It isn't a question of what more we can or may ask, Henry. It is a question of what more the people will ask. We have been in a long time, and we are pretty smug. Because we are rock-bound conservatives, and have held on as such for all these years, we think that our conservatism is what has kept us in power; whereas we have held control because of a lack of concerted radicalism to oppose us. It isn't our strength that maintains us, it is the weakness of the opposition."

"Six of one and half a dozen of the other," commented the President. "We are in power and we can remain there for that very reason—that lack of what you call concerted radicalism or effective opposition."

"That is precisely where we make our mistake," Enderly continued. "The point we do not take into consideration is that our policies are old, shopworn and familiar. We are conservatives, standpatters, reactionaries. We came into power at a time when economic and governmental circumstances gave conservatism a strong appeal with the people. We have administered our political oxygen to our basic policy with such skill that we have kept it alive and reasonably effective up to the moment, but it is getting blue around the lips now, and showing symptoms of weakness and diminished appeal that, I regret to say, even such political diagnosticians as you men fail to observe.

"We came into power as conservatives at a time when conservatism seemed to the people the panacea for all their woes. There is no political panacea. Conservatism was a palliative, but not a panacea. Now during our tenure the people have gradually come to realize that a certain proportion of their woes are still with them. We didn't cure all the ills of the body politic, and couldn't, although we claimed we could. Consequently, as time has progressed, and we have remained in power handing out our original stuff, with the same label and in the same bottles, the people have begun to listen to other venders, who have a different and newer list of preparations, and offer them as the panacea."

"Meaning the uplifters, I suppose?" said Hollister.

"Meaning the uplifters, the progressives, the radicals, the increasing number of opponents to our rule who have devised and are devising remedies in the shape of so-called popular reforms—direct primaries, for example, and antitrust laws, and revised taxes that shall mulct the vested interests, and dissolution of the alleged combinations in restraint of trade, and assaults on high finance and labor legislation, and so on. You know the list. No matter what we may think of these propositions—and I don't think much of them—we cannot remain blind to the potency of them, nor insensible to their favor among the people. They make the strongest possible popular appeal—the appeal of self-interest. They are spreading like a prairie fire."

"Why not start a backfire?" asked the President.

"We can't; we haven't the materials for an effective blaze."

"Put out the fire, then."

(Continued on Page 39)

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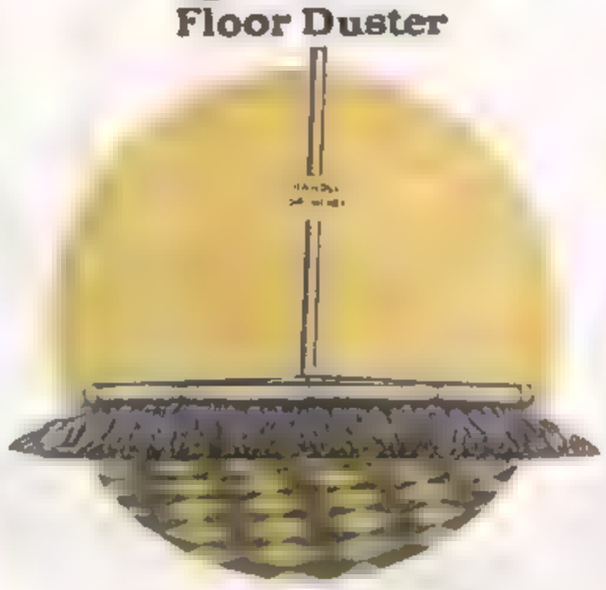

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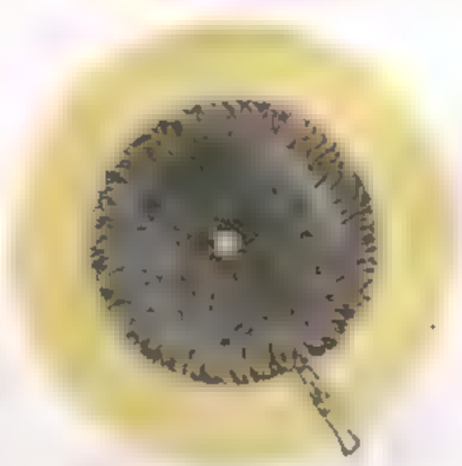

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(Continued from Page 36)

"We can't do that, either. Any effort to do that would add fuel to it."

"What can we do?"

"The only thing to do is to take charge of the fire, feed it as may seem wise to us, control it as well as we may be able to."

"That's where you were heading at breakfast the other morning, is it?" asked Hollister. "You mean to adopt these nauseating reform propositions?"

"Not adopt them, necessarily, Henry," Enderly replied; "not adopt them—'advocate' would be a better term."

"I'm against it," snorted Hollister. "We can whip these people any time we get them in a fight. Why ——"

"We can whip these people, perhaps, for a time," Enderly interrupted, "but we cannot whip the people. There's a lot of difference between these people and the people."

"Not much," growled Hollister.

"Enough to make it impossible."

"Go ahead," said the President. "Let's have the brass tacks of it."

"What I am proposing is to be crafty with them instead of combative. You are going out, Jim, because you will have served your allotted time at the end of this term. We're sorry to lose you, and I suppose you will be sorry to go, notwithstanding the heavy burdens of the place."

"I shall be," said the President. "Every president is, no matter what every one of them says about being glad to be relieved of the cares of office, and how joyously the return to the peace of private life is welcomed. Every president walks out of the White House on his last fourth of March with a smile on his face, and thanksgivings for relief on his lips, but with a pain in his heart. So shall I. Why not? It's the greatest office in the world, the highest position an American can attain. Of course I'll be sorry, but I've got to go, just the same."

"We realize that, Jim, and we are sorrier than you are, but we can't help it. We realize, too, that as a former president, and a mighty good president, too, you will become a sort of national voice, an elder statesman, and that your allegiance with our cause will be a great asset for us. Meantime, while this is going on, you will be right here in the White House, and I am relying on you to help wherever you can if the plan looks good to you."

"Of course, Cato," said the President, "I shall not run out on you at this late day. You know that. We've played together in this game too long for any such demonstration as that. Convince me and I'm with you, and I'm pretty well convinced now. So go ahead."

"We are at a place where it will be politically fatal to have the next president out of sympathy with us. If we nominate a man of our own kidney there will be a party schism and an opposition candidate who will split the party and make the election of a third man inevitable. There will be even less nourishment in that for us than to have our radical friends win. Therefore our candidate must be a man who will outwardly and seemingly conform to the new styles of political thought. What he may be inwardly and for our purposes is another matter."

"Job them, to be concise," said Hollister.

"That's a crass way of putting it, Henry, but I'll pass that, as we're all friends here together."

"Who's your man?" asked the President.

"Norton."

"Ewen Norton?"

"Yes."

"But Norton has no public record as an uplifter."

"Neither has he a record as a reactionary," said Enderly. "He is a fine, colorless, amenable and adaptable person. We can make him into any sort of candidate we desire. He's entirely ductile, perfect raw material."

"He isn't well enough known," objected Hollister.

"He will be when he is nominated."

"But he must have some standing with the people."

"Well, think Norton over. He is well born of old American stock. He is a publicist, a historian and an international lawyer of note. He has kept clear of corporation and other so-called undesirable affiliations. He has served acceptably on several important nonpartisan commissions. His public activities have been largely civic, and his aspect of government the constitutional aspect. That's his great point. He is constitutional as the Constitution. He is dignified, learned, but a good sportsman, and has fought two or three big fights against corrupt city governments. He is not identified with our organization publicly, but has always taken enough interest in politics to stamp him as a party man. He has an ambition for political preferment—wanted me to get him into the Cabinet once, and was willing to accept such responsibilities as might be put on him if he got the appointment—such party responsibilities, I mean."

"What does he think about it?"

"I haven't asked him yet. It is more important to know what you think of him. What's your idea, Jim?"

"Go into it a little further, Cato. How do you purpose to handle Norton with reference to what you have claimed is the necessary adoption of some of these radical measures?"

"Simple enough. If you fellows agree that the plan is feasible I'll engage to transmute him into an acceptable radical—not too radical, but radical enough for our purposes by the most potent of transmuters publicity."

"Will he stand for it?"

"I am sure he will. Of course he must be approached diplomatically, cautiously, plausibly. After the groundwork is laid, and he has been led to the top of the mountain and shown the lush valley of the presidency below that may be his, he'll make any required pledges. He's human, you know, and he is ambitious. I'll not require anything of him that will offend his high sense of propriety, nor appear to tie him up more than is necessary. I'll merely show him what can be done, and let him think that the presidency conducted along our lines and in accordance with our desires will be an honorarium, not wages, nor any other coarse inducement. His finer sensibilities will not be shocked, but his ambitions will be fed. It ought to be easy, because his trend of mind is progressive, anyhow, albeit his practices are satisfyingly conservative. That is, his heart beats for the common people, but his head recognizes the excellences of the old order and what it represents. He'll do it, all right."

"Suppose he doesn't?" suggested the attentive Pondevero.

"In that case we'll get someone else. It's simple, practical and our salvation. We pick out Norton. We get our publicity machine going. We are not openly identified with him. Nevertheless, our fellows all over the country will be given the word to urge him, to talk him, to suggest him as the right man, and, under cover, to tie up delegates for him. Presently there will arise throughout the country a sort of Norton sentiment. Bound to, if our publicity is right and Norton performs correctly, as he will do, because we'll be directing his every move. Then, at the right time, we'll step in behind him, bowing to the mandate of the people who have expressed a liking for Norton, or think they have, for with our organization we can create a sentiment for anybody—enough sentiment, at least. We'll nominate him, not on our basis and understanding of him, but as the conservatively radical or radically conservative candidate he appears to be, bowing again to the mandate of the people for a change; and we'll elect him too. And there you are."

"There you are," repeated Hollister. "But where are you if he double-crosses you after you elect him?"

"He won't. I'll guarantee that. I know him. He will be amenable; of course we can't crowd him too hard, but we'll have a grip on him, just the same, and hold our own positions and be in shape to play along until this passing fancy for liberalism expends itself. Political reactions come every so often, you know. We're getting the reaction against us now. If he makes only passably good for us we'll be in far better case than if some real radical is elected, and I am convinced that if we do not nominate a pseudoradical a real one will get into the fight somehow. There are no two ways about that, and you might as well recognize it now, two years from the election, as wait until election time and regret your lack of vision."

"Where would opposition to Norton be likely to come from?" asked the cautious Pondevero. "Has he any enemies?"

"Probably not; nor any friends, either," growled Hollister.

"Oh, yes, he has friends, Henry," said Enderly. "He has the President, and Pon

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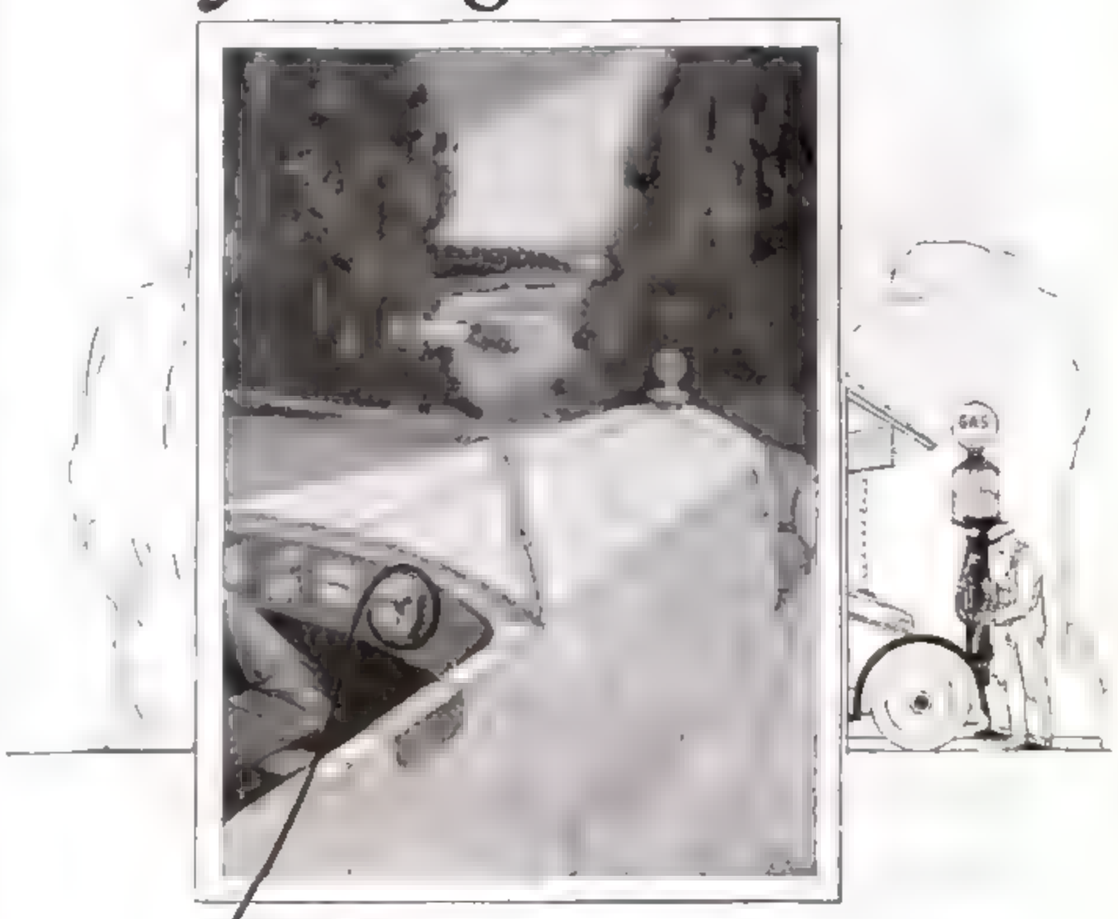

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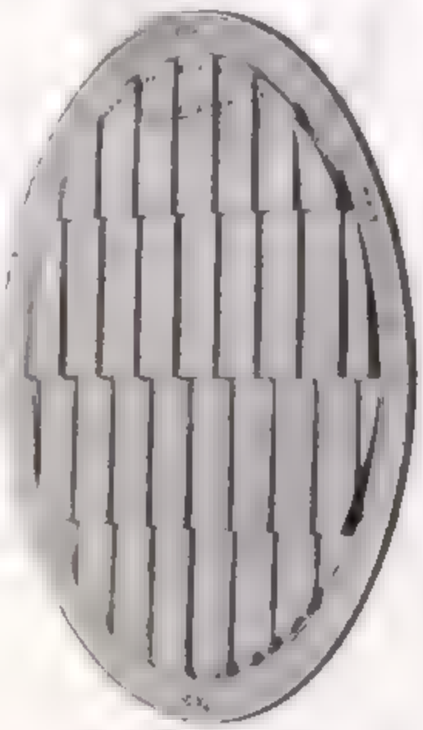

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and you and me—four pretty fair friends for a starter."

"I haven't agreed to this fool scheme," protested Hollister.

"But I hope you will," said Enderly. "Let me ask you a couple of questions. Is it or isn't it true that there is a very noticeable undercurrent of so-called progressivism among the people?"

"I've heard there is," Hollister admitted grudgingly.

"Originating in dissatisfaction with us and what we represent?"

"I suppose so."

"And isn't it likely to increase rather than diminish during the coming two years if we keep our present course?"

"Yes."

"Then what would happen to us if we forced the nomination of one of our own fellows—Westacott, for instance?"

"There might be a bolt."

"Well, don't make the mistake of underestimating the effect of such a bolt, nor the extent of it, nor the abilities of the men who might engineer it. The fellows who are stirring up this unrest and protest have been smart enough to give it a moral as well as a political angle, and your long experience must have taught you that the people are always ready to be moral at the expense of somebody else. We are the greatest moral nation on earth in the sense that while reserving the right to edit and audit our own personal ideas and practices to suit ourselves we are keen to force everybody else to keep to the straight and narrow path. We prescribe righteousness and demand it in our fellows, are insistent on it if it doesn't interfere with our own plans and activities.

"When we find a condition that predicates possible advantage for ourselves in this righteousness in others we are terrible as an army with banners, a resistless phalanx voting resistlessly for the good, the beautiful and the true, and for what we hope to get out of it.

"These fellows have turned the weight of the ethical evidence against us by the useful expedient of claiming that our alleged abuses of power are not only wrong but are depriving the people of benefits that are their due. I tell you, Henry, that if this outcry keeps up for another two years without our taking steps to stop it or shifting it elsewhere or outwardly becoming converted to the tenets of it, they will split the party on us. Then what?"

"We'll be beaten, of course," admitted Hollister.

"Inevitably. Why be beaten when by a little maneuvering we can win, and not sacrifice anything we have either?"

"Look here, Cato," said Hollister earnestly. "I am an organization man, and have never been anything else and never shall be. All I want is to see the organization win. I am opposed to these reformers, and all their practices and all their preachings. I loathe their pretenses and despise their policies. I consider their newfangled legislative cures for so-called abuses all bunkum. I think they are demagogues, deluding the people for their own motives and purposes, but ——"

"But," broke in Enderly, putting his hand affectionately on the great shoulder of his friend, "if the organization decides that this is the best thing to do, you are for it. That's it, isn't it, Henry?"

"Sure," Hollister answered. "Hurrah for Norton—or anybody else we can win with!"

"What do you think, Pon?" asked Enderly of Pondevero, who had been sitting with his thin hands clasped over a thinner knee, listening intently.

"The selection of a candidate for president is a very serious matter," Pondevero answered, "and not to be decided lightly or without due consideration. I have no doubt that Ewen Norton is a very good man—I have met him a few times—but if he is a good-enough man great care must be exercised in approaching him, and greater care in making sure of him. How conservative is he?"

"He is a director of the New Haven Railroad, an Episcopalian, a member of the Sons of the Revolution and a trustee of the Peabody Foundation," Enderly answered.

"Very good," said Pondevero. "What was it you said about his heart beating for the common people?"

"Oh, don't worry about that. I mean he exhibits such tendencies at times when they may be commendable without being costly—effective but not expensive, you know. Still, he exhibits them now and then, which makes him more plausible for our purposes."

"I understand. Now let us go a step further: If such action is necessary and what you say combined with what I have observed inclines me to the belief it is—and it is decided that Norton is available for the purposes mentioned, the greatest finesse must be used in approaching him, because the point that must be fixed in Norton's mind is that we are approaching him on his account and because of his attributes rather than the truth that we are approaching him on our account. The difficulty will be in getting a definite agreement from a man who is not accustomed to political transactions. Could you get a definite agreement?"

"Not at the start probably," said Enderly, "but later. I have given the matter considerable thought, and my plan is founded on several similar political experiences. The thing to do is to get Norton into it on the basis of being the one man who can on the one hand advocate a rational radicalism and on the other hand maintain a reasonable conservatism. In other words, impress him with the idea that he can do a great service to the country by taking a masterly middle position, because though we shall admit there is virtue in some of the reforms proposed we shall deny that our own policies are entirely vicious. We shall put it up to him that he is needed as the agent who shall separate the good from the bad in both contentions, to the great glory and increment and advantage of the people."

"But I don't admit that," protested Hollister.

"Be calm, Henry, and listen for a moment longer. All that is needed is to push him well into a campaign for the nomination, to have him get the taste of it, to get into his mind the possibility that he may be President, to whet the ambition of him with the manufactured evidences of demand for him, and the rest is easy. Once he gets the mental picture of Ewen Norton in the White House, and once he discovers that the machinery for nominating him is in our control, we can make any terms we like with him. So we could with anybody else.

"The man who becomes President becomes thereby a fixed figure in history. That's a big thing and, as we shall not demand anything of Norton that will in any way dim that historical position for him he'll deal, all right. That's human nature."

"It's pretty cold-blooded," said the President.

"Needs must when defeat stares," Enderly answered. "Politics is a cold-blooded game, based on intelligent self-interest. This, I may say, is self-interest on the part of Messrs. Conisby, Hollister, Pondevero, Enderly and their friends and associates in the highest and most intelligent degree; also, it is party interest; also, it is for the best interests of the country and the people; also ——"

"Not to put too sanctimonious a point on it, it has some bearing on the vested interests," interjected Hollister.

"Of which we are to a certain extent whom," laughed Enderly; "which clinches the argument. Now there's my plan. What do you think of it?"

"Must we decide now?" asked Pondevero. "I would prefer some time for consideration."

"All right, Pon. There's no particular hurry. Meantime I suppose you would like to look Norton over; especially you, Jim?"

"I should," said the President. "I have met him, but I think it might be well to refresh my impressions of him."

"Well, ask him to Washington to discuss something or other with you—the problem of the migration from the country to the cities, for example. That's harmless, non-political, and he's interested in it; and there is a considerable to-do about it at present, although presently you will wake up to find that there are more people living in the cities than in the country in this great, fertile, agricultural land of ours, and there will be a vast back-to-the-land outcry that will be answered by the urbanites with jeering invitations to the howlers to go back to the land themselves and see how they like it, and not annoy the people who prefer crowds, theaters, restaurants, and so on, to rural joys. Besides ——"

Enderly paused and looked at the President, his eyes twinkling.

"Besides what, Cato?"

(Continued on Page 42)

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

All Eyes Are on the Paige

Since January 21st the eyes of the motoring world have been concentrated with intense interest upon the complete line of Paige cars.

That was the date, you will remember, when the Paige "Daytona" 6-66 model broke the world's stock chassis record by traveling at a pace of 102.8 miles per hour.

It was a marvelous victory, but merely a beginning. For with the speed record incontestably established, 6-66 models were put to every test that could prove the mettle of a champion.

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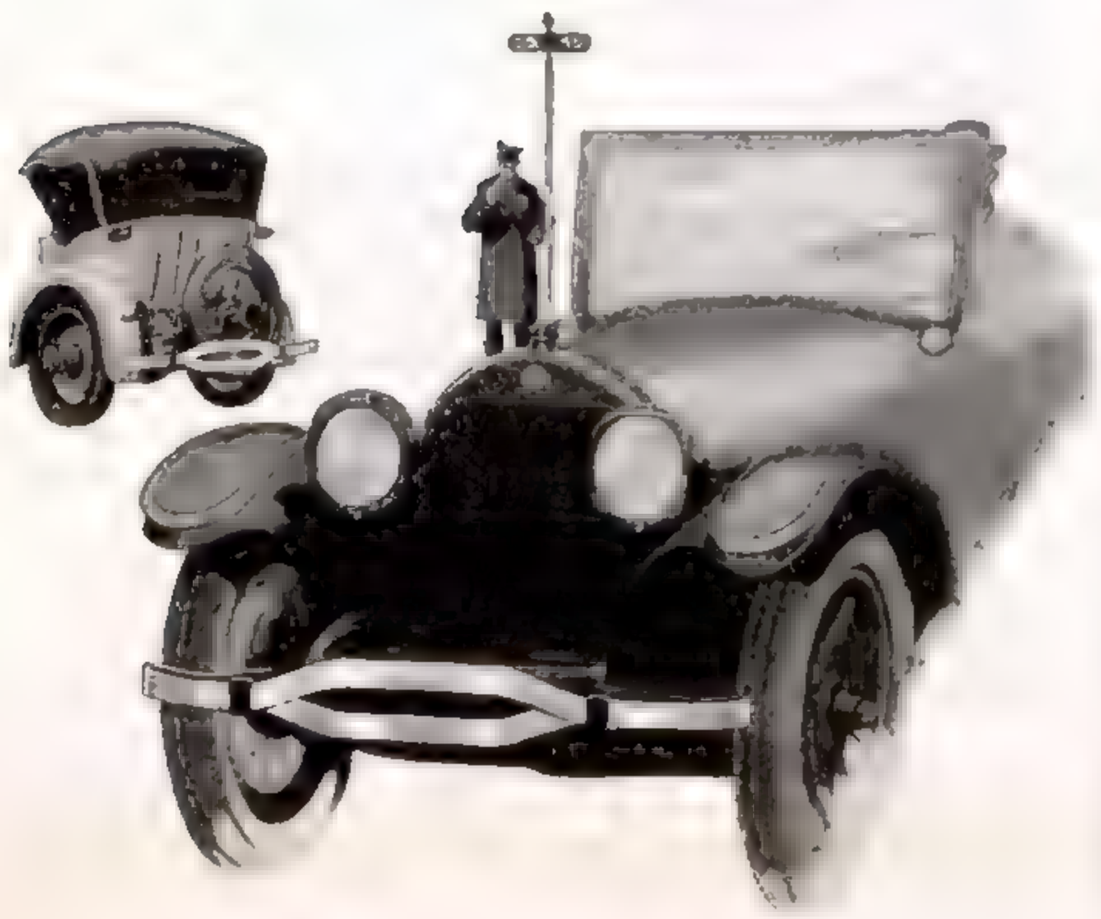


(Continued from Page 40)

"Besides, the fact that Norton is asked to the White House by you will be mighty good preliminary publicity for him, and comparatively inexpensive."

■

"WHERE have you been all day?" asked Pondevero as he came into Enderly's committee room late the next afternoon, and found that leader sprawled in a great leather chair and smoking a large cigar.

"Out at Chevy Chase playing what I call golf, but nobody else does."

"I had hoped to have more talk with you about that matter we discussed last night. We have a vital problem ——"

"Don't call that a problem, Pon. If we decide on it it will be merely a matter of routine. There are only two real problems in the lives of men of courage, Pon; only two."

"Indeed? My count is larger than that, but I suppose you want me to ask you what those two problems are?"

"If you don't, Pon, I shall be greatly disappointed. I thought it all out coming in from the club, and am bursting to impart my philosophical conclusions to somebody."

"Well, what are they?"

"The two and the only two real vital problems in the lives of men of courage, Pon, are, first, the problem of keeping one's head down and one's eye on the ball when playing golf, and, second, the problem of chewing one's food properly. Of course the first one is the great, momentous, overshadowing problem, but I added the second because I bolted a couple of ham sandwiches this noon and now feel as if I had swallowed two billiard balls. As for the problem of keeping one's head down when making a golf shot, that transcends ——"

"Oh," interrupted Pondevero a little impatiently, "you are not serious."

"Not serious!" exclaimed Enderly. "I was never more serious in my life. I tell you, Pon, that the utter futility of the human mind as a controllable and functioning organ of the body is nowhere proved so certainly as in golf. What do all these millions of years of development amount to that have brought us to our boasted plane of intellectuality, when not one man out of ten who essays to hit a golf ball has sufficient control of either his muscular or his mental resources to do this simple, elementary thing which he must do if he is to hit the ball. And the game of golf consists in hitting the ball, Pon, and in nothing else—hitting it as skillfully as may be, but, primarily, hitting it. Now ——"

"You must have played poorly to-day," commented Pondevero.

"Poorly!" said Enderly. "Poorly, is it? I played like the leading inmate of a home for incurable morons, and I have just taken a dozen lessons too. It was lamentable. It was horrifying. It was humiliating. And that wasn't all that was humiliating, either."

"You did have a bad day. What else happened to you?"

"Constable was there."

"Arthur? What did he do—beat you?"

"No, dod-gast him, he didn't beat me, because I didn't give him a chance. He did worse than that. He joshed me."

"About what?"

"About everything. He was outrageous. He offered to give me two strokes a hole and play me for his corporation bill."

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Listen, Pon, and I will unfold to you the full extent of my degradation. The game of golf consists in playing eighteen holes in as few strokes as possible. With me anything that reasonably may be called a few is impossible, but when a man walks up to another man, both golfers, and offers to give him two strokes a hole and play him for a stake, that's more than a handicap. It's an insult."

"But what about his corporation bill?"

"He wanted to make that the bet. If he beat me I was to advance the bill in the Senate and fix things for passing it. If I beat him he was to withdraw the bill."

"Why didn't you do it?"

"Because I didn't dare; that's why. That fellow is just as smart at golf as he is at politics. He probably would have beaten me, and then we'd have been in a fine fix. He stood and grinned at me and taunted me, and then went out and made an eighty-one while I dubbed around after him in a debasing hundred and twenty-four. That fellow is going to make mischief."

"Because he can play better golf than you can?"

"No, but because he is playing better politics than I am, or you either."

"In what way?"

"He's over on the progressive side of this game, which I am trying to make clear to you and Henry and the rest of you is the winning side at present."

"We can get him whenever we want him."

"Don't be so sure of that. That young man has a way of thinking and acting for himself."

"What has he done?"

"Nothing specifically, except to introduce that corporation bill, but I tell you, Pon, he has the makings of trouble in him."

"I think," said Pondevero judicially, "that if you were a better golfer you wouldn't be so alarmed over Constable's politics. How do you learn that game?"

"What game—golf?"

"Yes."

"Why, you buy a lot of golf paraphernalia and take lessons. The instructor tells you one hundred and forty-seven things to do. Then you go out and don't do any of them."

"Practice makes perfect, I suppose."

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, if I were you I'd practice until I could beat Constable. Good afternoon."

Pondevero faded out of the room before Enderly had a retort ready. Enderly puffed reflectively at his cigar.

"He's right," he said. "What I need is practice."

He rose, went across to the hatrack, took a cane with a straight handle, and fixing himself in his stance in the middle of the room began swinging at an imaginary ball on the carpet.

"Only one important thing in the world," he said as he swung the cane, "and that is: Keep your head down, hold it still, and keep your eye on the ball. That was a good one. That ball would have gone a mile. Oh, gosh, I flubbed that one. Keep your eye on the ball, you congenital idiot, and hold that hollow head of yours still. Now—head down—eye on the ball —— Bah! Missed it a foot. Hunched my shoulders. Try it again. Head down—swing at the hips—eye on the ball—slow back—let the club do the work—follow through. Ready. Damn! Missed it again."

Half an hour later William, his negro messenger, found him there, still swinging the cane, repeating his ritual, and berating himself at each miss.

"Car's waitin', boss," William announced.

Enderly threw the cane into a corner. "William," he said, "if it won't demean you too much to do a service for a poor old man who is in the last stages of senile decay, mental disintegration and muscular atrophy, please get me my overcoat. Did you ever try to play golf, William?"

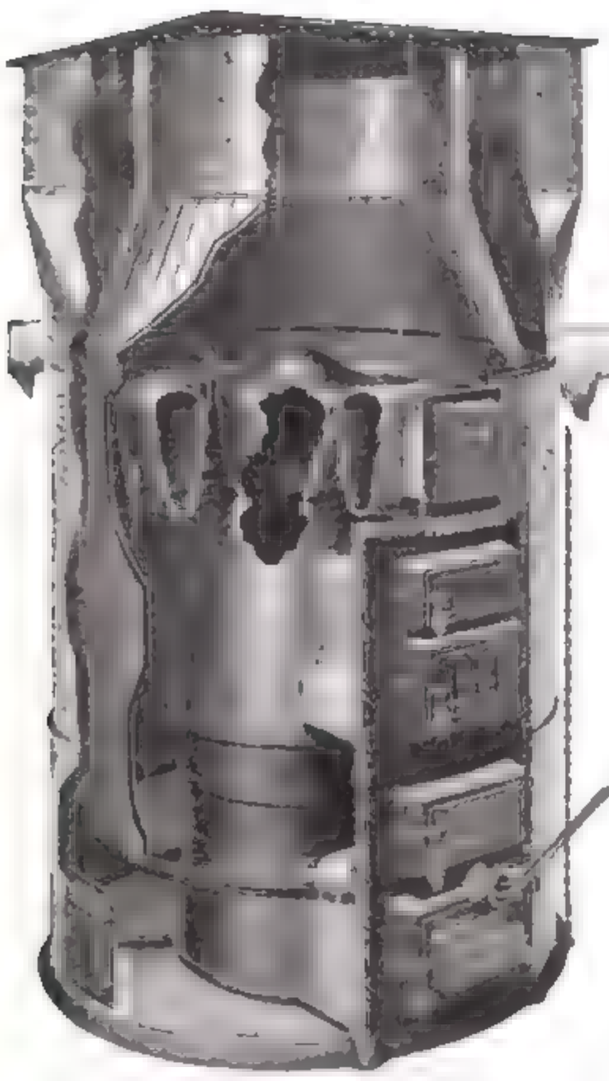
"No, sir, Mr. Enderly, Ah didn't, but Ah reckon Ah could."

"You never were more mistaken, William. There comes a time in the life of every man when he reckons he can play golf, but he can't, William, he can't. That game was instituted for the purpose of impressing on a grossly egotistic mankind that all this conceit about having progressed mentally upward from the somewhat narrow intellectuality of the late John Neanderthal, who lived, William, some millions of years ago near Düsseldorf, is blather. And it proves it, William, proves it irrefutably."

"Yes, sir," William answered. "Better put your muffler on. It's coolish to-night."

As Enderly rode up Sixteenth Street to his home his mind continued on Constable, a senator from a Western state who had served four years of his first term, and whose independence of view had set him automatically in opposition to the recognized leadership of the Senate majority; an opposition that, so far, had been indicated rather than active, but was sensed intuitively by Enderly. He was a man of outstanding ability, with a clear, keen, well-processed mind, and a manner of direct speaking that held attention. Enderly, after he had looked him over for a session or two, was craftily trying to cultivate him for the double reason of future use as an ally and to eliminate him as an opponent, for Enderly saw the raw materials of

(Continued on Page 45)



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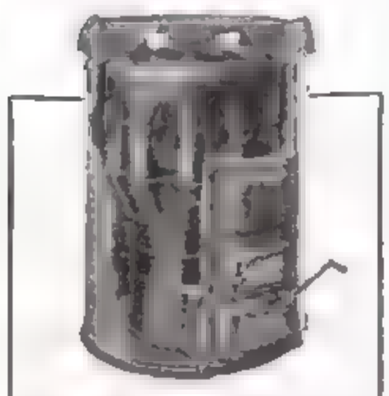

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In BlueBird you have a servant that will wash for you uncomplainingly week in and week out—a tireless servant that will never ask for extra pay or a raise—never threaten to quit and never fail to be on the job when needed.

And this servant—BlueBird—harbinger of health, happiness and sunshine—will mean a real vacation for you—freedom from the countless irritations and expenses incident to having a laundress do it the old-fashioned rub-board method or to sending it out.

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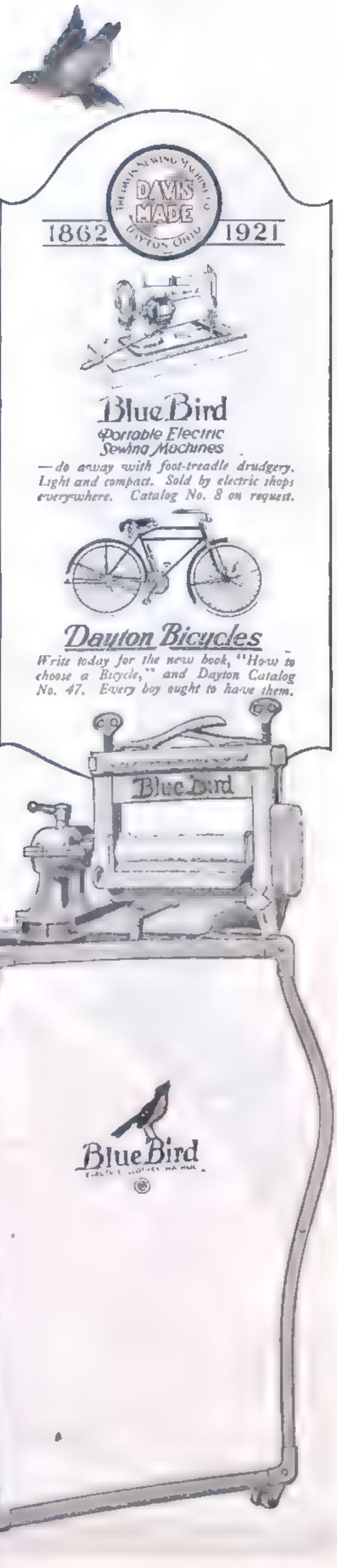
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(Continued from Page 42)

a vexatious antagonist in Constable unless he was taken into camp.

Moreover, although Constable had several times shown a disconcerting determination to do as he wished rather than as he was told, he seemed regular enough in the essentials, as Pondevero had said, and his occasional registry of convictions rather than complaisance might be more the manifestation of newness in his surroundings than anything deep-rooted. He was a most likable man, with poise, a sense of humor, an even temper and an ability to pay back in any coin tendered.

What disturbed Enderly most about Constable was the mildly ironical manner with which Constable regarded him and his associates, an attitude that Enderly sensed as one of understanding of motives, and amusement that those motives should be taken seriously, as they were, by the Enderly organization and the people. Enderly was not so fatuous as to try to delude himself about himself and his purely political organization expediences and enterprises, but he knew it might be calamitous for a man like Constable, with a forum for the expressions of his views and a public to hear him, to expose those expediences and motives in the manner Constable had shown he was able to command, with ridicule, irony, satire. Enderly could fight back and overwhelm denunciation and the usual opposition diatribe. He did not fear attacks on his strength. What he feared was the exposure of his weaknesses, and Constable from time to time gave hints that he was fully aware of those weaknesses and that he was coming to a comprehension of motives.

The car rolled up to the entrance to his house. He dismissed it for the night and went in, his mind still busy with Constable. He found a letter and a telegram on a tray in the hall. The letter was from the White House and said the secretary to the President had been instructed to inform Senator Enderly that the Hon. Ewen Norton had been invited to confer with the President on Thursday of the following week.

The telegram read: "Antipathy Apparent Aztec Assiduous Alkali Ambulant Tenth," and was signed "Zeno."

"Carthew, eh?" said Enderly as his eye ran along to the signature. "And Lon Thane! 'Antipathy' means 'Thane' all right. 'Aztec' is 'Mexico.' Thane - Mexico—now what is that skunk up to? Well, I'll have to get the code and horse it out."

Enderly's stiff knees made his progress slow up the stair that led to the room that served as home office, study, library and loafing place, and he thought aloud as he climbed: "Lon Thane, breaking out in a new place. Talk about your Thirty Years' War—not a marker to this fight. Mexico—must be that oil business—can't think of anything else. Probably Stoddard and his outfit are yelling for help. They'll need it, too, if Thane is after them. Tough citizen, Thane—nobody knows that any better than I do. Well, we'll see."

He swung back what seemed to be a bookcase but was really a mask for a wall safe, fumbled with the combination knob for a few moments and took a small red-covered book from a drawer within. Then he went to his desk, spread out the telegram before him, and found a sheet of paper and a pencil, still thinking aloud: "First rule for code telegrams. Never write the meanings of the code words on the original sheet. Never forget the row we got into when Hollister lost that telegram that was decoded on the original sheet and Thane got it. Had to change our code after that. Let's see—don't have to look for 'antipathy'—that's Thane. Invented that code word for the crook myself—little descriptive touch of my own. 'Apparent' means 'active.' 'Aztec' means 'Mexico.' 'Assiduous' means 'Stoddard.' 'Alkali' means 'disturbed over situation.' He'd better be. 'Ambulant' means 'want to talk to you,' and the tenth will be Friday. That's it, eh? Thane is active in Mexico and Stoddard is disturbed over the situation. Carthew wants to come over for a talk on Friday."

Enderly sat at his desk, his head bent and his eyes fixed on the code message. Presently he straightened in his chair.

"This world is full of trouble and of woe," he said, "and I've had more than my share of both with Lon Thane. Damn Lon Thane! I wish he was in—in—Kamchatka. However, he isn't, and neither am I; and now I've got to go out and lam him again and watch out that he doesn't lam me."

He wrote a telegram to Carthew that said, in code, he would be glad to see him on Friday, and gave it to a servant to dispatch.

He sat for half an hour at his desk, staring at the telegram, deep in thought. Then he roused himself.

"Damn Lon Thane!" he said, and went to his room to prepare for dinner.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DREAMERS

(Continued from Page 17)

prepared to say it would frighten her. She might only want to stay here all the more."

"To see?"

"Possibly."

The young man seated himself on a corner of the refectory table, his hands still deep in his pockets, his foot on the rung of a chair which moved from time to time with the foot's intermittent motion.

"Suppose," he said at last, "we put it this way: That the apparitions are in some manner so closely associated with the family history that the present owner would feel it a breach of loyalty, delicacy, honor—any word you please—to permit an outsider, however charming ——"

Tennant brought his palm down on the arm of his chair.

"You have it!"

"She would listen to that, you think?"

"Undoubtedly!" Tennant was enthusiastic. "She would appreciate such a scruple perfectly. She wouldn't think of pressing. Oh, yes, the very thing!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

A doubtful relief hovered in the young man's eyes.

"Well, but you know I shall feel like the most pitiful combination of an ass and a knave."

"As far as the knave is concerned, my dear sir," Tennant reassured him, "I shan't give you away. And for the ass, be sure she won't laugh—no, indeed! She'll accept it with all seriousness."

"Well, in that case"—the other began. He had raised his head, but his glance was directed not at Tennant but past him as though its attention had been caught by something in the garden beyond.

The sound of an impetuous rush up the steps brought both men to their feet. A shadow shot forward along the floor and the sunny doorway became the frame for a dark figure with a golden outline, which, precipitately invading the room, became immediately a vivid figure that darted at Tennant.

"Look!" she cried, holding out arms full. "Calendulas, tulips, daffodils, violets! The gardener is an angel!" She caught sight of the other presence. Her voice stopped and lifted itself again in a sharp cry. She remained motionless, her arms still extended but relaxed. All consciousness of what they held seemed to have passed out of them, and the flowers began slowly to shower down upon the floor.

"What is the matter?" her father demanded anxiously.

"I thought ——"

Her knees seemed literally to be giving way beneath her. She sank down into the chair that Tennant quickly pushed forward.

"You thought what?" he prompted, bending over her.

She panted, half sobbing, her hand pressed to her side. "I thought I saw ——"

"What did you see?" Gale broke in abruptly.

She was staring up at him as though enchanted. Her lips moved soundlessly, forming a word.

"What picture?" His voice sounded unexpectedly loud. It would have been hard to tell which was the paler face, but strangely enough it was the man who looked frightened—frightened, and at the same time with an expression so sharply questioning it was almost a threat.

Tennant made an involuntary movement forward, and then it became apparent that Natalie was no longer sobbing, but laughing, still pressing her hand to her side and talking rapidly into the dark, intent face above her own.

"Isn't it funny? I didn't see you when I came in, and I was startled. You see, I was thinking of nothing but —— You're Mr. Gale, I know; and I must tell you that your gardener is, without exception, heavenly. See what he gave me!" She looked down into her lap and made an exclamation of genuine dismay. "Oh, I've dropped them! They're ruined."

"It's of no consequence," Gale muttered, gathering up indiscriminate handfuls from the floor and putting them back into her lap. "There are any amount. McIlvane will cut you more presently. They've been given away—thrown away—for years."

"Thrown away!" She lifted a broken spike of larkspur, looking at it tenderly, pityingly. "These beautiful things! This lovely place empty all these years—no one to enjoy it!"

"I had forgotten what it was like."

"But you lived here once?"

"Yes, when I was a little boy."

He was like a penitent making a confession there at her feet, asking pardon.

"A child, here!" she exclaimed, turning her head toward the glimpse beyond the open window. "And you could forget it? Oh, I should never, as long as I lived, if I had climbed in those trees! Why, I loved it the instant I saw it! It's perfect!" A flush of enthusiasm was already beginning to recolor her cheeks. "You know you could trust us. We shouldn't change a thing. Should we?" she inquired, suddenly turning her smiling face to Tennant.

"Not so far as I'm concerned," he answered. He glanced at Gale, but the young man, who had risen, was looking at Natalie, and seemed oblivious. Tennant raised his voice, assuming a jocular tone: "But the fact is I'm afraid we're not going to have the chance to be tried out."

"Why?" she began with a soft indrawn note of astonishment on the syllable. She sat up a little straighter.

Again Tennant tried to catch Gale's eye. The fellow evidently intended to shed the responsibility of breaking his own news. There he stood, as though he was deaf and dumb, looking at Natalie's profile, which presently turned again, becoming for him—the owner of the house—a full-face, confronting him inquiringly and silently. And it was to this silent regard that he spoke.

"You were accusing me a few minutes ago of not being sufficiently appreciative."

"Was I mistaken?"

"Not altogether. My appreciation is very recent. I did offer this place for rent. That was before I came down. Now that I'm here ——"

"I see!" she exclaimed sympathetically. "You don't want to give it up. Of course I can't blame you. I'd blame you if you did. This room!" Her enlivened eyes glanced rapidly about, seeming to see everything but the door on the left of the fireplace. Over that they passed with a blind sweep to the paneling of the south wall. "I'm dying to know who painted the hunting scene."

"Oh, that was daubed by a young friend of my father's—when they were both young, to amuse the crowd. See, that's my father in the lead—supposed to be. They're no more portraits than a set of tenpins. The room itself was built as a sort of lark. Of course it's an eyesore, the way it projects; but it's sunny and pleasant, and very convenient to entertain in, connecting as it does with the kitchen."

He indicated with a nod the right-hand door.

"Oh, yes," Natalie admitted, "you'd be an ingrate to give it up to anyone! As for the gardens ——" She sighed, letting a tulip fall and taking up a yellow begonia. "I never saw such hothouses—such bulbs! Mr. McIlvane let me watch him potting, or I suppose it's unpotting."

"He's planting," Gale answered. "I'll show you, if you like, what has been already set out. And perhaps you would care to see the formal garden too. If you can spare the time I'll have tea sent over to the terrace."

"I should love it." She rose with alacrity, gathering her flowers into the skirt of her dress apronwise. "Do you think that Mose would put these in water for me?"

Jim Henry's Column

Am I Real?

I get a lot of letters which express a cynical disbelief that I am alive.

Wouldn't it give you the willies to encounter constantly an illusion that you didn't exist—were a sort of disembodied idea? Even my friends don't believe that I write my own stuff.

What is there so extraordinary in a salesman writing advertising?

I know more about Mennen Shaving Cream than any professional advertising writer will ever know—and have a truer and deeper conviction that Mennen's is infinitely superior to every other preparation.

To be sure, I don't know how to intrigue your interest with trick borders, Greek gods, bathing girls or such advertising technique, and I lack the literary gift of weaving a lot of scientific sophistries into an apparently convincing argument—but I do believe in Mennen's.

I have watched Mennen's grow from nothing into a leader. I have seen it change the shaving habits of millions. Thousands of men have written, thanking me for freeing them from the suffering and despondency incident to the use of old-fashioned soap. I have gazed with amazement at our sales chart, each year showing a tremendous gain over last year.

After all, don't you more readily believe what a man tells you if he believes it himself? Aren't you more successful in convincing others if your own convictions are sincere?

I probably couldn't sell automobiles or oil stock, but I can sell Mennen's. I propose to sell you. Sooner or later I will find a crack in the wall of your prejudices and *make* you understand what a joyous experience it is to try Mennen's for the first time.

and afterwards—Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

Then you will send 15 cents for my demonstrator tube and you and I will be buddies in spirit as long as smooth faces are fashionable.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

"He'd be delighted—if only I knew where the old beggar was."

"He's putting up the Italian blinds on the south piazza."

"How much you know about my house!"

It was lightly said, with a smile, but the young man's eyes were far from casual. In fact, they seemed very deep indeed. Natalie's, on the other hand, were guileless. There was only the briefest hesitation in her manner before she answered, "Why, I could see him plainly! It's only a little way from the potting sheds."

"Of course!" For a moment his depth seemed just the depth of perplexity, as though it struggled to grasp the meaning of some inexplicable appearance. Then he murmured, "I'll call him."

"But let's just take them, and then he can put them in a pail of water. That's the best thing to do with wilted flowers." She started in the direction of the outer door.

"We can go through the kitchen, if you don't mind," their host remarked, opening the half-glass door on the right of the fireplace, disclosing a passageway with windows on the west crossed by shadows of leaves and letting in broken squares of sunlight.

"How lovely!" the girl exclaimed, and promptly advanced toward the alluring prospect. Her gown made a gay flutter of yellow as she moved before them, the blue and crimson heads of flowers nodding beneath her arm. "This way?" she inquired, and as Gale answered, "Yes," opened another door and passed, the two men in her wake, into a large room beyond, this also with many windows.

A light tempered by projecting roofs showed the dim interior, touching the old beams and rafters of the ceiling, catching gleams from the copper pots on the shelves and the array of brass skimmers and ladles hung upon the vast breast of the fireplace. At another time these might have evoked Natalie's wildest adjectives. Now, however, she seemed preoccupied. She gave walls and furniture the most sweeping glance of appreciation and the all-embracing epithet "Darling!" and went on out upon the southern porch, where the old colored man was engaged in testing the blinds.

By the time Tennant, who had lingered to admire the atmosphere of an older century, emerged she had already immersed her flowers and was standing with Gale at the foot of the steps. The sight of her thus had the effect of riveting her father's attention to the exclusion of everything else, even of her companion. She looked unusually, extraordinarily beautiful. She seemed illuminated, not alone outwardly by the broad golden sunshine but by some inner radiance of mood that played in her eyes, making them shine under the shadow of her hat. The round of her chin and her mouth appeared in full light, the lips rising a little at the corners in a smile. It was odd that a smile so faint could express so much happiness; and as she looked up at her companion there was, to an eye that knew her, something unwonted in her glance, a timidity, the suggestion of an appeal.

Natalie had many ways of being lovely to young men. Evidently she was employing a new one now, placating him; placating this stranger—very delicately, so delicately that to the unobserving she was only fair and gay and voluble, her hands at play with gestures like darting birds. One of these paused midway in a flourish to wave at her father. Fronting this vision of youth, he seemed gray, detached and puzzled, and there was a note of reassurance and tenderness in her voice as she called, "We're waiting for you, my dear."

She linked her arm in his as he joined them, and together the three walked slowly along the bricked path beside the hedge, past the southern façade, at which none of them glanced, past the roofs of greenhouses flashing under the long rays of the sun, and the tulip beds like thin sheets of gold. The western light was already beginning to take on a metallic tinge, and the shadows of trees were growing longer, creeping across the lawns. A faint smell of earth was beginning to rise in the air, and as the three climbed the flight of steps ascending the terrace they entered a shade cast by the house itself.

There was a hint of self-consciousness in the way they kept their faces turned persistently from it to the garden; and yet in all reason the garden was charming enough, and the girl at least noted with real attention the objects pointed out by her host. Only when they came out upon the level turf and the long line of a stone balustrade sprang into sight against the blue distance did she quicken her pace, and finally deserting her companions she ran lightly forward across the grass.

By the time they reached her she was already leaning her elbows upon the stone, and it seemed as though her gaze had made one leap down the whole eastern slope to where the gate was barely visible at the bottom.

"By Jove!" Tennant exclaimed. And again, as his glance ranged back and forth, "Extraordinary!"

They were standing upon the edge, with the formal garden dropping away beneath—simple, primitive, the crude outline of its stonework softened by moss, the cedars going down solemnly like black gigantic candles on either side of the long flight of steps. Here and there among the mazes of rectangular hedges appeared the gleaming white rim of a parched fountain. Far down, scarlet with rust, the iron spears of the fence showed at intervals between the vines. Beyond was no road, only the broken rough country, hollows, pools and reeds. Tennant was the first to break the short and singularly intense silence.

"This must be very old," he observed.

"Yes, for the United States. Those cedars down there were planted in 1820, the same year the box was set out. Oh, yes, the place is old."

"And enchanted!" the girl said softly.

He looked at her. Her back was toward him. She was gazing down the perspective of the steps; but now, as though he had addressed her, she turned inquiringly.

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"I don't know. It's the way it makes me feel. I felt it the moment I entered."

"What? The house?"

A faint color rose in her face.

"No, the grounds; as soon as I was past the gate."

"In what way?"

She did not answer immediately. She was again looking over the parapet, and this time her attention was fixed upon the central fountain in the midst of the paved landing. From here her gaze mounted slowly, deliberately, up the steps, at intervals pausing to peer down the angles of the box alleys, again ascending steadily, as though it were watching the progress of a figure, finally reaching the level of the bricked promenade; when, making a sudden turn, she faced toward the house with a gay exclamation.

"Why, here's tea!"

Mose, in fact, was just setting down the tray in a faint ringing of glass; and Natalie immediately established herself in the chair nearest the teapot, turned up the flame of the spirit lamp, inspected the state of the water, which was boiling, and became for the time as remote and incommunicable as the pythoness upon her tripod, giving forth only the phrases of her trance.

"You like it strong? Then I will give you the second cup. Two lumps? Dad, have one of these lovely little buttered things."

"And you, Mr. Tennant, are you thus susceptible to the condition of my garden?" Gale continued with a humorous note. "Do you feel an influence stealing?"

"Well, of course," Tennant conceded amiably, "this is the hour for fancying all sorts of things, and I won't deny that in a place like this it is particularly easy. For instance, here —— Can't you imagine Lucrezia Borgia wandering along these alleys at twilight inventing death?"

"Oh, not the Borgia!" Gale protested. "Say Fiammetta! At least she was life-giving. Of course we must have a golden-haired presence to light up all that dark foliage."

"For that you won't have to dig back into the centuries. After all, golden hair is modern. And why should she be Italian? Haven't you a fair, comparatively recent ancestress?"

"Oh, as for that—yes, several. Ladyhill, as you may imagine, was built for one of them—a very restless and homesick woman. It was to please her English eyes that my great-grandfather set out this box and that yew over there. The locusts are, of course, more recent—my mother's planting. The place has never been without a chatelaine until—well, four years ago."

Natalie took up a cup, looking into it for a moment with a certain preoccupation.

"And yet," she said, "the influence does not seem to me wholly feminine—not the one I am aware of."

"What is it like?" Gale asked, watching her face through the steam of the kettle.

"Cream or lemon?" She handed him the tea. "My influence? Well, I'm sure it's not Fiammetta. It might be Lorenzo."

"The Magnificent? He was exceedingly homely," her father put in.

"My Lorenzo," Natalie replied, "is very handsome. I suspect his true name to be John or Charles. He is wearing a cocked hat and a Tory coat open over a gold-embroidered waistcoat, and he is walking in the second alley, up and down, looking off at the reflected light in the east—he likes it better than the actual sunset; that's too crude—and now and then turning his diamond to make it sparkle. See him?" She pointed downward, glancing mischievously at her companions.

"I thought you were serious!" Gale exclaimed reproachfully.

"Were you?"

"Yes, in the first place."

"And so was I. He has corrupted us with his skepticism." She touched lightly her father's hand where it rested upon the chair arm.

"I a skeptic?" he asked. The smile that he turned upon her was thin and a little fixed. "But I think I am most credulous."

"You are credulous," she retorted, "only of what you see; and not always of that. I was speaking of impressions that come from things invisible." Leaning back in her chair, she went on in a half-musing tone, "No, but really, why shouldn't such a place, so lovely, so alluring, so appealing to the imagination, and left alone all this time—how many years? Seven?—why shouldn't it be haunted?"

"Haunted!" her father exclaimed, and sent a quick glance at the young man's face, which suddenly appeared blank, wiped in an instant of all expression.

"Yes," Natalie asserted, "what could be more natural, or supernatural rather, than that some ghost, spirit, hobgoblin even, that loved beauty, drawn by the very emptiness of the place, should take possession, affecting us, you see, as we came in. One after the other we have succumbed—you first." She turned to the owner, and her confidence seemed to receive a check.

He drank a swallow of tea, set down the cup, and in the tone of a man mildly amused, a tone that went queerly with his intent expression, asked, "And this spirit—do you suppose it ever manifests itself?"

"Isn't it manifesting itself every minute?"

"I mean, does it appear?"

She looked puzzled and vaguely startled.

"In a—form?"

"Yes, as a ball of light, or a golden bird, or whatever shape such a spirit might prefer."

"But how should I know?" she objected, adopting his tone.

"You seem to have a theory."

"Well," she submitted, laughing, "perhaps it may appear—to the people it likes."

"Ah!"

She stirred a little uneasily under his scrutiny, knitting her brows as though she were trying to make out something that had come into the conversation, how, she did not understand.

"But you are luring me into inventing a whole philosophy on the spur of the moment—an absurdity—and for no reason except that the charm of this place affects me in this way as so—personal."

She had hesitated over the last word, and having pronounced it she blushed. With a quick turn of the head and wrist she inspected her watch and exclaimed with exaggerated dismay, "Father, do you know it is a quarter of six?"

In the uprising, the moving of chairs, the murmurs of apologies and thanks, their host made an effort to detain them. He pressed a bell somewhere in an angle of the veranda, and by the time they had strolled back the length of the terrace the car was already waiting before the north entrance. Natalie, wrapped in a blue chevanier's cloak, with one end flung jauntily over her shoulder, held out a warm ungloved hand. It remained in Gale's during the time it took her to glance back lingeringly in the direction of the cedars.

"You ought to be very happy," she said, and stepped past him into the tonneau.

"Ought I?"

She indicated dramatically with a sweep of arms the whole circle of trees, grass and pillared porches, looking down at him meanwhile with a mocking pity. Then abruptly her expression changed.

"My flowers!" she cried.

Tennant, about to step into the machine, hesitated. Gale glanced carelessly toward the rear of the house. He had been resting one hand upon the tonneau's hood, a sufficient security against the car's starting unexpectedly, and now he faced Natalie across it, leaning upon his folded arms.

"I'll make a bargain with you," he said. "If you'll allow me to keep those I'll see that you have some others, fresh, tomorrow."

"Why, that's a perfect bargain!" she exclaimed.

"I'm going into town in the afternoon," he continued, "and I shall leave them at the hotel myself, so you may be sure they will reach you."

Natalie looked at him interrogatively.

"In that case shan't we see you? We will be there at four o'clock, and if you should let us know ——"

The young man declared quickly that that would give him the greatest pleasure. Tennant supplemented his daughter's invitation in an amiable mutter proceeding from between the upturned edge of his coat collar and the downturned brim of his hat.

"Four o'clock!" Natalie cried, holding up the four fingers of one hand at him as a reminder.

The car sped down the locust-bordered drive. As it turned from between the posts of the entrance into the road Tennant observed, "Queer he should accept that invitation."

"Why, dad, how you talk! He thinks we're charming."

"And so we are. All the same, he doesn't want to rent us the house. And hasn't it struck you, Natalie, that he was a little queer about finding us on the premises?"

"Queer?"

"Yes; up in the air—strange—off."

"When?"

"In the hunting room particularly. He came in from the house from the door——"

She fixed him breathlessly. She seemed to know without asking what door he meant.

"Well?"

"He was annoyed," Tennant continued. "Yes, and nervous. Strange in a chap like that."

"Yes, but," she began, "that was before I saw him."

"The way he was before you saw him was nothing to the way he was afterward. You must have noticed!"

"He did seem a little upset," she admitted slowly.

"Look here, Natalie, what was it that you thought you saw then?"

"That I saw?"

"Don't you remember? You said very distinctly 'I thought,' and then 'I saw.' And then he asked you a question."

Her face, looking pearl-like in the twilight against the blue frame of her hat, stared upon him with a blank surprise.

"Why, I don't remember saying anything!"

He shook his head at her.

"Natalie, my dear Natalie, it's all very easy to deceive strange young men in that way; but when it comes to your innocent expression, remember, I've had a liberal education. Come now, let's have the rest of that famous dream! Your hand was on the knob, you felt the door yield, and then ——"

"Perhaps I woke." She laughed aloud at his discomfited expression. "Dearest, didn't I tell you that I would reveal the whole story only after I was in possession of the house?"

"But if he won't ——"

"Wait and see!" she replied mysteriously.

"Oh!"

With this monosyllable he relinquished all responsibility in the coming guest, though not all uneasiness. He had never shown the least anxiety about the other young men who had come variously to hang on Natalie's lashes; scarcely enough interest to be decent, she had assured him. But evidently in his mind the arrival of this master of Ladyhill was set apart as something quite other from the arrival of a mere admirer. It was the arrival of a problem into which Natalie intended to plunge the probe of her adventurous mind. But what did Gale intend? Possibly Tennant looked forward with a little trepidation to whatever of the strange and unaccountable should be aroused in those darkly gazing equivocal eyes.

It was the more surprising therefore that when the young man did present himself on the following day he should appear so

(Continued on Page 50)

These Manufacturers Factory Equip Their Products With AC Spark Plugs

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Wade Drag Saws

What's Your Answer?

It is often helpful to compare your own methods with those that have proved valuable to others. The questions below are taken from a retail management efficiency test. Answer them "yes" or "no" and figure your own efficiency.

Answer

Do you *know* if you are making the profit which you expected?

If not, how can you be certain that you are actually making any profit at all?

Do you *know* the total of the sales of each clerk every day?

If not, how can you be certain which ones are selling enough to justify the salaries which they are now getting?

Do you *know* the daily sales totals in the various departments?

If not, how can you accurately determine the lines which are selling and must be quickly reordered, and which lines are moving so slowly that they must be forced out at a reduction before a large loss is incurred?

Do you *know* each day the total amount which you owe to your creditors?

If not, how can you plan the financing of your business in advance so that all obligations can be met promptly?

Do you *know* the present value of your stock on hand?

If not, how could you prove the amount of a fire loss to the Insurance Company? Would not a running total detect and uncover leaks through waste or stealing?

Answer

Do you *know* the actual condition of your business today?

If not, how can you quickly prepare a statement for your banker, which will meet his requirements, in case a loan is needed?

Do you *know* your stock turnover by departments?

If not, how can you buy in the most economical quantities and thus make the most on your investment in stock?

Do you *know* the actual amount of your expense each month?

If not, how can you determine whether or not it is too high for the business you are doing?

Do you *know* how your purchases for this month compare with those of the same month in previous years?

If not, how do you systematically guard against the profit-eating temptation of over-buying?

Do you *know* that every incoming invoice is correctly extended before you enter it in your books for payment?

If not, how certain are you that you are not being over-charged through errors in calculation?

Answer

Do you *know* from a statement placed on your desk every day the daily figure facts concerning your business?

If not, how can you pass sound judgment upon the many complex details of your business?

Do you *know* records for previous years by clerks and departments?

If not, how can you determine which clerks and departments are growing with the business and which are eating profits and should be eliminated?

Do you *know* that your time is worth too much to spend it doing many of those things which a clerk can do?

If not, are you not giving too much time to petty and insignificant details and thereby preventing your business from having the healthy growth it should have?

Do you *know* that you can not afford to do without anything which will save you time, satisfy customers, detect leaks, prevent errors and give you much valuable figure information?

If not, isn't this part of the reason why profits in YOUR business have not proved to be nearly as large as they should be?

The opposite page describes an easy, practical way to make every answer a "yes."

Burroughs

Adding – Bookkeeping – Calculating Machines

"Ours is 100% Yes"

"WE KNOW those questions on the opposite page cover most of the facts essential to good management. We can answer 'yes' to every one of them, because we *get the figures* from our Burroughs Adding Machine and get them every day.

"We know what lines each clerk is selling and his daily totals. We know how often our stock turns. We know what and when to buy. We know just how much money we are making.

"We have a Burroughs Machine and it is the most valuable equipment of our business. We wouldn't know how to get along without it."

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ADDING

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BOOKKEEPING

Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines post ledgers and other important records with the automatic accuracy and speed of machine methods.

CALCULATING

Burroughs Calculators add, multiply, subtract and divide without printing the figures—provide wanted results in the shortest possible time.

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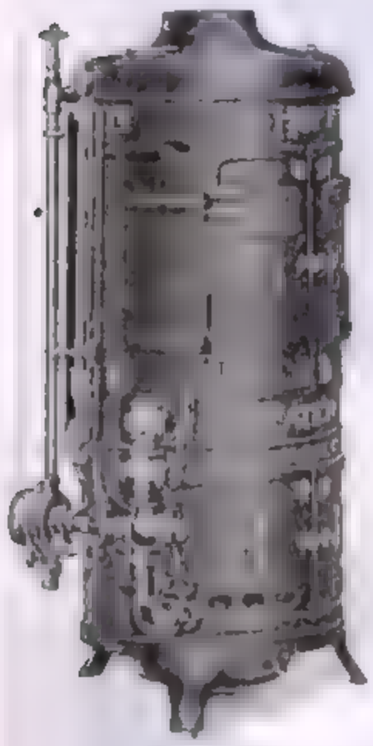

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NAME_____

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(Continued from Page 46)

like all the rest of the tribe, so shorn of mystery, normal, and—to the parental eye at least—quite unremarkable.

He brought with him violets and lilies. Natalie, receiving her flowers, had the air of a schoolgirl with her first nosegay. That, however, may have been a part of her game, and in that case it was deep, since she did not appear to be playing one, only to question and listen, allowing her guest to perceive her interest. One would have supposed that sitting in a stiff hotel chair and discussing soils, bulbs, crossing of varieties, and budding seasons was an affair of great moment to her, though to be sure the young man was not dull. He spoke of the wild orchids of the region as a man might talk of gypsies. McIlvane, he told them, had been experimenting with the purple swamp flower, trying to woo it into a hothouse life; and if they would be interested to see —— Thus at the end of a short hour they had agreed to come the morning of the day after to-morrow and inspect the result and lunch—all quite casually and naturally. But after the young man had departed Tennant became obsessed with perplexity.

"Now, who did that?" he demanded. And his daughter asking with a surprised air, "What?" he explained, "Managed that invitation—you or he?"

"It just happened, the way invitations do. Don't you like him?"

"He seems a nice enough young fellow," Tennant mumbled, and from time to time during the next forty-eight hours he inspected his daughter stealthily.

She was elated, talkative about a variety of things unrelated to the renting of houses. At moments of greater quiet her eyes contained a remote speculation. But no glint of this was to be seen the morning she stepped from the car, again beneath the trees of Ladyhill. Under their shadows she seemed to exist merely in the present. She had never appeared more easily herself, natural, simple and happy, than now, encountering the owner, who met them with no attempt to conceal his eagerness. He betrayed a positive relief at sight of them. If any wonder occurred in the minds of his guests as to why he had at first regarded them as interlopers, and now showed every sign of being afraid to lose them, it was easily explained by the fact that he now liked them.

By the time the inspection of the potting sheds was finished, a little perfunctorily they had discovered, in the free playground of talk, agreements of taste, memories in common of travel among strange cities and peoples, allusions understood without explication; but no allusion whatever to the fantastic discussion of that first afternoon upon the terrace, no reference to the question of tenant and owner. Neither Gale nor Natalie made the slightest attempt to revive it. Instead they showed an increasing tendency to dispense with words altogether, to look, breaking off in the middle of sentences as though they found speech unnecessary. In these exchanged glances any appearance of inquisitor and victim had disappeared. Or, if either were a victim, it was the man, enchanted by the young slimness of a girl in a summer dress, with feathery ends of curls showing beneath her hat brim. When she turned aside to examine the array of flowerpots upon the ledges he watched the outline of her cheek, faintly rosy against the sun-drenched glass. The motion of her arms, her flowing skirts moving on before him in the narrow alley preoccupied him. When at intervals her eyes reverted to his they had the same dreaming expression with which they had surveyed his garden. Some emotion seemed to be growing up rapidly between them like an exotic plant, hastened in its development by the warm sweet inclosed atmosphere. Even after they had emerged, closing the last door, the mood persisted, modified and lightened in the out-of-door air.

It was with them still over the omelets and claret in the hunting room, lowering the key of Natalie's voice to a contented note. She, who knew well enough how to lead the conversation to whatever subject she pleased, was now leading it far afield from their surroundings. Apparently she had no wish but to linger here in idle talk of distant places, and later to stroll beside the hedge, urged by her host against thoughts of departure.

It was a veritable charity on their part, he declared, to cheer a fellow who had nothing to do but potter about an old place, trying to remodel the last century to the comfort of the present.

"Lots of things always the matter with old houses," Tennant threw in with a guileless air. "Imperfect drains ——"

The owner gave him a singular glance as if across a distance, at a trespasser—a warning. "Keep off!"

Natalie stopped. Her eyes, withdrawn instantly from Gale's face, closed for a moment. When they opened again they were turned upon her father in unmistakable challenge.

"Nothing is the matter with this one!" As if with an irresistible impulse, throwing back her head, she swept a rapid glance along the entire front, the open hunting room and the blind façade of the greater house, closed fast, sealed against the world. She stared at it in an almost painful suspense. Her glance hovered a moment at a window in the upper story, the third from the corner.

"Well," Gale replied easily, "you know window fastenings rust, and kitchen steps will crumble, and old trees have an inconsiderate way of dying. Yes, a place like this is a responsibility—in a way, a burden."

"Burden!" Natalie breathed.

He looked at her.

"Would you want it on your shoulders?"

She held herself very still. Between the eyes of the two men she seemed afraid to move, as though the glint of an eyelash, the stir of a finger on her part might reveal her hidden thought.

"Who wouldn't?" she answered in a low voice; then, quickly, as if she feared this might have produced the wrong impression, "You want it on yours, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. But, you see, I don't mind the impositions of the thing I love."

Something in the look that accompanied the words made Tennant move uneasily. Not that there was anything the most fastidious father could object to, unless he objected on principle to double meanings. There had been from the first a second meaning in Gale's eyes. What made it so doubly disturbing now was Natalie's evident consciousness before it. She seemed to have reached a point when she could no longer transmute her feelings into any graceful deception. For an instant her timidity, her uncertainty, her helplessness burned in her face. She made a gallant attempt at concealment, gathering herself together to continue the conversation with anythings, with nothings, in a voice that quavered a little. She did not evade Gale's question as to when they should meet again, but replied with a definite statement of time and place. Nevertheless, she seemed apprehensive of every word. Even after they had separated from their host her tension did not relax, and when halfway on their journey home she broke the long silence between them it was with an amount of feeling that fairly startled her father.

"If he doesn't want us to see the house," she began abruptly, "for whatever reason, why, that's his affair. Don't, please, fish for explanations."

Tennant colored.

"But if you want to rent it"—he began.

She replied, flooring him with her rejoinder, "I'm not sure that I do."

"Then what, in heaven's name?"

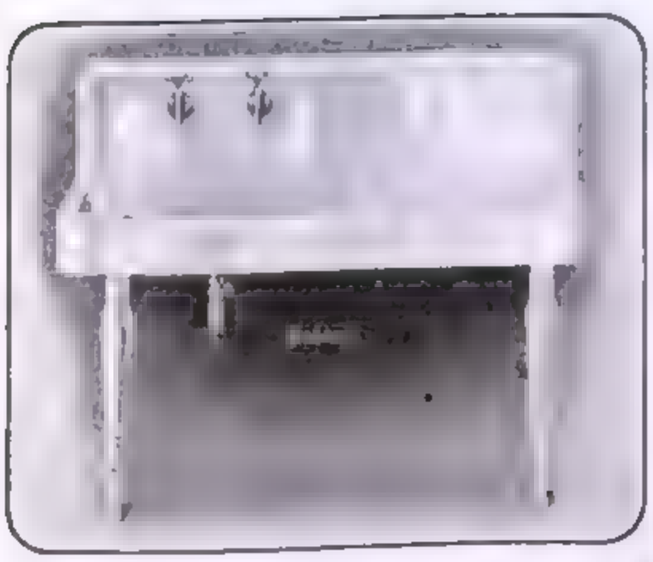
She turned an imploring gaze on him.

"I think I want the whole world to stand still for just a little while."

He stared. The force of that appeal kept him at the time from urging questions. He had been asked to wait and see. He had waited, and he was seeing a very curious thing. This was a strange end for an enterprise that had begun three days before with so definite an intention; at least if such an affair could be said to end at all, where every end was a beginning. There had been no parting but to make a fresh appointment. In the succeeding days—a week, two weeks—the young man was forever sitting in their chairs, or they under his trees, drinking his tea; and this was the more frequent arrangement. Or they were swept in his powerful car as on the north wind to far points of the horizon; had looked down from mountain sides into the blue shadow of valleys, at white pouring waterfalls. Sometimes the two younger people went alone upon these expeditions, and Natalie, returning, would chatter vaguely of clouds and lady's-slippers. Her moods showed an increasing restlessness, a tendency to drop from the height of gayety to depression. Natalie, laughing on the terrace of Ladyhill, or bending, deep in discussion with McIlvane, above the new-planted

(Continued on Page 52)

"Standard" KITCHEN SINKS



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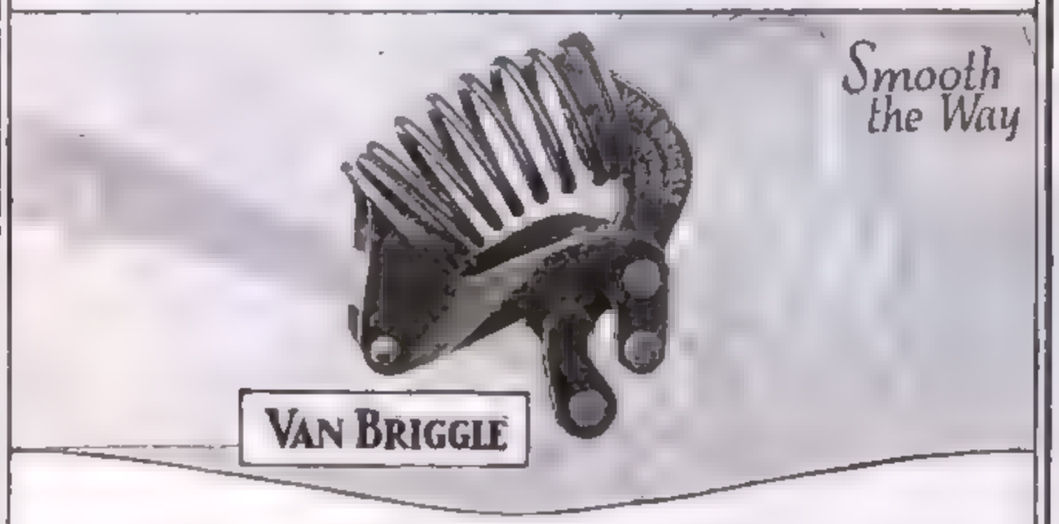

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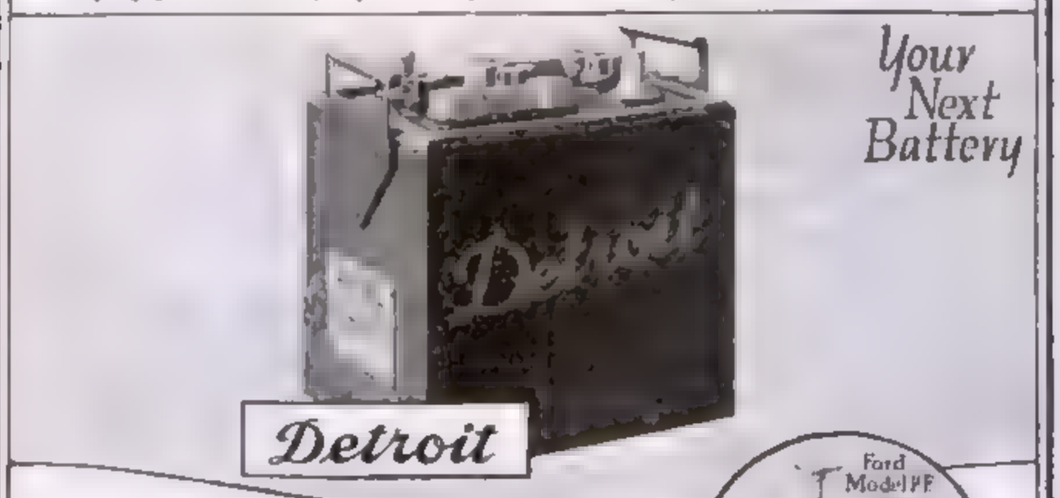

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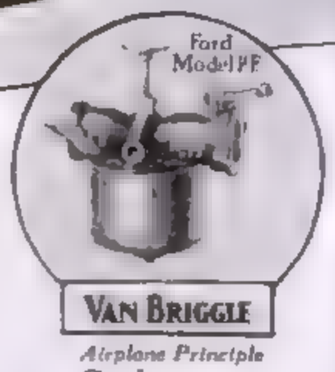

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(Continued from Page 50)

forget-me-nots, or flitting between sun and shadow with Gale—was one person; Natalie, pale and abstracted opposite her father at the breakfast table, was quite another.

Tennant, coming into their rooms one evening after dinner, found her stretched out on the chaise longue in a trance of brooding. She did not answer when he spoke to her. Not until he sat down beside her and took her hand did she seem aware of his presence.

He had held his tongue on the proscribed subject for fourteen days; but now he began tentatively, "You know, Natalie, I never mean to pry into your affairs."

Her fingers closed tightly upon his.

"You never do," she murmured.

"But I'm going to now. I'm going to ask you a question, and I hope you'll be frank with me. Has Gale refused to let you see the house?"

A veil seemed to fall over the feverish brilliance of her glance.

"I have never asked him."

"You've lost interest in it?" Tennant pursued.

"I didn't say that."

"Then why don't you ask?" he demanded cunningly. "When a man lets a woman direct the laying out of his flower beds and order his servants it stands to reason he'll make other concessions to her that he'll deny the common herd. Unless"—she waited, expectant, raising her head—"unless he had something to hide."

"He has nothing!" She sat up, all the certainty of her conviction in her flushed face.

"If you're sure"—he began doubtfully.

"Of course I'm sure! Who should be, if not I? Haven't I ——" She broke off, breathing a little quickly. "Oh, yes, he's all right! It's all right. Only"—she was silent a moment, biting her lips—"I shan't ask him," she said stubbornly. "If he won't take me in freely, of his own accord; if he wants to keep me outside for the sake of—say, a memory, let him!"

There was a singular passion in her voice as though she meant something more than the exclusion from a mere house. Her father looked at her anxiously.

"But I think he gave you an opportunity once."

"You mean when he asked me if I would like the burden of it on my shoulders? I'm afraid that wasn't what he meant. He was only trying to draw me out, to discover ——"

She rose, and going to the window she stood looking out at the early glimmer of the moon.

Tennant waited a moment, and then ventured, "Discover what?"

She faced about.

"I don't know. Sometimes I fancy it's one thing, and sometimes another; but chiefly I suspect he's trying to find out one certain thing from me, and if I tell him the truth he won't believe it. Did you?—and you're my father! If he doesn't I can't bear it—that's all. It means so much! Don't ask me! I'll tell you when it's all over!"

Incontinently she burst into tears.

"Natalie, my poor child!" he murmured soothingly.

She sobbed against his shoulder, "I wish I'd never seen the house!"

Under his breath Tennant fervently agreed with her.

"But if you feel this way," he suggested, "why not let me make our excuses to Gale? I can write this evening—say that we've been called away suddenly, telegraphed for; and we can leave for New York tomorrow on the first train."

She had stopped crying, and he felt her, in his arms, growing rigid with protest.

"No, I can't do that. I must face it. I owe it to him."

"You owe him nothing! If you think he won't believe you, why bother to explain? I can stand his suspicions, whatever they are," Tennant continued valiantly.

"I can't," Natalie replied in a low voice.

There was a silence while she stood holding her father by the shoulders looking at him anxiously.

"It may be," she continued, "that after all we will go to-morrow. But as for to-night, I'd already made up my mind about that before you came in. That's what upset me so."

"What?" Tennant stammered. The rapid shifts of her mood left him helplessly adrift.

"Dearest, just this one evening more, without asking any questions, help me! You'll see," she added hastily, intercepting the beginning of an objection on his part. "I'll tell you how when we get there. We mustn't wait here any longer. We're late now."

He held his daughter away from him looking her over slowly. She was dressed as if for an occasion, in lustrous white, sprinkled with a pattern of green flowers that brought out the golden color of her hair.

"Why didn't you tell me we were invited out there to-night?" he demanded.

"We're not. We've never been invited out there at night. But we're going without an invitation—just wildly, madly! You know it's full moon." She was laughing at him with feverish gayety, while a glitter of tears shone between her lashes.

Tennant made no protest. He submitted with a wisdom born perhaps of intuition rather than experience, since all his wonder, all his watchful anxiety declared that he had never seen her like this before.

She fell silent, once they were on their way, sitting beside him like a muffled shadow in which the moon occasionally found a glint of gold. They were flying through a world of shadows, gigantic shadows that stretched from one horizon to another. Black, white—black, white—black flitted over them. The odor of grass, the perfume of unseen flowers rushed up in their faces; the perfume of locust flowers very heavy and sweet in the warm air.

Natalie whispered, "Put on the muffler—be as quiet as you can."

"You surely don't suppose that we can creep in without being heard!"

"If we're careful we can get far enough." They had turned into the drive, and giving him no time for questions she went on speaking with her lips close to his ear: "I must leave the car before he finds us. Pay no attention to me—I'll be all right. But if he doesn't come to meet you at the drive entrance go on to the hunting room, and when you find him, if he asks for me ——"

"If he asks!" Tennant interrupted.

"Tell him you don't know where I am."

The car was swinging around the loop, and before it stopped Natalie had flung off her cloak, slipped nimbly from her place and was running across the gravel. She ascended the bricked steps of the path and disappeared in the direction of the terrace.

Tennant brought the machine to a halt and sprang out. Indecision held him a moment. Then, shrugging his shoulders, he went on, passed beneath the deep foliage of the magnolias. A light burned in the windows of the hunting room. He advanced toward it, stopped and looked behind him. The shadow of the house stretched out over half the lawn, and beyond it appeared the broken black shadows of trees outlined with pale streaks of light. The locust blossoms moved softly like a canopy, and beyond and above them on the terrace edge the tops of evergreens stood stark. In the middle of this mysterious landscape the illuminated window was the one warm human touch. He turned back again and made an involuntary movement. A white figure was behind him.

Gale, looking taller than ever in his tennis flannels, had come up noiselessly. Evidently he had emerged from the hunting room, for the door was open, and now stood smiling at his guest.

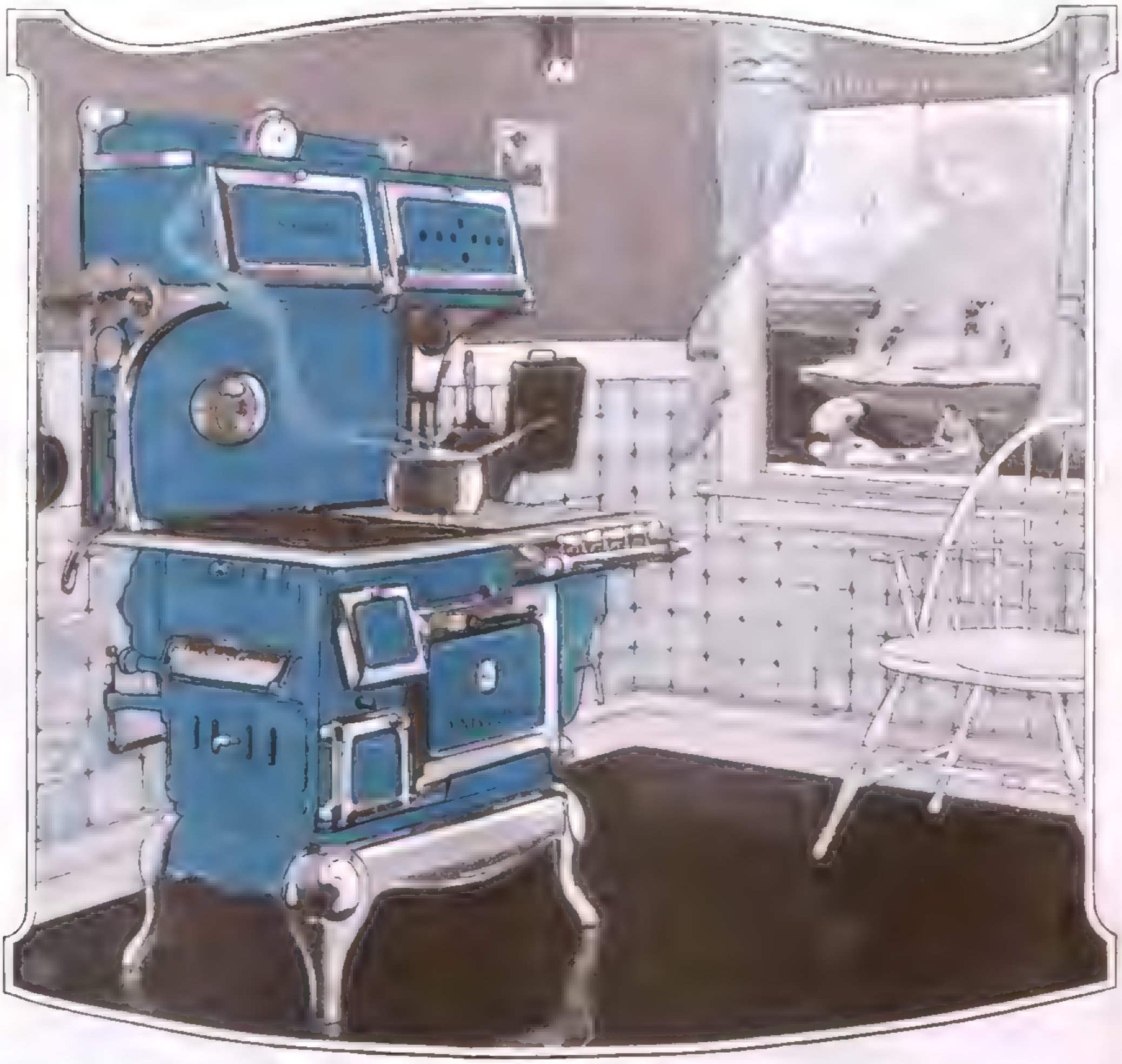
"I'm glad you had the idea to come," he remarked. "It's a funny thing, you know. I rang up the hotel to-night, meaning to ask you, but they said you had already gone out; and I've been half expecting ever since—with no reason for doing so—that I should see you. It would have been a pity to miss such a night." As he spoke he glanced about, rather too sharply for a mere glance of appraisal. "Miss Tennant?" he said questioningly.

"She's here," Tennant replied, adding after a singular hesitation, "I don't quite know where." He did not add "She wants to see you," but that significance seemed to pass without a word from one to the other.

Gale immediately became alert. His roving gaze fixed upon the magnolias. Still something seemed to keep him standing uncertainly before his guest, and presently he transferred his attention from the shrubs again to the man, studying him with his deep unreadable scrutiny.

"Do you remember that talk we had when we first met—you know, in the hunting room, before Miss Tennant came in?"

(Continued on Page 55)



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(Continued from Page 52)

"I'm not likely to forget it," Tennant replied dryly. "It had—features."

"Exactly. You haven't happened to repeat any of it to her?"

"If you mean your invention, certainly not. That I considered your affair."

The young man breathed out a light sigh of relief.

"Ah, very much so!"

"All the same, you ought to tell her yourself," Tennant continued with a touch of asperity.

"Tell her what?"

"Whatever it is that's the matter with it. I'm talking about the house," he added explicitly.

Gale was very serious.

"There's nothing the matter with it—nothing, at least, that I object to. But there is a possibility that she might not like it. I couldn't have told her at first, and now the plain fact is that I'm afraid to. I'm afraid of losing her." He kept his eyes on Tennant's with an obviously conscious effort. "I suppose it's not necessary for me to tell you how much I think of Natalie. It must have been plain to you from the first."

"Nothing has been plain—to me," Tennant replied.

"You can't say that I'm not—now," Gale retorted. Then, as the other continued merely to look at him, "Have you any objections to me as a man?"

"None that I know of," Tennant replied pointedly.

"You think," Gale continued quickly, "that I ought to tell her before I ask her anything?"

"Most certainly!" Tennant fairly gasped.

Before he could recover himself Gale had already reached the magnolias. His figure glimmered under them and disappeared in the way Natalie's had gone. Tennant sat down heavily on the bottom step of the mounting block.

Gale meanwhile, following the path, had come out on the wide sweep of the terrace. All clear and still. The moon shone directly into the front of the porch. Nothing but the white pillars, black bars of shadow and empty floor. He ran forward across the bricked level, and leaning upon the balustrade looked down. Far below on the gray flights of steps, between the cypresses, a white shape moved. It seemed to be rising slowly like a wraith out of the pit. He watched a moment in a suspense that amounted in its keenness to fear; then lifting his voice sent out a ringing call:

"Natalie!"

The wraith wavered, and there proceeded from it a faint answering cry:

"Y-e-s!"

Gale hurried to the head of the steps and began to descend recklessly. Again the voice floated up to him:

"Don't come down! Wait!"

She appeared to rise more rapidly, as though the sight of him had made her buoyant. Her face was lifted, very pale under the golden cap of her hair. Her lips were open.

"I am hurrying," she panted, "as fast as I can."

He seized her extended hand and drew her up until she stood beside him. At his touch she flushed and seemed to come alive, changing from a phantom into a woman.

"What were you doing down there?" he demanded.

"Coming up, as I did the first time."

"The first?" He was still holding her fast, looking at her as though she was somehow miraculous. "How warm your hand is!" he murmured. The hand trembled. "Are you looking at me?" he asked.

"You see I am. Why do you say that?"

"Nothing. You said 'the first time.' You mean ——"

"I'm going to tell you," she answered quickly. "No," as he tried to interrupt her, "let me speak. I've meant to every day, but I was afraid you wouldn't believe me."

"I'll believe anything you tell me."

Her expression became faintly mocking.

"My father doesn't, though I've proved it to him. He's still looking for a perfectly reasonable explanation, and there's none." She paused, searching his face; but as he said nothing, she continued: "You know that picture of you at the end of the hall, done when you were a boy? It's so like you. Only I never thought of its being anyone living, and so when I came into the hunting room and saw you there I was startled. I said something. I knew you must have suspected then that I'd been in the house. I haven't. And yet I have seen Ladyhill inside and out—in a dream."

He made an inarticulate sound, whether of incredulity or mere astonishment was impossible to tell.

"Where did you begin in your dream?"

She turned and pointed.

"Down there, from the old gate, up as you saw me." Again she faced the house. They began to ascend together, emerging presently upon the level. His hand was beneath her arm, but he followed rather than guided her across the terrace. "I went this way," she said, "and stopped here."

They paused at the pillared porch directly in front of the entrance.

"I knew somehow," she continued, "that that door wasn't used, hadn't been for a long time, and so I turned aside along the path."

"To the hunting room? I see. Well, you were right. This door hadn't been used." Still he detained her, looking at her with a smile. "But I can open it for you. We'd better, as long as we're here. It's more direct."

Hesitating, she followed him across the veranda.

"I want to tell you before we go in."

"It's not necessary. I don't ask you for proofs."

He stooped as he spoke, fitting the key to the lock, and opened the door wide, holding it for her. She hung forward, staring with a certain trepidation. Something about the vague half-hidden forms within seemed to reassure her. The door, shutting behind them, inclosed them in an obscurity that suggested space, height of ceilings and extent of walls and wide levels of floor streaked with silver. She glanced slowly around and breathed out a light sigh of relief.

"Yes, it's the same, except then I seemed to see quite clearly in the dark. I came from the other end of the hall. That room was on my right." She peered into it. "The sofa has been changed. It was under the windows then."

"I had it moved the other day."

She turned still further.

"The picture should be on the left of the door."

He struck a match. The spurt of flame, held high, shone for an instant upon the head of a youth in bold relief against a background of green, then dropped to the floor. Gale put his heel on it.

"And then?" he asked.

"I went up ——"

She was groping out for the stair. Taking her fingers he guided them to the rail, keeping hold of her other arm meanwhile.

"Careful for the first tread. You went upstairs?"

"As we are now—yes. And as I went a feeling that I had had from the first kept growing stronger in me—a feeling of expectation and happiness. I can't describe it. It was like nothing I have ever felt awake; and, being awake, I—I can't"—her voice faltered a little—"account for it. But then, in my sleep, it seemed quite natural." She slid one foot cautiously before her. "Is this the hall?"

"Yes."

They were standing in profound darkness. She made an uncertain movement forward, to the right, then with greater confidence.

"There was a door here."

"A little farther—you're touching it now." The knob rattled as he laid hold of it. He led her forward. "Wait a moment," he said. There was the sound of a raised sash and then the grating of latches as the shutters opened. He flung them back and the clear space of the window appeared, admitting a pale reflected radiance.

The room was small. The carved low foot of a day bed was visible in one corner.

There were two or three chairs. The white curtains on either side of the window moved gently to and fro in the draft, and outside the shadows of rose vines nodded. Her eyes fixed upon these. She began to move slowly forward.

"I came here," she said. She stopped at the right hand of the window, leaning against the casement. "I stood and looked out. It was like this, only brighter. I could see the moon—no shadows. The lawns and the flowers and the shrubbery all seemed to float together in a sort of veil, bright and mysterious and thick. At the bottom of the garden the trees were like a black cloud with a silver top. And as I looked that sensation of happiness I had felt seemed to lift me up slowly like a wave, and everything I saw grew intensely clear and large and thin like a bubble. And then it burst—dissolved as though someone had touched it."

She was silent. For a moment, from the other side of the window where he stood, he watched her.

"And didn't you," he said finally, "see anything?"

She looked at him wonderingly.

"But I saw everything!"

"I know—the walls, the furniture, the doors, the garden. But nothing else?"

"You mean anything like a—person?"

"Yes."

She shook her head.

"Ah, no—nothing!"

"Not even in this room?"

She was staring at him.

"Why do you ask me that?"

"I'll tell you. I myself was sleeping here a few nights ago, the first night I was here, because the bedrooms weren't ready. I was lying there on the couch, and something waked me—not a noise, at least I was aware of none. I remember raising myself up in bed and looking at the door and seeing it open. You came in."

Natalie almost shrieked.

"I?" The syllable prolonged itself in a wailing sound.

"Yes. The room was very light. I saw you distinctly. You were in white, and your hair was loose. You crossed the room and stopped where you are now, leaning against the window. I saw your profile. You were smiling. I thought I had never seen anyone look so happy. I watched for a while, and then I spoke to you, but you didn't answer. You wouldn't turn your head. You kept looking far away. And presently I got up and went to the window and stood here opposite you. You didn't see me, and when I spoke to you again, when I implored you to turn just once toward me, still you looked past me into the garden. The moon was shining into your eyes, and your hand was there on the sill, like the hand of a living woman. It seemed impossible that you were a dream. I stretched out my hand to touch you and you vanished."

Natalie made an involuntary movement. Her consciousness, intensely alive, seemed to reject passionately that ephemeral vision of herself.

"But I am here!" she faltered.

"Yes, now. Then, you see, you were different. You were your own shadow thrown before you, only I didn't know. I didn't know you would ever rush in upon me out of the sunlight—speak to me—look at me. I thought you were just a beautiful shadow, something that came with the moon. I thought that if I closed the house and allowed no one to come in and kept very quiet myself perhaps you would return some night and stand there looking out of my window, not seeing me."

"I see you now. How didn't I see you then?"

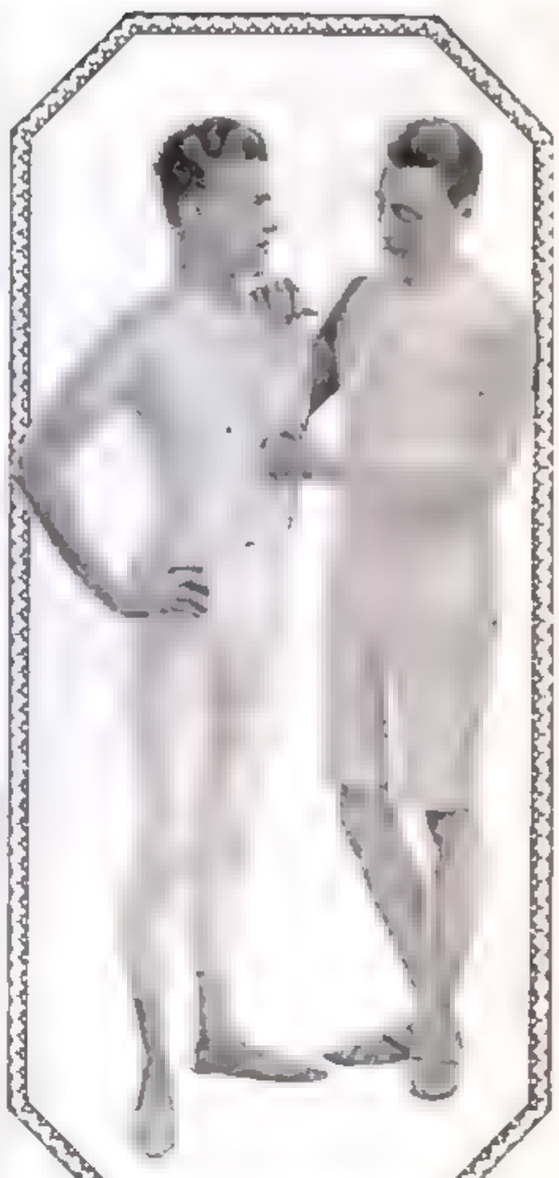
They had drawn nearer together, and as he spoke Gale's face was directly above her own.

"Why should you? I never meant to keep the house from you because of that. I was only waiting because I wasn't sure how much you remembered, and I hoped that presently you'd tell me. God knows, the house is yours! It's nothing without you! Won't you take it? Won't you keep it—keep it, and let me stay ——"

The moon that had found two figures at the window now distinguished an appearance of one, which nevertheless murmured to itself at intervals in two voices.

The deeper voice asked, "Was it at all like this, in your dream, when you stood here?"

The other, fainter and muffled, answered after a moment's hesitation, "I have forgotten the dream."



ONE IS ENOUGH

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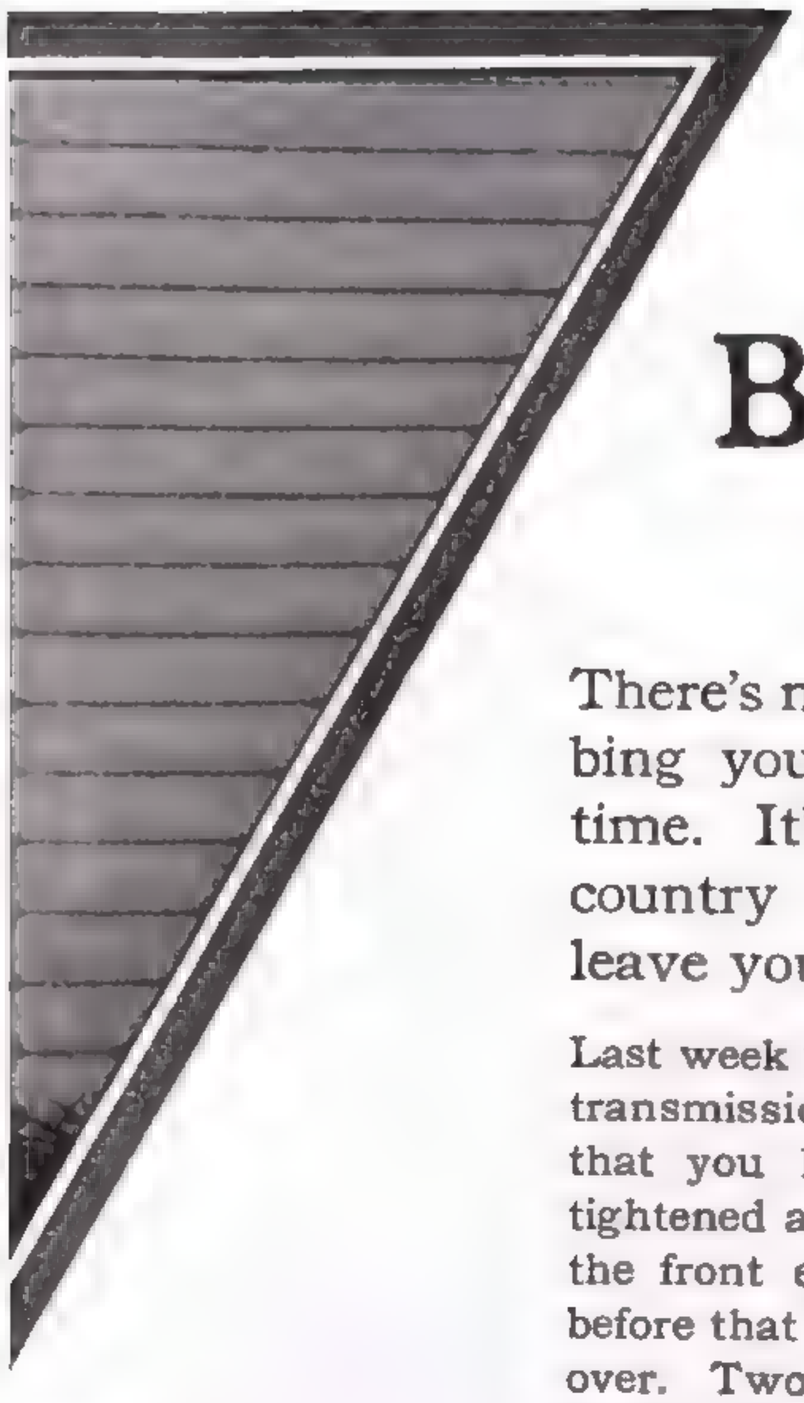

Bill, Why Don't You Buy a New Car?

There's no real economy in patching up the old one! It's robbing you of all your recreation. You're worried all the time. It's no pleasure to drive. You never get out into the country for fear something unexpected will happen and leave you stranded miles from a garage.

Last week you bought a new set of transmission gears. Week before that you had all the body bolts tightened and new bushings put in the front end. Only a little while before that you had the motor gone over. Two cylinders have knocks in them right now—wrist pins most likely. You keep on driving on a broken spring because the leaf hasn't yet actually fallen out in the street. It's fix, fix, fix all the time—*and nothing to show for it.*

Why, you were saying only the other day you hate to put new tires on all around because you're going to sell before you could possibly get the use out of them! *Then what are you waiting for?*

"Prices to come down?" Pshaw! You know there's nothing in that! If new car prices do come down, allowances on used cars will come down, too, so you're nothing ahead. If you wait, *you're spending all your "saving" before you get it.*

Bill, why don't you take my advice and stop all your troubles at one shot? I did, and remember, I bought my new car before the *last* price reduction! I saved money and time and annoyance, and I don't care if there are six more price reductions! I saved by buying when I did, and you'll save by buying now!

You're going to do it? Fine! I'm glad of it. Put your tools away and come on, let's have a ride in my car.

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THE RIGHT THAT FAILED

(Continued from Page 14)

That single clang of the bell sufficed to show his reason for existing. It changed him from motionless indolence to delicate precision; changed him in an instant into the most beautiful product of the gloves and ropes, a first-rate lightweight boxer. A diplomat might have envied his poise, a Russian dancer his sinuous grace. It ceased to seem an injustice that his year's earnings exceeded the combined salaries of ten full professors. It seemed now only the grateful tribute the world still pays to art. For he was a very perfect artist in that roped-in square of canvas. Kept there, working in his own medium, he had the power of Titian, the cleverness of Rembrandt, the subtlety of Da Vinci.

Even Kid Regan paid his grudging tribute to perfection. He squared off cautiously, a thing he seldom did. His experience in the round before had made his eyes narrower and his motions more brisk and businesslike. His right glove had begun to move in a slow circle with the rise and fall of the muscles of his shoulder. He had grown tired of waiting.

Their gloves touched. For a fraction of a second they watched each other with an odd concentrated intent quite devoid of all personal animus. Then almost imperceptibly Kid Regan raised his left arm the better to cover his face and slouched his jaw nearer to his shoulders. At the same instant Johnny Duffey's body became a perfectly coördinated piece of mechanism. From toe to shoulder it gave a convulsive little start that made his left arm swing forward. His glove snapped out like a rawhide lash. The glove of the other darted up to meet it, and yet somehow it failed. It seemed a light enough blow—indeed, playfully innocuous. Yet Kid Regan's head was snapped backwards and his face darkened. A hundred voices were raised in joyous scathing shouts, and the young man in front of him smiled complacently. With an effort he resisted the impulse to batter in that smile. Instead he sunk his head deeper between his shoulders, still waiting for an opening.

"Think you're smart, don't you?" he sneered. "Ugh!"

Young Duffey's glove had shot out again with the same speed and precision, and then Kid Regan sprang forward. There was a loud smack of a blow, and both figures became galvanized into sudden ferocious action. Kid Regan drove his right, but his opponent was as lightly accurate as a sword dancer. It became a beautiful exhibition of skill, the danger of it only giving added grace.

For the first time in the fight Kid Regan loosed his heavy artillery. For a moment only the eye of a fighter trained to the speed and the lore of blows could follow their movements. Regan was forcing him towards the ropes, crashing into his guard, slamming at the lithe, shrugging body. The shouting at the ringside had risen to bedlam, but the Kid was too old a hand to let it excite him. He was waiting for something to happen. He knew it would happen. With a sharp intake of breath he drew back his right.

Mike Donovan had bitten his cigar in two, and on his face was the reflection of coming disaster.

"Your face, Johnny!" he shrieked. "For the love of Mike, cover up your face!"

But Johnny had not heard. His lips were half parted, his eyes alight. His left shoulder was against the ropes and his hands were lowered.

Kid Regan was not a hard quick hitter for nothing. There was a savage elation in his blood-flecked face. Behind his blow he put every ounce of his stocky, wiry body. It came almost from the knee, a swing full speed and straight for Johnny Duffey's jaw.

"Hell!" groaned Mr. Donovan.

But before the expletive had entirely left his lips it was quite all over. Johnny Duffey had bowed his head as though in quick, courteous acknowledgment. Kid Regan's glove had glanced harmlessly into his thick brown hair.

Johnny Duffey's body straightened, galvanically accurate, beautifully, meticulously obedient to the sudden nervous summons. Again there seemed no effort to his blow—only clean, easy grace. Yet it landed at exactly the point intended.

It seemed as though Kid Regan had been pulled from behind, so suddenly did his head and shoulders swing up, but he did not sustain them. Johnny Duffey stepped back, courteously and cynically watchful, and Kid Regan fell face forward on the canvas.

Then for the first time it came over Johnny that he was a great man. The war was nothing to this. He listened tranquilly to the sharp crescendo of shouting. Only with half an eye he watched the monotonous rise and fall of the arm of the referee. The rows of strained, excited faces he did not see at all. What were they to the golden lights before him?

The Kid's seconds were pulling him to his feet. The glaze of unconsciousness was just leaving his eyes.

"Le' go!" he was mumbling. "Damn you, le' go!"

Johnny Duffey hastened forward and seized his inert arm.

"You're a game guy, Kid," he said, pitching his voice so that the press might hear the better. "B'lieve me, buddy, it's a pleasure to fight a guy like you!"

Someone was taking his picture. Someone was wrapping his green silk bathrobe about his shoulders.

"Say, Bill," he said, "gimme a chew of gum."

But Mr. Donovan had climbed through the ropes and was clapping him on the shoulder.

"Johnny!" he cried. "Listen, Johnny! Here's a gentleman wants to meet you!"

And there before him a little man was standing, twisting nervously at a fuzzy green felt hat. His shoes were also green, with nobby toes, his trousers neatly creased and pegged. His coat had enlarged shoulders and lapels that tapered like the wings of some rare moth. The pockets were slashed in gay geometric curves. It was secured by one button that made his waist gracefully slender, an effect that was enhanced by a gathering in the back. Upon an orange-colored tie was a diamond, large and lustrous. Upon his lips was a smile of pleasant patronage. In his eyes was a gleam of doubtful calculation.

Could it be a vision before him? Surely it could not be—— Johnny Duffey gave his head a little shake to clear it. No, it was still there. It was the champion himself. The champion was holding out his hand.

"Happy to meet you," said the champion, perfect in his cold aplomb.

"Excuse my glove," said Johnny.

The champion turned to Mr. Donovan, elegant and condescending.

"Say," he inquired, "do I look like a movie actor?"

"Hell, no!" exclaimed Mr. Donovan.

"Well, I'm not," said the champion. "I'm finished acting two-part reels—d'you get me?"

He stopped and clenched and unclenched his fingers rapidly.

"What I need's exercise. D'you get me?"

"You'll get it," said Johnny.

The champion surveyed him coldly.

"Gimme two-thirds of the purse and I fight," he said.

"You'll get it," said Johnny.

The champion nodded and turned hastily to the press seats.

"Hey, you!" he called. "You get this, gents! Hot stuff—see? I don't want to fight, don't I? I'm afraid of this bird, am I? I want to be a movie boy, do I? Th' hell I do!"

Pleased with the effect of his words, he thrust a hand in his vest and advanced his left foot in a classic attitude.

"You tell 'em I'll fight anything my weight that walks on two legs. Tell 'em I'll meet young Duffey any time, any place. Always ready to accommodate any guy with the goods. That's the kind of a guy I am!

"There," he added in a confidential undertone, "mebbe that won't stop 'em! Come and see us in the morning, Mike. We might as well sign up quick. Happy to have met you," he added, turning to Johnny.

"Pleased to have met you socially," said Johnny.

"You said it!" said the champion.

Was it possible? The champion himself had done the unheard-of thing. The champion himself had offered to fight. Truly his cup was full and the world was very good. With regal condescension Johnny walked to his dressing room. Like a true artist, he had delivered the goods. He had done better than they had hoped. He had done better than the champion. Bill Sweeney was patting him on the back. Mr. Donovan, joyously buoyant, was beside him. He, too, was seeing the golden lights.

And now they were pulling off the gloves. The rubbers were spreading a clean sheet on the table. And suddenly up Johnny's right arm there ran a stab of pain. The electric lights, the bare wooden walls danced and half faded before his eyes. He bit his lip and the blood ebbed slowly from his cheeks. An arm went around his shoulders. He heard a voice, strangely indistinct:

"Johnny! What's the matter, Johnny?"

And his voice was answering, hard and nasally singsong:

"Nuthin's the matter. It's just my hand—that's all. He—say, he had a jaw like the Hindenburg line!"

"Now what do you know about that?" groaned Mr. Donovan. "And you just challengin' the champion!"

Suddenly Johnny Duffey felt very tired. Bill Sweeney helped him toward a chair. The throbbing pain in his hand was growing, but Johnny was game. He glanced ruefully at his swollen knuckles and his middle finger, which already was growing stiff and useless. Someone had brought hot water and was carefully unwrapping his hand bandages. Johnny knew well enough what it meant. It was just as though an artist's sight or a musician's ear was failing. For the second time in his ring career his hand had gone bad, and you can't fight with a hand like that.

"An' we were going to sign the contract to-morrow," lamented Mr. Donovan, "an' just when you were cleanin' up the big money. Aw, hell!"

But Johnny had only glanced at him coldly.

The best specialist in town was routed out of bed that night to call at Johnny's hotel. He examined his hand with all the care they display over a singer's larynx. For some reason the hand made him look at Johnny curiously.

"You haven't got a fighter's hands," he said.

"Don't I know it?" said Johnny.

Mr. Donovan's face was strained by the crisis.

"Whatcher think, doc?" he demanded hoarsely. "Can he fight the champ?"

The doctor turned to the hand again. For a moment all three of them watched it.

"When does this pugilistic exhibit take place?" he asked finally.

"Huh?" said Mr. Donovan.

"Fall," said Johnny Duffey. "Go right ahead, doc. I'm hell on the long words."

"Ah," said the doctor. "Well, the knuckle was thrown out, and I think the bone was a little bruised. You must rest it, Mr. ——"

"Duffey," said Johnny.

"A strange name to go with such a hand. Yes, I think it will be all right. Let me see it in a month from now."

Johnny turned to Mr. Donovan.

"You see," he said triumphantly, "we stall him off for a month. Then we sign if the hand's all right. Put up an argument about the purse. You know how, Mike."

Mr. Donovan nodded more brightly. He had been in the fight game for twenty years. He knew how, all right.

"You ought to rest it longer," said the doctor. "You—er—professional men know how it is. You hurt a hand once and it keeps on happening. Treat it too roughly too soon again, Mr. Duffey, and your fighting days are over."

Johnny knew it right enough. He had seen too many boxers drop away not to know it. He became a trifle graver as the doctor bent over his bandages.

"Now the best thing for you," said the doctor, "is to go away somewhere and forget it—forget all the fighting stuff. Keep it off your mind; keep your hand in a sling and get it dressed once a day. That's all."

"You said it!" said Johnny, suddenly brightening. "Mike, ring for the bell hop to pack my bags."

"Say," said Mr. Donovan with sudden suspicion, "where are you going?"

"To some sort of bear or other," said Johnny. "I'll remember better in the morning."

IV

A NUMBER of persons *distingué* both as to achievement and income dismounted from the club car of the week-end train

(Continued on Page 61)

Comet Rice

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"WITH incomparable skill and a set of clockmaker's tools, Peter Henlein of Nuremberg, in the first years of the sixteenth century, conceived his famous "horologe of iron that both showed and struck forty hours, whether carried in the bosom or the pocket." It was the first *pocket* timepiece.

Henlein, in the fashioning of his masterpiece, faced the problem of reducing the clock to portable dimensions without lessening its strength or impairing its timekeeping accuracy.

The Gruen solution of an ancient problem

But Henlein's watch, although portable, was bulky and heavy in the pocket. It was not until the Gruen Guild craftsmen, four centuries later, conceived the Verithin wheel train idea, that complete fulfillment of Henlein's ideal was attained.

With a simple rearrangement of wheels that saved half the movement space without reducing the size or strength of parts (see illustration at right) the Gruen craftsmen set a new standard for precision accuracy in a pocket watch of beautiful form.

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Where dwells an infinite artistry

In the Gruen workshops at Madre-Biel, Switzerland, the Gruen Watches are conceived. There, with the aid of American machinery, master craftsmen fashion the movements to the exacting standards of the guild. On Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop. Here the beautiful hand-wrought cases are made, the movements fitted into them and then given their final adjustments and tests for accuracy.

How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch logically thin. It isn't a Verithin unless it is a Gruen

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Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

GRUEN Guild Watches

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(Continued from Page 58)

late that afternoon. Johnny Duffey was surrounded by bravery and beauty, and by gay talk of things he did not quite understand. But he surveyed it all with a lightly distinguished detachment. He was pleasantly aware that he had not gone entirely unnoticed. Even as he stood on the neat graveled platform he was creating a light ripple of attention, and he was subtle enough to perceive that it was far from hostile, though he might have been surprised to know how much his tailor had to do with it. He was standing a little aloof from the hand-shaking and kissing, very trim and neat in a suit of light gray flannel, which made the black silk sling on his arm seem like a graceful decoration. A trace of a smile as he watched the gathering, a slight glint of amusement in his eyes made him not a vulgar but merely a politely interested spectator, and served only to accentuate his careless ease. It was clear, most patently clear, that he was somebody, quite decidedly somebody.

A dozen faces were turned to him inquiringly. Johnny Duffey felt a complacent glow. He guessed they had his number. He guessed maybe they had read the sporting pages, after all. He guessed he was just as good as any of the bunch, and then some; not that he was stuck-up about it. Johnny Duffey was too sensible to get a swelled head. But just the same, hadn't he put Kid Regan to sleep in six rounds, even if he had smashed his hand doing it? Hadn't he put eight thousand dollars in the bank for one evening's work? He'd like to see anyone else in the crowd here try it. Unconsciously he squared his shoulders and raised his chin a fraction of an inch.

Then someone spoke to him. Lots of people spoke to Johnny Duffey. They used to slap him on the back, but lately they had become respectful. Johnny turned with charming condescension. A man in trim chauffeur's livery was touching his hat and smiling, not as an equal might but with the discreet camaraderie of perfect understanding.

"Perhaps you would care to motor up to the hotel alone, sir," he suggested deferentially.

Johnny weighed the proposal for a moment. It seemed so unusual that he forgot to smile back—unusual, but natural, perhaps.

"Yes," said Johnny.

"Thank you, sir. I thought you might. Now that the Lake has become so popular, sir, one may never quite tell what company one may meet in the ordinary hotel conveyance."

"No," said Johnny.

"Thank you, sir. And—beg pardon, sir, but I perceived how you felt at once, sir. You understand, I have been in service, sir—the Van Twillers' chauffeur until this year. Now I try to accommodate the gentlemen who have left their cars in the city. My name is Andrews, sir—and those are your bags? Thank you, sir."

"Don't mention it," said Johnny.

He paused, confronted with the unknown, in spite of himself agreeably flattered. He was glad he had discarded his cardboard suitcases for two pigskin kit bags. He guessed he was good enough for pigskin. Evidently Andrews guessed so, too, for he placed them tenderly on the rear of a gray underslung roadster.

"If you will get in, sir," said Andrews.

Johnny got in and looked about him with growing interest. They were bowling over a perfect road through the slant June sunshine. On either side were hills, towering and majestic, all clothed in early green. In his nostrils was the damp pungency of spring earth. He drew a deep breath and settled himself more comfortably in the smooth upholstery. He guessed he was getting on in the world. They slipped around a curve, and before him was a valley, a pleasant vista of wood and brook and meadow, soft and inviting in the June haze. And Mike Donovan had wanted him to stay in the bungalow at Hackensack! Johnny Duffey sighed.

"Very restful after the train, sir," said Andrews.

"Yes," said Johnny, and Andrews returned to his driving, silent, correct and precise.

For ten minutes more they glided along, now in the sun and now in the aromatic shadows of pines. Then they coasted down a hill without a sound but the soft whir of the fan belt; then another stretch of wood, and then they saw a lake, as silent and placid as the dawn, with the hills starting back from it in golden greenish blue. The car had slowed down. They were turning into a gate and up a shaded drive, and then before them was a cluster of log houses with wide verandas set off by smooth soft lawn. Johnny regarded them doubtfully.

"Is this it?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," said Andrews. "A little rough, sir, perhaps—the crude outdoor atmosphere—but very comfortable."

A gentle pressure of the brakes and the car halted. Two bell boys were running down the walk in polite competition.

"Perhaps you would care to take a run to-morrow, sir," said Andrews, "or until your car comes down. I should do my best to give satisfaction."

Johnny Duffey knew a lot of taxi drivers, but never one like that. He wanted to ask a question, but he thought better of it. If Andrews wanted to, why, he guessed he could stand it.

"All right," said Johnny.

"Say, eleven in the morning, sir?"

"All right," said Johnny

And then he walked up the path, striding easily in spite of his bandaged arm. He had never seen a joint like this before. If the outside was logs, the inside wasn't, not by a blank sight. There were soft morris chairs, cool and restful, a veranda with tables that overlooked the lake, golf clubs, tennis rackets, fishing rods—the expensive kind with a war tax.

Some people were standing about the doorway; brown, healthy-looking men, some in white flannel trousers and some in short tweed pants with stockings with patterns on them; and girls—Johnny's casual glance became a little less casual. The whole thing was so strange and unreal. For an instant he felt strangely gauche and out of place. They, too, were looking at him, not coldly but pleasantly approving.

Then a figure detached itself from the rest, and Johnny's eyes sparkled as he snatched at his hat. It was Lydia, as slender and coolly demure as ever; Lydia with short pants on also; Lydia in riding breeches! Only Johnny's long inoculation against sudden jolts prevented him from giving a slight start. He didn't know girls wore those things, but they were all right. Oh, yes, they were all right! If Lydia had been in a ball gown she could not have looked more elegant. Her little boots, her coat, her stock with the gold pin in it, her hair in half a braid! For a second he stared at her speechless. She was walking quickly toward him. She was smiling. She was holding out her hand, and her eyes seemed bluer than Johnny had ever seen them.

"How nice of you to come!" said Lydia.

"I said I was coming," said Johnny. He felt a faint flush of embarrassment mounting to his cheeks. "And when I say I'll do a thing"—he paused with a self-conscious grin—"I come across, see?" said Johnny.

He was going to add that that was the kind of a guy he was, but somehow it seemed futile and banal. He wanted to state further that they couldn't have stopped him with a box barrage, but somehow her very presence served to make him vague and tongue-tied.

"You would, you know," said Lydia a little thoughtfully. "I—you know, I was beginning to be afraid you weren't coming at all."

"But you said ——"

Johnny hesitated, a little puzzled, and Lydia laughed.

"Of course I told you not to," said Lydia. "You wouldn't have come if I'd been more enthusiastic, now would you? Besides it would have been so—so—you know what I mean."

"Yes," said Johnny, and in spite of himself he jumped.

Lydia had moved a step nearer and had laid her soft fingers on his black silk sling.

"Why, you've hurt your arm!"

"My hand," said Johnny.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Lydia. "I——"

She paused and smiled artlessly.

"I must have been so glad to see you that I didn't notice."

"It isn't anything," said Johnny.

And right away he was sorry he had said it, for Lydia's hand had gone and she had half turned towards the doorway.

"Come," she said, "we must be proper, mustn't we?"

"Yes," said Johnny vaguely. He wondered. Hadn't it been proper?

"You must meet father," continued Lydia, and moved toward the door; but suddenly she gave a little gasp of dismay.

"Why," she whispered, "how perfectly terrible! I don't even know your name!"

"It's Duffey," said Johnny with conscious pride. "John Louis Duffey."

But Lydia gave no sign.

"What a funny name!" said Lydia.

Lydia's father was sitting in a wicker chair looking at the lawn. He, too, had on short pants. His hair was iron gray, like his eyes. His lips were thin and even, and registered no pleased anticipation as Johnny hove into view. On his knee was a morning paper which he was fingering restlessly.

"You mustn't be afraid of him," Lydia whispered.

Johnny wasn't afraid of any old gent. But this one seemed very stern, almost hostile; nor did his first words belie him.

"Ah," he said gently, "so you are another of Lydia's friends. I suppose a desk in the city is very grueling in this weather, Mr. Duffey. We must find relaxation somehow, to be sure."

"Yes," said Johnny.

Lydia's father nodded with quick asperity.

"I suppose, Mr. Duffey, that you are planning to relax all summer like the rest of them."

His voice was calm, suspiciously calm, and Lydia had become almost ill at ease. Johnny's jaw began to assume an unusual prominence.

"And all winter too," continued Lydia's father. "Of course one cannot work in the winter, Mr. Duffey. None of Lydia's friends can ever work in the winter."

Johnny became a little sorry for Lydia's friends.

"Father!" cried Lydia. "You mustn't mind him," she explained to Johnny. "He is so silly. He has an idea that everyone should earn his living. He's that way with everybody."

"An odd notion, isn't it?" Lydia's father rejoined. "Odd that a lad of your age should make his own way in the world, isn't it, Mr. Duffey?"

"No," said Johnny.

"I suppose you've tried it, Mr. Duffey," said Lydia's father gently, still smoothing the pages of his paper. "They all try it once. Of course it's very—fatiguing. All Lydia's friends find it so."

"I don't," said Johnny.

Lydia's father ceased smoothing the pages of his paper.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said slowly. "Sit down, Mr. Duffey."

"I told you you'd like him, father," said Lydia. "O-o-oh, look! Isn't that funny?"

She was pointing to the sporting page on the old gent's knee, and Johnny looked also with becoming modesty. There on the top line in Cheltenham Bold he saw his name.

"Johnny Duffey," it read, "Delivers K. O. in Sixth. New Ring Comet to Meet McGraw in Autumn."

"Why," cried Lydia, "isn't it funny?"

"Funny?" said Johnny a little fatuously. "Why?"

"Why?" laughed Lydia. "Because he's got the same name you have, of course—Johnny Duffey! Of all the killing things! And he hurt his hand too! Why, Mr. Duffey, I might almost think you were a prize fighter!"

For some unaccountable reason Lydia's father gave a sudden snort of mirth. Johnny started. Lydia was laughing also, and glancing at him mischievously.

Johnny Duffey felt a little dizzy, and groped blindly at the arm of his chair. The lawn, the hills in front of him, everything seemed to dance fitfully before his eyes. He felt a little cold and frightened. So they didn't believe it! They didn't know who he was at all! They thought—yes, they thought he was a ——

"What the hell do they think I am?" muttered Johnny Duffey.

V

JOHNNY passed a hand over his damp brow. How was he to know to what she attributed his embarrassment? How was he to know that he was a picture of well-bred incredulity as he sat there wide-eyed and slightly horror-stricken at the thoughts which were coursing through his mind? His gray flannel suit was so perfect and spotless. The color came and went so quickly under his smooth skin.

"O-o-o-oh, father, look at him!" cried Lydia with an irrepressible giggle. "Doesn't he look like a white hope, father?"

Somehow her words stung Johnny's professional pride. He turned toward her quickly, and his voice lost its gentle grave deliberation.

"Say," said Johnny with swift incisiveness, "I can lick any nigger my weight

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between here and Noo Orleens, I'll tell the world!"

And then in spite of his ire he grinned. There was something contagious about Lydia's mirth, and he must have said something exceedingly witty.

"Oh, Mr. Duffey!" cried Lydia. "You sound just like one! You ought to go on the stage! Say it again, Mr. Duffey!"

There must have been an idea somewhere, but temporarily Johnny couldn't see what it was. He frowned and bit his lip, still beset by perplexity. He wanted to be alone, to think.

"No," said Johnny, "I guess I better not. I guess ——"

He struggled to his feet. He was game. He was still smiling. How were they to read his mind or follow him in his frantic search for an adequate excuse?

"I guess I better see about my bags," said Johnny.

"You'll dine with us, won't you?" said Lydia quickly. "Please do!"

Johnny nodded brightly.

"I see you have made no reservations, Mr.—er ——" said the room clerk politely.

"Duffey," said Johnny.

"But we're always glad, of course, to receive any friend of Mr. West's. We sent your bags to the Wigwam."

"Oh," said Johnny.

"Show him to the Wigwam," said the clerk, and Johnny trailed rather dubiously across the lawn in a bell boy's wake.

Perhaps fifty yards away under a pine tree was another log cabin. Why it was called a wigwam Johnny was not able to discern. He might have been relieved to know that lots of other people weren't either. The boy opened the door on his right. There was a big room with bright chintz curtains and an open fireplace. It didn't look like a wigwam. At one end was a huge mahogany bed, white and inviting, and near it a dresser and a pier glass and books and a writing table.

Johnny had a funny feeling. His mouth was dry. His right hand ached with a dull throbbing ache, but he was game. Oh, yes, he was game. From the vacuum bottle by the bed he poured himself a glass of water. Then he felt better. He took a turn on the soft carpet and squared his shoulders. He guessed, anyway, that he could lick anybody in this joint with one hand tied.

Perhaps this comforting thought was still in his mind when he met Lydia an hour later. At any rate he was perfectly, carelessly, beautifully himself. He watched every move of his neighbors with an unnatural keenness. He was quick to pull back Lydia's chair. He waited until her father was seated. Indeed he was very nice that evening. He listened so politely. He exhibited such a charming self-effacement. There was nothing ridiculous or silly about him; no desire to shine alone in the calcium. It seemed to please him that Lydia's father did most of the talking. He betrayed a flattering interest. He admitted with such a tacit candor his own inexperience, was so deferential about putting forward his opinions. And he was so frank and unspoiled, so pleased when Lydia cut up his meat and helped him to the vegetables.

And the little side lights he gave of his own experience—he was so delightfully diffident about them all. For instance, he had traveled. He had seen nearly all the capitals of Europe, and yet he never volunteered the information.

"Now, Paris," Lydia's father was saying. "There's the place where people are frank. If you want a drink you can get it! If you want to bet on the races you can bet on the races! None of this carping sentimentality in Paris!"

"No," said Johnny, "not any."

"Ah, you were in the war then?" said Lydia's father.

"Yes," said Johnny.

"And you saw the fighting?"

"Some," said Johnny.

"Oh!" said Lydia. "You were in the aviation, of course?"

"No," said Johnny. "Doughboy."

And he smiled and allowed his eyes to rest on Lydia longer than he had intended. She had on something of light blue satin, and there was something or other around her shoulders that looked like mosquito netting, only it wasn't mosquito netting.

"And you went over the top?" asked Lydia.

"Yes," said Johnny, and blushed and played diffidently with a bread crumb.

Somehow his reticence seemed very natural and pleasant. They looked at him for a moment in silence, and then Lydia's father deftly turned the subject, and again Johnny became the courteous listener.

"You have traveled, Mr. Duffey?" he asked once.

"Yes," said Johnny.

And it seemed he had. He had been to Vienna, to Capetown, to Melbourne, to London.

"And what do you find the most salient characteristic of the English?" Lydia's father asked.

"I—what?" asked Johnny a little blankly. Lydia's father repeated the question.

"Their beer," said Johnny.

And then the evening became very wonderful. It had grown dusk, but it was warm for a Northern June. Out on the lawn by the lake and along the paths under the pines they had lighted Japanese lanterns. Inside an orchestra was playing, and Lydia had taken his arm.

"Listen!" said Lydia. "You mustn't meet everybody yet."

"No," said Johnny hastily.

His curt monosyllable seemed to bring a higher color to her cheeks. She seemed a little startled, but only a little.

"I want to have you to myself for a little while," said Lydia. "It—it was so stupid until you came."

Johnny looked at her wonderingly.

"Oh, I know you haven't said anything," said Lydia. "And that's just why it has been so nice. You could say such lots if you wanted to, and you will some day. It's so nice to have someone who has done things and isn't continually bragging. Let's go out on the lawn. I don't want to dance, do you?"

"No," said Johnny.

Somehow when they stood together by the lake it didn't seem to matter whether Johnny said anything or not.

After Johnny turned on the electric lights in the Wigwam he stood for a moment perfectly quiet in the center of his room. His lips were parted and his eyes were very bright. His hand was throbbing angrily, but he didn't seem to mind. Nothing seemed to make any difference, except—except she liked him. Yes, she did.

With a swift stride he crossed to his looking-glass and surveyed himself in silence. Then he turned to the stand by the bed. Beside the vacuum bottle was a book, light and ephemeral. It was written by E. Phillips Op—Oppenheim. He opened it and read for a moment, switched on a light beside a big upholstered chair and seated himself, still reading. But now and then he would look up vaguely, his lips moving as though repeating a lesson:

"That is very interesting, Countess. . . . I will confide in you as much as I dare. . . . I shall be charmed."

He bent over the volume more eagerly, like a student who has hit upon a great intellectual treasure.

"I shall be only too pleased. . . . He is very eloquent. . . . Not in the broadest sense of the word. . . . Will you not allow me to say . . . Why should we talk of trifles?"

The hands of the clock moved on. The noises out-of-doors ceased, and even the cold moon waned. A cock crow welcomed in the small hours, but Johnny continued reading.

Breakfast was served to Johnny in his room the next morning. He was in his green silk dressing gown with Mr. Oppenheim's book still on his knee, and beside him on two sheets of writing paper were columns of rudely scrawled figures. But at eleven sharp he was in his gray flannel suit again, and crossing the lawn.

There it was, the gray roadster, and Andrews already touching his cap.

"Good morning, sir," said Andrews.

"Good morning, Andrews," said Johnny in an uncertain voice.

"Where would you care to go, sir?" said Andrews.

"To New York," said Johnny, "and back."

"Very good, sir," said Andrews. "We had better be starting at once."

"Can you talk while you're driving?" asked Johnny.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Andrews.

"Very good," said Johnny. "You used to work for Mr. Van Twiller?"

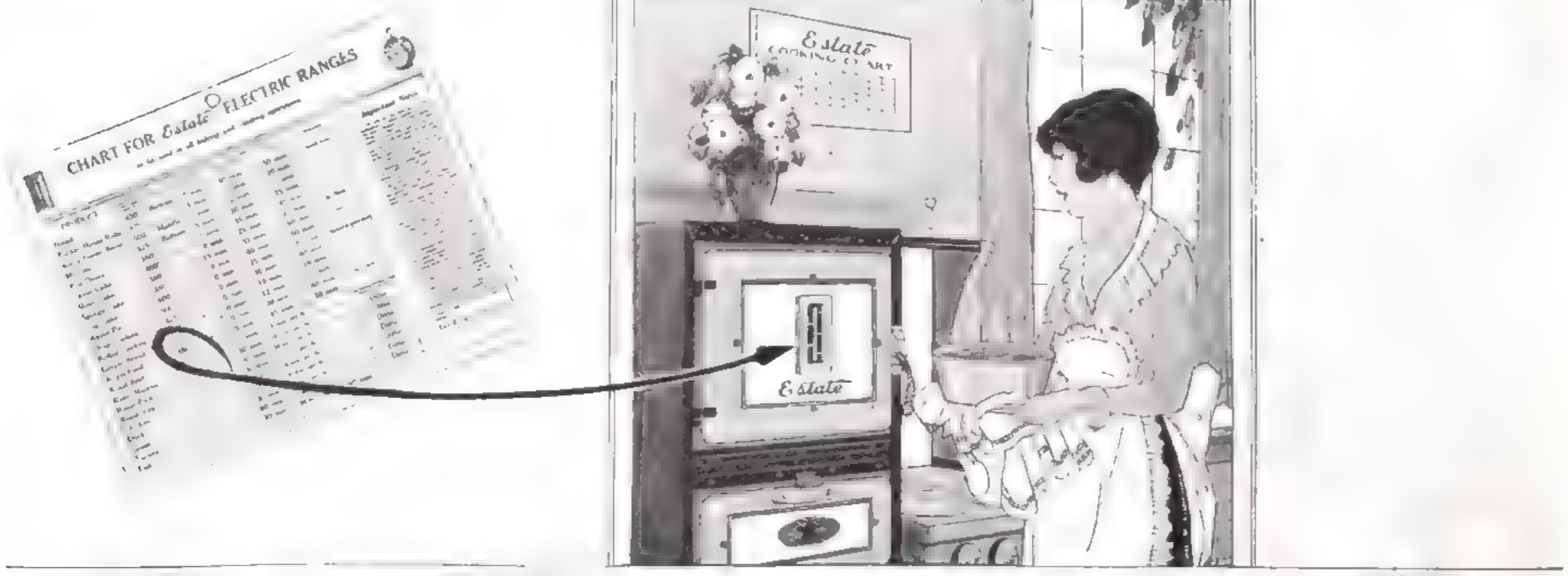
"Yes, sir," said Andrews.

"Well, tell me this," said Johnny. "Was Mr. Van Twiller careful about his clothes?"

"Oh, by all means, sir," said Andrews; "most particular."

(Continued on Page 64)

Between the two you *can't* go wrong!



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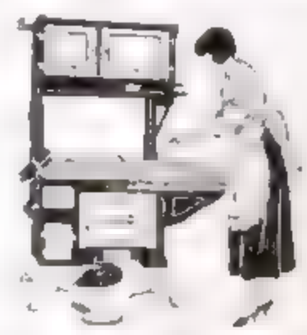

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(Continued from Page 62)

"Do you know where he bought them?" asked Johnny quickly.

"Yes, sir—at Thatcher's, sir."

"All right," said Johnny.

He looked thoughtfully at the road ahead, his smooth brow slightly creased with the acute mental effort of getting an answer from a series of unknown quantities.

"So you have not met Mr. Van Twiller, sir?" remarked Andrews after several minutes' silence.

"No," said Johnny.

"I thought not, sir," said Andrews, nodding quickly. "I knew you would hardly be in the same circle."

"You said it!" said Johnny.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Andrews. "But anyone could see that you had the manner and the bearing—that you would hardly consider Mr. Van Twiller respectable."

"My God!" exclaimed Johnny.

"Quite so, sir," said Andrews hastily. "I hope you will pardon my taking the liberty of mentioning it. I merely wanted to show you that I sensed the difference at once. That was all, sir."

"Yes," said Johnny.

It was something after six before Johnny got back. Secured to the rear of the roadster was a handsome steamer trunk, the kind with brass corners that you can hit with a sledge hammer. Stamped on Johnny was an air of pleasant determination.

He stepped from the running board with a casual grace. He was a little covered with dust, perhaps, but even then there was a sort of new-washed look about him, the look of perfect health and easy confidence—nothing aggressive, nothing restless or ill-bred. His head was so easily erect without being stiff or military, his color so even, his eyes so frank and wide open.

Some men were on the lawn putting golf balls into little holes. Compared with most of them he looked singularly frail, almost delicate. Yet somehow there was nothing about him in the least anæmic. Nobody could tell that he was looking with wonder at the little white spheres; no one could know it was the first time he had ever seen them outside of the Sunday supplements.

Lydia's father had holed his shot and was regarding him—yes, with distinct relief and pleasure. He had encountered very few young men who could meet his glance as frankly as Johnny Duffey did.

"Do you play?" he inquired.

"No," said Johnny.

"Don't like it?"

"No," said Johnny.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Lydia's father slowly. "I didn't know there was anyone left who had the nerve. I thought everybody had to say they liked it. Come here. I want to tell you a secret."

Melodramatically he bent his lips to Johnny's ear.

"I don't like it either," said Lydia's father. "Only don't tell Lydia."

"No," said Johnny.

"Odd, isn't it?" said Lydia's father more confidentially still. "The girl thinks I'm mad about it. She thinks that's why I came to this neck of the woods. You never can tell about women."

"No," said Johnny.

Lydia's father swung an aimless blow at a grasshopper with his iron.

"And now," he added, "let's talk about something worth while. I saw you run off to town. I came near going with you. I knew what you were up to, all right. Oh, don't jump! I guess I'm not too old to know what's going on."

Johnny felt a sensation akin to *mal de mer*, but even then he was game. Even then he did not flinch.

"What's going on?" he asked steadily, but Lydia's father only shook a playful forefinger.

"Come, come!" he said. "I guess I know when I see a head and eyes like yours. I might have known you'd see it coming, but how did you know the break was due to-day?"

But Johnny could only grin. Could he ever guess what they were talking about?

"Come now!" said Lydia's father. "I got on the telephone myself. What did Superior close at?"

And then Johnny saw the light, and his grin grew broader.

"I only buy bonds," said Johnny.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Lydia's father quite petulantly. "Here comes Lydia. Now I don't suppose we'll have a sensible talk all evening."

Johnny looked up quickly, and there she was, walking towards them across the lawn, dressed in something or other, a sort of filmy green thing with something or other under it, and little slippers which she set down carefully at every step.

"Lister!" murmured Lydia's father hastily. "Remember about the golf, and don't tell Lydia!"

Could you beat it? Why shouldn't he tell Lydia? Couldn't he ever get anything straight? For an instant longer he indulged his troubled bewilderment, and then Lydia interrupted him.

"How stupid of you to go to New York!" she said.

"Yes," said Johnny.

VI

THEY never knew. No, they never knew the half of it. But there was one thing about Mr. Duffey they all remarked at once, and that was how well—how beautifully he fitted in. Somebody said he was like a perfect bridge hand, just enough in every suit. And he did have lots of clothes, and all of them were awfully nice, all so new and in such perfect taste. His knickerbockers, which he wore the very next morning after he took that unexpected trip to the city, his dinner coat, his white flannels—they all betrayed so perfectly the care and discrimination of your true man of the world. It was funny he couldn't play bridge, but he learned awfully quickly. Everybody knew he would be wonderful at tennis and all the other games. It was a pity his hand was hurt so he couldn't play them.

He was so quiet and attractive and unspoiled that you just couldn't help liking him, and he was so nice to the old ladies too. He loved to sit with them and let them talk, and he was so quick about picking up knitting and so glad to run errands. He never seemed bored or distrait, either. It was quite wonderful the alert interest he took in everything, even in the smallest gossip about people, and what they said and didn't say.

He was so pleasantly modest too—almost bashful at first; but he got over it after a while, and then people noticed the way he talked. It was tremendously nice, such a relief after that cheap slang which keeps cropping up from the underworld. He always spoke in such perfect English—like a novel, almost. And he knew so many things. He had been to so many quaint places that no one else knew about. He was perfectly acquainted, for instance, with Chinatown, and he had once taken a walking trip from Chicago to New York. He must have been quite bent on roughing it, because he had met such odd characters, and could imitate them awfully cleverly. You could see right away he had discernment and definite opinions; but, like so many clever men, he had a pleasant baffling habit of being enigmatic and of concealing his real views. His was the modest toleration of the scholar who stands aloof yet listens with a patient kindliness.

How should they have known that the spirit of a Galahad lurked in that slender frame? Even Johnny Duffey didn't know, not in his most exalted moments. It was with only half an ear that he heard the thunders rumble, and only with half an eye that he saw the dull clouds of tragedy.

It was odd that they never knew a drama was being acted there before them; a drama which, had they known it, might have made their life seem a step above the commonplace and have given it the dignity of a background to the splendor of romance. But they never did know. They never even suspected the deeds of reckless daring that passed in their very midst. Never did they sense the knightly valor that faced the unknown with cold dauntlessness and with no reward save the smile of a fair lady. Things like that just weren't done. Why should they have recognized them?

How should they have known that they were walking side by side with staring, dry-mouthed terror; that only pride of a fighting caste kept his features calm and stilled his trembling fingers? How should they have known the despair that racked him when his hand first closed about a teacup? How should they have descried cold desperation behind his languid monosyllables? He seemed so serenely secure, even when ruin stared him in the face and his finger bowl stood half raised to his lips. Yes, even when each minute was laden with unseen doom, he still wore the mantle of professional tranquillity and proudly bore the badge of a gentleman unafraid. He might have been a rough diamond once, but long ago he had been cut and buffed on the abrasive wheels of experience. And then, too, was he not a circumstance? No wonder they all knew he was somebody, for Fate herself had honored him with her light touch.

Odd how we can be exalted by the smile of a fair lady. Even Johnny Duffey felt that now and then. Sometimes he would gaze at himself in the mirror for a whole minute on end; and then, still wondering, he would drink a glass of water. There was a certain strain about the thing that was beginning to leave dark little shadows beneath his eyes and to give his chin an unnatural tilt of resolution. He knew something was going to happen. Every day he expected the break, and steeled himself to meet it, and yet—you know the way those things happen. You are never ready when it comes.

Johnny Duffey had walked over to his little writing table and was looking searchingly at his calendar. It was Saturday, the fifteenth of July. Slowly he drew a deep breath. He had been there a month. Could you beat it?—a month! And it seemed like a year ago that he'd landed on the Kid. Gingerly he extracted his right hand from the black silk sling and examined it critically. It was coming back, all right. Give it a week more and it would be just as good as new, maybe. Tentatively he touched his knuckles. Strange how sore they still were. He guessed—and then it happened, and he stopped guessing.

There was a loud knock on his door. It always made him start when they knocked on his door, and it made him mad when he started, though he couldn't explain just why.

"Come in," said Johnny Duffey.

He had forgotten to place his hand in his sling again, and a second later he forgot about it altogether. Lydia's father was entering the room and was closing the door carefully behind him. Johnny stepped to the center of the carpet.

"Ah," said Lydia's father, "I sort of thought I'd find you here."

Johnny grinned and met his glance without a flicker.

"Nice easy chair over there," he said.

Lydia's father grinned back, and slowly thrust his hand into his inside pocket and drew out a long cigar.

"A pity you don't smoke," he said. "You have no idea how it calms the nerves."

"I guess I can stand it," said Johnny.

Lydia's father seated himself slowly in the deep morris chair.

"Match?" he said.

"Here," said Johnny.

Lydia's father exhaled a cloud of fragrant Havana, still regarding Johnny thoughtfully. Then his glance shifted, and Johnny came near to giving a guilty start. Lydia's father was looking at Johnny's hand. Keenly and intently he was examining it.

"Sit down," said Lydia's father. "I want to talk to you."

Johnny grinned expectantly.

"All right," he said, his eyes a little narrower, "go ahead. I'm listening."

But Lydia's father seemed in no hurry to begin. He seemed to enjoy contemplating Johnny through the haze of his cigar.

"There's one thing I'll say for you!" said Lydia's father slowly. "I've been watching you pretty closely lately, Mr. Duffey. I guess you know why. I thought you were a tailor's model like all the rest of them at first, but you're not. I was afraid that you were another of those helpless cripples who were getting worn out living on someone else's money, but you're not. You don't mind my being frank, do you?"

Johnny's eyes had opened wider.

"No," said Johnny.

"Ah," said Lydia's father, "I didn't think you would. As I was saying, there's one thing I've found out about you, and I suppose I'm queer; but I don't give a damn about the rest of it. Odd the way I feel about these things. I don't give a damn whether you belong to any clubs or how much money you've got. I've found out you're a man, Mr. Duffey." He sighed. "And men have been damned rare birds lately around my rooftree. I guessed you amounted to something the first time I met you, and I've gone right on guessing so ever since. Perhaps you understand what I mean now."

(Continued on Page 67)

MICHELIN

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tube life

MANY years ago the Michelin Tire Company discovered a compounding process which prevents rubber from becoming brittle or porous with age.

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"No," said Johnny, and leaned back in his chair as though he were a little tired.

Lydia's father flicked his cigar ash on the rug, and his lips curved into a cool faint smile.

"You want me to come to the point, don't you?" inquired Lydia's father.

"Yes," said Johnny.

"I know I've been beating around the bush. I'm sorry," said Lydia's father, "but this talk is just a little ——"

"Yes," said Johnny.

"Oh, you think so already, do you?" asked Lydia's father.

"Yes," said Johnny.

"Then you can't exactly blame my not getting off on the right foot," continued Lydia's father.

He puffed violently on his cigar and scowled.

"See here, Mr. Duffey! You know I wouldn't come here talking this way unless I thought it was necessary. You've seen enough of me to know that."

"Yes," said Johnny.

"All right," said Lydia's father. "I don't like fiddling around any better than you do, and I wouldn't, except, as I've said, it's a bit unusual. In fact it's damned unusual, but I don't see any other way out of it. It's like this."

"Yes," said Johnny.

"You've been seeing a lot of Lydia," said Lydia's father. "That's what I want to talk to you about."

Johnny caught his breath and moved violently in his chair. In spite of himself he felt a deep blush mantling his features. In spite of himself he felt a twinge. He didn't exactly know what sort of twinge it was. He only knew that it was unusual and unpleasant. Lydia's father was looking at him with apparent pleasure, balancing his cigar between his index and his middle fingers.

"Well ——" began Lydia's father.

"Well—what?" said Johnny.

"Well—why all the excitement? I'm just stating a fact—that's all. D'you suppose I'd have stood around tapping a golf ball if I hadn't wanted you to see her? Did you think I didn't know you'd been walking every morning and playing bridge all afternoon?"

Johnny rose and walked over to the stand by the bed and seized the vacuum bottle.

"Will you have a drink of water?" he said.

"No," said Lydin's father.

"Well, I will," said Johnny, "if you will pardon me."

"Shocks you, doesn't it?" said Lydia's father.

"Yes," said Johnny.

"I guess it would have shocked Lydia's mother too," mused Lydia's father. "I guess I'm a curious old card. I guess I'm not much on society."

And he sighed again, like a man who bears a heavy burden.

"The more I see society," said Lydia's father, "the less I see society."

He paused, still watching Johnny, still smoking his cigar, his face pleasantly intent, his eyes unusually keen and searching. There was a silence, while Johnny set down his glass and recrossed the room.

"Well," began Johnny, and paused. He felt that his face was still flushed, that his mind was in a whirl again. "I don't ——" Johnny went on haltingly.

"I know you don't," said Lydia's father. "There's no reason why you should, but maybe you will when I tell you. I thought perhaps you'd like to know that Lydia's fiancé is coming up for the week-end. It hasn't been announced yet, but he's coming just the same."

"Her—what?" asked Johnny a little vaguely.

"Ah," said Lydia's father with sudden clarity, tossing his cigar into the fireplace. "Well, I'll be damned! So Lydia didn't tell you she was going to announce her engagement?"

"No," said Johnny.

"How thoughtless of her!" said Lydia's father gently.

Johnny had become very grave, and his eyes had assumed an unnatural light. A pair of patent-leather pumps were lying beside his bed. Johnny aimed a kick at them, and then apparently thought better.

"Yes," said Johnny.

Lydia's father rose and stepped towards the door.

"I thought you'd like to know," he said. "You'll see him in the evening. He's what you might call very charming." And then the door closed behind him.

For the better part of a minute Johnny stood watching the door, and his brow became creased, but not entirely with thought. Of all the things he had anticipated, this was something he had never considered. It gave him a jolt, but Johnny was used to jolts. He looked down at his legs, which were incased in short pants, and whispered something to himself which was not wholly audible. Then he grinned, but not wholly mirthful; rather with the cold irony of a great man who sees his world crash down to chaos. On the table by his bed lay a pile of books. Still grinning, he picked them up one by one and forcibly but without rancor hurled them at the opposite wall. Then he poured himself another glass of water and walked over to the bureau whistling a little tune. From the upper drawer he produced a roll of cotton, some gauze bandages and a spool of adhesive tape. With patient, adept fingers he began bandaging his right hand in a manner which seemed needlessly cumbersome.

Mr. Duffey was unusually bright and affable that evening. Indeed, he seemed quite more than himself. He had put on his dinner coat. More than one person smiled and nodded to him as he crossed the wide veranda. The soft dusk of midsummer had given an indefinable gentleness to outlines, which only added to his languid, thoughtless grace. A cool breeze such as springs up after sunset had ruffled his crisp brown hair and served somehow as a delightful finishing touch to the refinement of his attire, lending just the studied negligence of the true aristocrat. How were they to know that he was out to meet a crisis in his life, to face Providence itself in mortal combat?

He smiled back in the brisk, frank way he had. The moment was most satisfying. Was not everyone glad to see him, quietly and decorously glad? It thrilled him somehow, as it always did. It gave him a pleasant elation not wholly unlike the artificial stimulus of champagne. It was the way he felt when the crowd yelled when he climbed through the ropes. It was the satisfying sensation of achievement.

There was a pleasant odor of expensive cigarettes and the clink of ice in glasses. He could detect a low undertone beneath the gay chatter. Someone was asking about him. Someone else was wondering who he was. Someone had laid a hand on his shoulder.

"How about a little something from Havana, Duffey? It's right over there on the table."

Johnny grinned. It meant something in those days when people asked you to take a drink. He smiled his thanks, shaking his head the while.

"Doctor's orders," said Johnny. "I'm awfully sorry. Good evening, Mrs. Simson."

He was always at his best at a time like this. It was strange how soon he had got used to it, and how glibly unfamiliar phrases now slipped from his tongue:

"Ah, yes indeed. . . . Well, perhaps, but not in the broadest sense of the word."

Then his face lighted up and his smile grew still more affable. There by the doorway was Lydia glancing at him over the edge of a fan of blue ostrich plumes. It seemed to Johnny that she was regarding him a little doubtfully. Still smiling, Johnny met her glance squarely, and Lydia looked down at her fan. Johnny hesitated. In some strange manner his inferiority complex had left him bereft of words. It almost always did when he saw Lydia in the evening. Not that he was afraid exactly, but in the evening, somehow, she seemed so hopelessly remote, like—like somebody on the stage when you are in the second balcony. She seemed so delicate and her arms so white, and ——

And then Johnny's inferiority complex ceased to give him the slightest hint of its presence. Again he felt stimulated, this time more adequately than he had before. Beside Lydia, bending over her in protective possession, was a man. Johnny felt the nails of his left hand bite into his palm, but he was game, all right. Johnny looked at him without batting an eyelash; regarded him with the keen appraisal of the student of physical culture. Johnny knew he wasn't going to like him, and he didn't—not any better than he knew he would.

You could tell right away he was a lovely dancer. He had that soulful, clinging look about him, and dark eyes and long black hair that was brushed back in a lyric sweep from his temples, and a small supercilious mouth, and a little black mustache on top of it with pointed ends. He was twisting one of those ends when Johnny saw him, and was whispering something into the side of Lydia's hair. And Lydia looked at him and laughed.

"Oh, Roy!" she said.

So his name was Roy, was it? Johnny Duffey's lips moved as though in prayer.

"Oh, hello," said Lydia. "How nice!"

Roy looked up and began twisting his mustache again. It was quite apparent that he didn't agree with Lydia, and that anything nice had obviously escaped his attention. Apparently it was beyond Johnny's scope also.

"I want you to meet Mr. Van Twiller, Mr. Duffey," said Lydia; and then she added with something less than her usual *savoir-faire*, yet with the sweet hope of the eternal feminine, "I know you'll like each other."

Johnny seemed to repress a slight inclination to jump, and instead stepped forward and smiled his most professional smile. He felt in some vague way that some great outside force was guiding him. He felt that something was going to happen over which he had no control. It seemed to him all of a sudden that a gong had rung in his subconscious mind; and then, like a true professional man, he became very calm.

"Ah," said Mr. Van Twiller, "so your name is Duffey? How odd!"

And then Johnny knew as surely as though it had been written on the wall that this evening would be his last, but he kept right on smiling. Anyway, it was going to be some evening!

"Yes," said Johnny.

And Mr. Van Twiller smiled also, showing a row of neat white teeth under his black mustache. Johnny watched the teeth attentively.

"It couldn't be Johnny Duffey, could it?" inquired Mr. Van Twiller suavely.

"Yes," said Johnny.

Mr. Van Twiller paused. He was a head taller. His height seemed to please him, for he looked down at Johnny for a second without replying.

"I thought so," he said finally, and then he turned to Lydia with his most graceful protecting manner.

"Lydia," he asked, "where did you meet this man?"

Lydia looked at Johnny and her face became a little pink. Johnny was still smiling, still standing easily erect. His left hand was plucking at his black sling and his eyes were still fixed politely on Mr. Van Twiller. Mr. Van Twiller had become a little flushed also, and somehow he didn't look as nice as Lydia used to think. Curiously enough, Lydia also became a little angry, though she couldn't explain just why.

"Come, Lydia," said Mr. Van Twiller, "where did you meet this man?"

Lydia looked at Johnny again, and again at Mr. Van Twiller.

"What business is it of yours where I met him?" she asked crisply.

"It seems to me ——" began Mr. Van Twiller.

"It doesn't seem so to me," replied Lydia evenly. "It seems to me you are very rude, Roy, and that your actions are most ill-bred."

"Yes," said Johnny.

Mr. Van Twiller's cheeks, a trifle sallow at first, suddenly flushed a deep scarlet.

"You keep out of this!" he said a little hoarsely. "What the devil do you mean by butting in?"

"Roy," said Lydia calmly, "you must learn to control yourself. Don't you see that you are making a scene?"

"Yes," said Johnny.

"Look here!" said Mr. Van Twiller, lowering his voice with apparent effort. "There'll be scene enough when your father gets here, and before he comes I want to know just one thing: I want to know where you met this man."

There seemed to be something contagious in his wrath, for Lydia snapped her fan together with unusual decisiveness.

"Really, Roy," she said, "I didn't invite you up here to make a vulgar exhibition of yourself."

"No," said Johnny.

"O-o-o-oh!" cried Lydia.

Mr. Van Twiller's face had undergone a sudden contortion, and he had advanced

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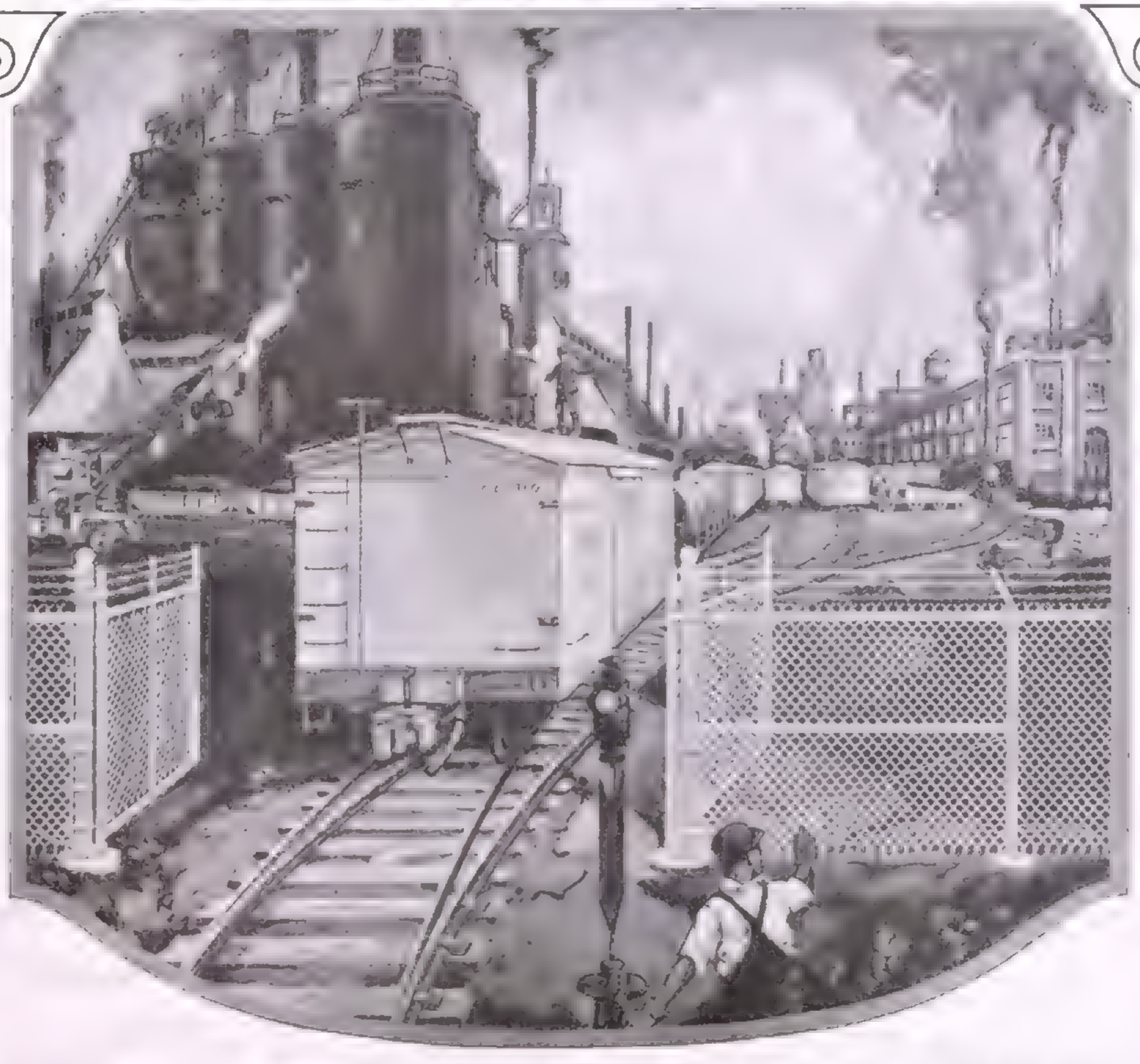

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one pace to the front. Johnny had removed his right hand from the sling and was looking up at him inquiringly. There was a moment charged with portent. To Johnny Duffey it seemed to be most agreeable. He tilted his head a little to one side and raised his left hand to stroke his chin.

"Well?" said Johnny.

And then a cold incisive voice interrupted. Lydia's father, seemingly ignorant of the little drama that was passing, stepped between them with effusive politeness, another example of the shortsightedness of age.

"Good evening, Johnny," he said, and Johnny started. It was the first time the old gent had called him by his first name.

"Good evening, Van Twiller," said Lydia's father. "Awfully nice of you to come up to see us like this. I was afraid it would be a little far, but distances have grown so short, haven't they? Awfully thoughtful of you. Of course I'm no end pleased."

"Father!" cried Lydia, but Lydia's father only smiled genially.

"Well, well, dinner must be nearly ready. You'll dine with us, of course, Van Twiller, and you, Johnny, take Lydia in, and Van Twiller and I will bring up in the rear, to use a military expression. They do stay with us, those military expressions, don't they, Van Twiller?"

But Mr. Van Twiller still stood staring at Johnny, and Johnny still stroked his chin.

"See here!" said Mr. Van Twiller.

Lydia's father turned towards him with quick courtesy.

"Ah, you have forgotten something?" he inquired.

"See here!" said Mr. Van Twiller.

"Yes," said Lydia's father.

"See here!" said Mr. Van Twiller again.

"You've said it three times now," said Lydia's father.

"I won't sit at the same table with a bounder!" blurted out Mr. Van Twiller.

"No," said Johnny.

Lydia's father became courteously grave.

"Are you referring to me?" he asked.

"No, no," said Mr. Van Twiller hastily. "Of course not, sir."

"Ah," said Lydia's father, "then you are insulting my guest, I presume. You must be overtired, Mr. Van Twiller."

He glanced quickly at Johnny.

"Perhaps a glass of ice water," he added suggestively.

"Yes," said Johnny.

Mr. Van Twiller indicated him with a trembling forefinger, and in his eyes was the wild look of the man who has finished the mile.

"Do you know who this man is?" he cried—"this man you are inviting to sit at your table? He's an ordinary prize fighter, Mr. West—a pugilist, I tell you! I've seen his pictures often enough. He's a lightweight boxer imposing on you as a gentleman, and I won't sit at the same table with him."

Johnny had turned a little pale. They were all looking at him; Mr. Van Twiller in the full flush of triumph, Lydia openmouthed, with a curious, indefinable expression that he had never seen before, and her father with serene intent gravity. There was a moment's painful silence, a dull clinging moment such as follows a clap of thunder. Then Lydia spoke, still as evenly and pleasantly as though she were asking you whether you would take two lumps in your tea.

"You're really most ridiculous, Roy," she said. "Quite absurd in fact, and, it seems to me, just a little insulting. I think you had better apologize to Mr. Duffey, Roy."

"Yes," said Johnny.

Lydia's father cleared his throat.

"Mr. Van Twiller," he said, "I am perfectly cognizant of the company I keep, and I have been able for a great many years to select my friends without your help. It's become a sort of habit now. Lydia is right, Mr. Van Twiller. Mr. Duffey is a friend of the family whom I know much better than I do you."

Johnny Duffey had turned still paler. He seemed about to speak. He seemed slightly bewildered, but his bewilderment was nothing to Mr. Van Twiller's.

"I—I'm awfully sorry," said Mr. Van Twiller hastily. "I can see now of course. There was only a slight resemblance."

"Oh," said Johnny.

"Very slight indeed," said Lydia gently.

"Yes, of course," said Mr. Van Twiller.

"And now that's settled," said Lydia's father, "let's come to dinner. Take Lydia in, Johnny."

But Johnny Duffey still hesitated. He began feeling very queer, queerer than he had felt in months. He felt that something wasn't right about it. He knew he shouldn't go in. He felt—it was a funny feeling. He felt almost ashamed, as though he had done something shady. His face became a little redder and his voice hoarse and unnatural.

"Listen!" said Johnny. "I want to tell you something."

"Nonsense!" said Lydia's father. "Don't be so touchy about it! We can't wait out here any longer. I'm hungry."

"But ——" began Johnny. He felt an impulse to be still, and fought it down. "Listen!" said Johnny, but Lydia had taken his arm and was gently pulling him away.

"Come along, Johnny," said Lydia. "Don't be silly."

And together they walked across the polished floor.

"I think," said Lydia, and paused and looked up at him in quiet speculation, "I think you're awfully nice," said Lydia.

And then Johnny forgot what he was going to say after all. He forgot that it was all over. He forgot about his hand. He forgot who he was. He forgot everything. And why should he not? Was he not following the footsteps of other, possibly greater men? Had not the lady smiled?

VII

IT DIDN'T promise to be a very cheerful dinner. Johnny was as silent as a clam, and Mr. Van Twiller, too, was most morose and preoccupied. Indeed, his spirits did not rise during the entire meal. It was fortunate for the occasion that Lydia's father seemed unusually buoyant. That evening he was almost boyish in fact, wreathed in smiles and radiating gayety. His talk was lively and persistent. He touched on a dozen subjects, but his mind seemed particularly to run upon the late war. He recurred to it at regular intervals. He seemed anxious to defer to Mr. Van Twiller about all the more moot points of the conflict. Even when Mr. Van Twiller answered in curt monosyllables it did not seem to disturb him. He described the altered map of Europe. He lamented that his age had prevented his helping alter it.

"Hard on us old men, wasn't it, Van Twiller?" said Lydia's father.

Mr. Van Twiller bit his lip.

"Of course we did lots of things that were more useful than being in the trenches," Lydia's father hastened to add, nodding to him genially. "Funny how many things were so much more necessary than being in those trenches."

"Father!" cried Lydia.

"Oh," exclaimed Lydia's father in elaborately quick contrition, "I beg your pardon, Van Twiller! I forgot! It was most careless of me!"

"We went all over this awhile ago, sir," remonstrated Mr. Van Twiller. "We've discussed it several times."

"So we did," said Lydia's father. "So we did. I remember now, of course."

"And nobody likes to talk about the war, father," said Lydia quickly. "Do they, Johnny?"

Johnny looked up hastily, as though he had been roused from a reverie.

"No," said Johnny.

Lydia's father nodded and smiled.

"Not even when they have something to talk about," he said; "do they?"

Johnny fidgeted in his chair and said nothing. He felt Lydia's father still looking at him, and blushed, and then gulped hastily at his ice water; but Lydia's father continued to regard him over the edge of his demi-tasse.

"Didn't know I knew, did you?" he asked.

Johnny tugged furtively at the corner of his napkin.

"Didn't know what?" he asked.

"What you did in the war," said Lydia's father.

Johnny still tugged at his napkin.

"No," said Johnny, "I didn't."

Johnny pulled more violently at his napkin. Again there came over him that strange feeling of panic. He wanted to get up and run. He wished he was in Hackensack. He wished he was anywhere else. It wasn't right. The whole thing wasn't right.

"I suppose you didn't get the D. S. C.?" inquired Lydia's father. "I suppose the War Department records were wrong?"

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"It—I—anybody ——" Johnny floundered desperately.

"Oh," cried Lydia, "you never told me! You never will tell anything about yourself!"

"No," said Johnny.

Again there was an uncomfortable silence. Again they were all looking at him. Johnny felt a bead of perspiration running down his nose.

"O-o-o-oh!" said Lydia. "Did they kiss you when they pinned it on?"

"No!" gasped Johnny.

"Well, I would have," said Lydia.

There was a sharp exclamation. Mr. Van Twiller had spilled his coffee.

"They never will talk, will they, Van Twiller?" said Lydia's father, coming forward to cover his guest's mishap with the tact of a true host.

After dinner Lydia's father seemed in a strangely restless mood, and was oddly loath to leave them. He insisted on guiding all three along a path through the woods to look at the lake by starlight, all the while bearing the full burden of the discourse. Johnny and Mr. Van Twiller followed in silence, and seemed to find no words to express their admiration of the silver sheen upon the waters. The little dinner party paused a while on the shore, and Lydia's father regarded them sympathetically.

"Come, Lydia," he said at last, "let us walk ahead, you and I, and let the young men talk. They must have such a lot in common."

"But, father ——" Lydia began anxiously.

"Come, Lydia," said her father. "Don't you see they want to talk?"

Johnny Duffey tapped Mr. Van Twiller's shoulder, and Mr. Van Twiller halted and examined him coldly. Johnny Duffey's face seemed very square and his eyes unusually steady. He couldn't tell why, but he felt better than he had for weeks. A load seemed to have been lifted from his shoulders. And now that the load was gone his voice changed into the monotonous nasal twang of another world.

"Take your time," said Johnny gently. "Take your time."

"See here!" exclaimed Mr. Van Twiller.

"Tut, tut!" said Johnny. "Oh, what I don't know about you!"

"Now, what the devil!" cried Mr. Van Twiller.

"Oh, naughty, naughty!" said Johnny. "I know what kind of a bird you are—see? Hasn't your chauffeur been driving me all summer? I guess maybe he didn't keep your back number plates."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Van Twiller.

"Oh, you know what I mean!" said Johnny. "Get funny with me again and you'll find out—see?"

"No, I don't see," said Mr. Van Twiller.

"Well, I do," said Johnny. "When anybody says anybody isn't a perfect gentleman like me—they must be some bird! And that's all I want to know—see? And that's what Andrews said—see? And he wins—see? I don't like you—get me?"

"Be quiet!" snapped Mr. Van Twiller.

"And I don't like your face," said Johnny. "And get this, kid, and get it straight: I don't want you talking to that girl, and you're not going to—see?"

"Oh, am I not?" said Mr. Van Twiller. "And why not?"

"Because you're a big bum! That's why," and Johnny withdrew his arm from the sling.

VIII

TEN minutes later Johnny Duffey rejoined Lydia and her father. They were seated on the veranda looking out on the lake. Lydia seemed rather silent and thoughtful. Her father had lighted another of his cigars and had thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his dinner vest. As Johnny stepped carefully over the damp grass Lydia's father appeared to register some slight disappointment. Johnny seemed afraid that the dew would injure his new pumps, but beyond that his cares seemed negligible. The breeze, or some stray twig, perhaps, had added slightly to the disorder of his hair, and his black tie was a fraction out of alignment. The sides of his collar, also, were slightly wilted, the way they sometimes get after too much dancing. But his walk had failed to disturb a single fold of his dinner coat, and his shirt front was impeccably white where his black sling did not cover it, and his trousers were most faultlessly creased.

"Oh," said Lydia, "where is Roy?"

Johnny seemed slightly puzzled, and for a second politely at a loss, as though his train of thought had been rather rudely interrupted.

"Roy?" he said. "Oh, yes, Roy!" He smiled deprecatingly, and his voice resumed its social smoothness. "Roy was feeling a trifle ——"

He stopped, seemingly at a loss for a word. Lydia's father removed his thumbs from his vest and threw away his cigar.

"Not indisposed?" he suggested brightly.

"Yes," said Johnny.

"Ah," said Lydia's father, "come to think of it he did seem a bit overtired."

"Yes," said Johnny, looking down at his shoes. "He got more overtired," he added. "He thought he'd go to bed. He may be better in the morning, but ——"

"But what?" interjected Lydia's father hastily.

"But I don't think so," said Johnny.

"How very annoying!" said Lydia's father cheerily, and he rose briskly and crossed the veranda.

"Perhaps," he said, pausing by the door, "I'd better go and take a look at him."

"I don't think he wants to be looked at," said Johnny a little dubiously.

"Well, well," said Lydia's father still more cheerily, "I must look at him just the same. He mustn't be entirely neglected."

"Wait!" cried Johnny. "You don't understand!"

But Lydia's father had gone. Johnny glanced about him. The rows of chairs on the veranda were vacant. Inside the jazz orchestra was slipping over some modern musical banana peel. Johnny shrugged his shoulders in genteel distaste and turned to look at Lydia, and grinned a little painfully. Lydia was on her feet also. Her little hands were clenched and her eyes were suspiciously bright.

"Oh!" gasped Lydia. "You ——"

"Yes," said Johnny, still watching her and still grinning.

He didn't exactly know what he was grinning about. For him the world had ceased to be a laughing matter. It may have been an instinct to conceal his hurts, or perhaps mere force of habit. Or it may have been from grim satiric triumph.

"You guessed it!" said Johnny. "This is my busy evening!"

"Oh!" gasped Lydia. "How dared you?"

And then Johnny stopped grinning and pointed to the chair that Lydia had quitted.

"Sit down," he said gently.

Lydia hesitated and Johnny moved nearer.

"Sit down," said Johnny. "I want to talk to you."

"Really, Mr. Duffey ——" began Lydia.

"D'you want to know why I did it?" asked Johnny.

"Yes," said Lydia, "I want to know whatever in the world induced you ——"

"Then sit down," said Johnny, and Lydia sank back in her chair.

"So you want to know why I did it," said Johnny gently. "All right, I'll tell you. It's because I'm a primitive bird—that's why. I haven't got any manners—that's why."

Johnny's eyes glittered and he swung himself up to the rail of the veranda and kicked gently at the posts with his shiny pumps.

"I didn't want to have him talking to you. He made me tired. So I stopped him—see?"

"I think you're a brute!" cried Lydia.

"Yes," said Johnny.

"And I think——" continued Lydia with a sudden low intensity.

Johnny made a slow decisive gesture with his open palm.

"Wait a minute!" he said in a frigidly soothing tone. "I guess I'm the one who's doing the thinking to-night. I guess I'm off this subtle stuff. I guess I've been running around in short pants long enough."

And then his voice changed and became angrily, triumphantly strident:

"Thought I was polite, didn't you? Well, I'm not! I'll tell you what I am. I'm just what that bird said I was—a low, ordinary prize fighter, a roughneck—see? And I'll tell you another one too—I'm glad of it! Yes, I am! And I do what I want when I want—see?"

It seemed to Johnny as though something had snapped. A sudden sense of elation seized him, keen and gripping and bittersweet.

(Continued on Page 73)

"How delightfully cool your kitchen is!" "Yes, my NEW PERFECTION makes for true kitchen comfort."

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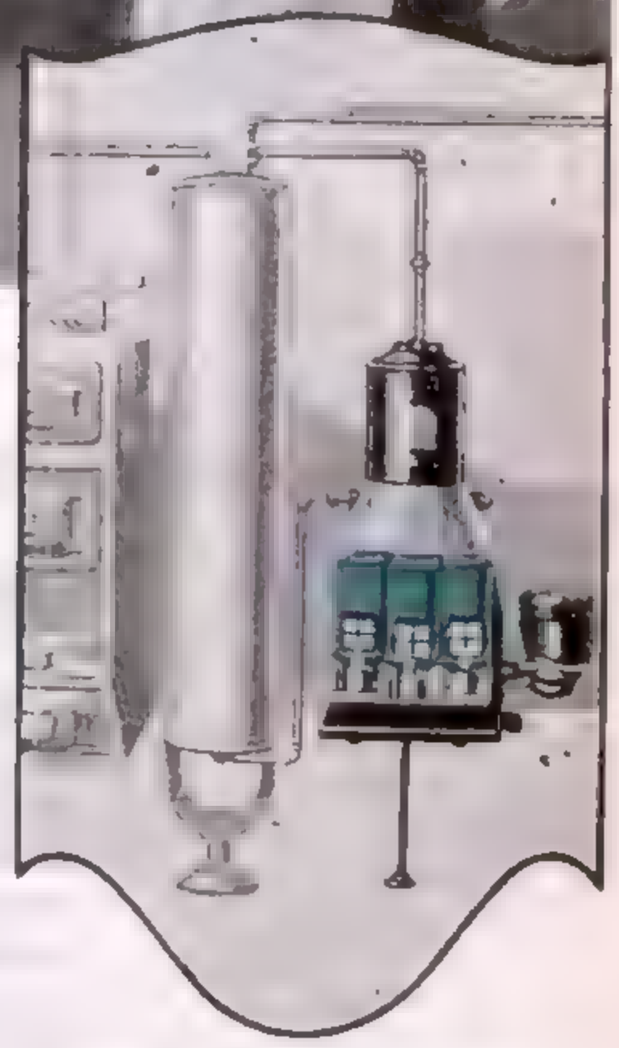

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It was the flavor in foods—rich, prime flavor—that was properly considered of paramount importance by the grand-dames of other days. In those times of great hospitality, dining was not merely routine but a genuine pleasure. They knew the gentle art of combining food flavors to bring out a *natural* relish.

There's nothing so tempting as natural flavor

Indeed, so important do we consider this *natural* flavor in foods that it has been our chief concern in making Beech-Nut Pork and Beans. There is only one way to achieve it. That is by bringing out the actual flavors of beans cooked with prime sides of pork. Until you have tasted this dish you will never know the true enjoyment of pork and beans.

Furthermore, this natural flavor is not lost in a heavy seasoning. The tomato sauce added is just strong enough to enhance the real "flavoriness". Individual taste may suggest the use of Beech-Nut Chili Sauce or Catsup, in addition.

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Though they are exceptional in quality, the cost of Beech-Nut Pork and Beans is unusually low. You can get them for 15 cents east of the Mississippi.

Serve them tomorrow. They will become as much a favorite with you as the fragrant Beech-Nut Bacon which is celebrated the world over.

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Confections

Mints
Chewing Gum

Beech-Nut Pork and Beans

(Continued from Page 70)

"Oh!" cried Lydia in a stifled voice. "I never ——"

"No"—the cold intensity of Johnny's voice left her blankly silent—"I know you never did. Funny, wasn't it? Me fooling you and you fooling me. But I wasn't doing it for fun. I wasn't engaged to someone else. Say, I didn't know—I sort of thought I guessed ——"

"Oh!" gasped Lydia. "Who told you that?"

"So you put one over on me," continued Johnny Duffey. "But I guess maybe you didn't do all the putting. So you thought I was a nice refined young man, did you? One of your set, did you? Say, I wouldn't be one of your set for a million dollars!"

Johnny Duffey vaulted down from the veranda rail. Again the light of battle was in his eyes. He leaned a shade nearer Lydia's chair.

"I can lick any guy in this bungalow, I'll tell the world! And any time I see that Willie-boy of yours I'll lick him again if I see him first. That's the kind of a guy I am!"

"Oh!" gasped Lydia chokingly. "Don't—don't look at me like that! Don't! How can you?"

And then Johnny Duffey was struck immobile with astonishment. Could you beat it? She was dabbing at her nose with a little handkerchief. She—yes, she was—she was crying!

"Say, listen!" said Johnny. "Don't do that! I—I didn't know you'd mind. Really, I didn't. I didn't mean to be rough. I sort of forgot. I just wanted to tell you—that was all."

He paused helplessly, nonplused by a situation with which his genius had never coped.

"I'm sorry," said Johnny Duffey. "Don't mind what I said. I'm just a poor boob—that's all."

He stopped and laughed nervously.

"I thought it didn't make any difference what you were as long as you were on the level. I know it wasn't right what I did, but I thought maybe if I got away with it you might think I was all right, anyway, even if I wasn't. You know what I mean. But I guess ——"

Again he paused helplessly, oblivious of the music and laughter indoors. He felt a little dizzy, ill almost. He felt as though everything was slipping away.

"I guess you can't be one kind of a bird and then turn into another," he ended lamely.

And then he knew it was all over, that everything was over, that the game was over and it was time to go, and somehow he didn't want to go. But he was game. Even then he was game, all right. He squared his shoulders and grinned the way a professional man should, even though his face was white and drawn. And then he finished the thing nicely, the way they would on that strange Olympus.

"Believe me, I'm awfully sorry! It is, of course, impossible to ask you to forgive me. Only—only please try to forget. You will soon. I'll be gone in the morning."

"Wh-where are you going?" asked Lydia.

But Johnny Duffey did not answer. His body had lurched forward. His left hand was gripping the back of a chair. And then the shame of the thing choked him. She mustn't see him like that. She mustn't——

"Oh," cried Lydia, "what's the matter?"

He tried to move away, but he couldn't. He felt a sudden stabbing pain. The porch whirled giddily.

"It isn't anything," said Johnny vaguely. He tried to regain his balance, but he couldn't. Helplessly he sank into the chair he was holding.

"It's all right," he said. "Don't mind me. I'll be all right in a minute. It's just my hand, that's all. It's busted—clean busted."

For a moment he stared before him, and his head cleared, and then for the first time he saw the irony of it. For the first time he knew what it meant to be a circumstance when Fate had finished and the swift heedless play of forces was over. He knew he could never fight again. He knew he was finished and useless, but even then he was game. He raised his head out of the blackness that surrounded him, shook it to clear the humming from his ears, and grinned.

Yes he did, even when he knew that his day was done and that he was as useless as a broken glove.

"I guess the laugh's on me," said Johnny slowly. "Funny, isn't it, the way things happen?" Again he shook his head. "Funny the things that finish you. Who'd have thought that I'd have ended up with a third-rate amateur in a charity bout? Well—so I don't fight the champ or anything. What do you know about that?—knocked into a back number, all because ——"

But he didn't say why. Instead he stared blankly in front of him.

"Serves me right for being a poor boob," said Johnny.

"You're not a poor boob," said Lydia.

Johnny gave a galvanic start and his head whirled again.

"Do you feel better now?" asked Lydia.

"Yes," said Johnny, and he did, because Lydia had kissed him.

"Say ——" began Johnny.

"Don't be silly!" said Lydia. "Do you think I care? Don't you suppose I guessed after what Roy said? Don't you see why I didn't tell you about Roy?"

"No," said Johnny.

"Now do you see?" asked Lydia.

"Yes," said Johnny.

And then he blushed a deep scarlet, for there in front of him, leaning on the veranda rail, was Lydia's father.

"Work fast, don't you?" said Lydia's father.

"Yes," said Johnny, and stopped, because there didn't seem to be anything else to say.

"Well, well!" said Lydia's father. "I always did maintain that the prize ring was excellent training."

"Say," demanded Johnny, half starting to his feet, "do you mean you knew ——"

Lydia's father nodded.

"Naturally," he said. "Don't be a damned fool! Why, I even knew your father!"

"What!" exclaimed Johnny.

"Yes," said Lydia's father. "He threw a shaving mug at me twenty years ago—not that it makes any difference. It only made me sure you'd amount to something. Do you see what I mean?"

"No," said Johnny.

"Now do you see?" said Lydia.

"Yes," said Johnny.

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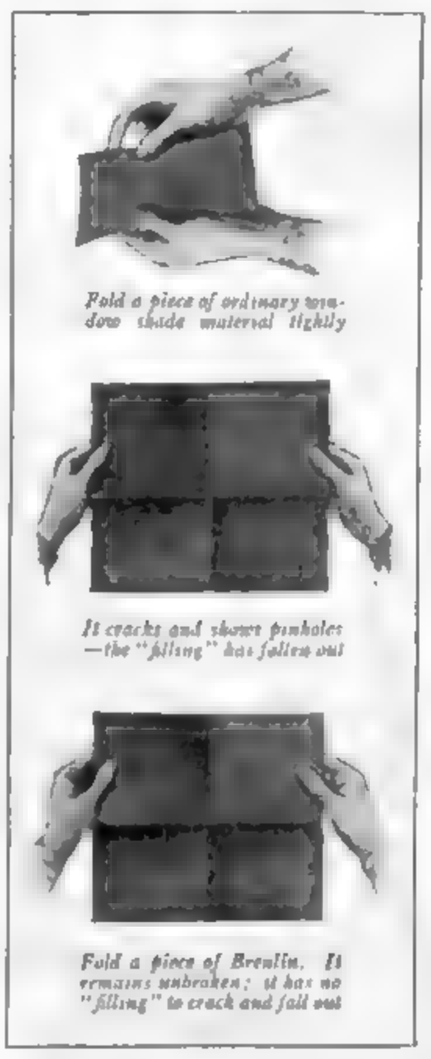

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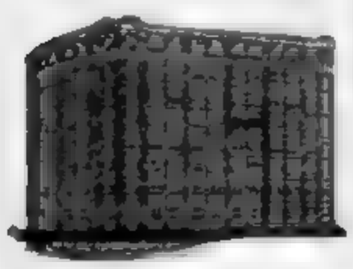

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the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

ONE-THIRD OFF

(Continued from Page 7)

I. Cobb. You are due before a great while for a head-end collision with your own health. You can take my advice or you can let it alone. That's entirely up to you. Only don't blame me if you come back here some day all telescoped up amidships.

"And please don't consume time which is reasonably valuable to me, however lightly you may regard it, by telling me now about slim men who eat more than you do and yet keep their figures. The woods are full of them; also the owl wagons. The difference between such men as those you have described and such men as you is that they were made to be thin men and to keep on being thin men regardless of their food consumption, and that your sort are naturally predisposed to fatness. You can't judge their cases by yours any more than you can judge the blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ by the plans and specifications of the humble earwig. One man's meat is another man's poison; that's a true saying. And here's another saying—one cannot eat his cake and have it too. But that's an error so far as you are concerned. The trouble with you is that when you eat your cake you still have it—in layers of fat. If you want to get rid of the layers you'll have to cut out the cake, or most of it anyway. Must I make you a diagram, or is this plain enough for your understanding?"

It was—abundantly. But I still had one more bright little idea waiting in the second-line trenches. I called up the reserves.

"Ahem!" I said. "Well, now, old man, how about trying some of these electrical treatments or these chemicalized baths or these remedies I see advertised? I was reading only the other day where one successful operator promised on his word of honor to take off flesh for anybody, no matter who it was, without interfering with that person's table habits and customs."

My friend can be very plain-spoken when the spirit moves him.

Hints and Warnings

"Say, listen to me," he snapped, "or better still, you'd better write down what I'm about to say and stick it in your hat where you can find it and consult it when your mind begins wandering again. Those special mechanical devices to reduce fat people are contrived for the benefit of men and lazy women who are too slothful to take exercise or else too besotted in the matter of food indulgence to face the alternative of dieting. They may not do any harm—properly operated, they probably do not—but, at best, I would regard them as merely being temporary expedients specially devised as first aid to the incurably lazy. And as for pills and boluses and bottled goods guaranteed to reduce your weight, and as for all these patented treatments and proprietary preparations which you see boosted in the papers—bah! Either they are harmless mixtures, in which event they'll probably do you no serious injury, but will certainly do you no real good; or else they contain drugs which, taken to excess, may cut you down in size, but have the added drawback of very probably cutting short your life. No, sir-ree! For you it's dieting, now and from now on. You may be able to relax your diet in time, but you can never altogether forgo it. Give us this day our daily diet—that's your proper prayer. And you'd better start praying pretty soon too!"

"All right, doc," I said resignedly. "You've practically converted me. I can't say I'm happy over the prospect, but if you say so I'm prepared to become a true believer. But since, between us, we're about to take all the joy out of life, let's be thorough. What must I do to be saved? Give me the horrible details right here. I might as well hear the worst at one session."

"I'm no dietitian," he said. "I don't profess to be one. That's not my line—my line is the diagnostic. Of course I could lay down a few broad general rules for your guidance—any experienced practitioner could do that—but to get the best returns you should consult a diet specialist. However, in parting—I have several paying guests waiting for me and we are now about to part—I will throw in one more bit of advice without charge. No matter what suggestions you may get from any quarter, I would urge you not to follow any banting formula so rigorous as to take off your superfluous flesh very rapidly. Take your time about it. If you live as long as both of us hope you may you'll have plenty of time. There's no rush, so go at it gradually. Be regular about it, but don't be too ambitious at the outset. Don't try to turn yourself into a tricky sprite in two weeks. For a fat man too abruptly to strip the flesh off his bones I regard as dangerous. It weakens him and depletes his powers of resistance and makes him fair game for any stray microbe which may be cruising about looking for a place to set up housekeeping."

At first blush it might appear to the lay mind that a germ would scarcely care to pick a bone when it had fat meat to feed on, but my own recollections bore out my friend's statements. I remembered a man of my acquaintance, an enormously fleshy and unwieldy man who, fearing apoplexy, undertook a radical scheme of banting. He lost fifty pounds in three months, so apoplexy did not get him, but pneumonia did with great suddenness. He was sick only three days. Nobody suspected that he was seriously ill until the third day, when suddenly he just hauled off and died. So I promised to have a care against seeking to hurry myself right out of the flounder class and right into the smelt division.

Conflicting Authorities

He gave me the names of several men of acknowledged standing, and told me I should be making no mistake did I put myself in the hands of any one on the list. I thanked him and departed from his presence. To the casual eye I may have seemed, going away, to be in high spirits; but, confidentially, I wasn't feeling so very brash. My spirits were low. I had heard the truth—I made no effort to deceive myself there—but the truth was painful. Still, knowing what I should do, I hesitated, temporizing with myself. I gave a couple of days of intensive meditation to the subject, and then I reached this conclusion: I would read a few standard and orthodox works on dietetics, and, so doing, try to arrive at least at a superficial knowledge of the matter. Also, I would balance what one recognized authority said as against what another recognized authority said, and then, before going to a specialist, I would do a little personal experimenting with my diet and mark the effects.

I arrived at this decision privately, taking no one into my confidence. And without any intent to deprive any hard-worked specialist of a prospective fee, I shall ever continue to believe that the second part of the course I chose to follow was a wise one. It might not serve my brother-in-obesity, but it served me well. I'm sure of that.

But the first part of the system naturally came first. This had to do with research work among the best authorities. Here I struck one of the snags that rise in the pathway of the hardy soul who goes adventuring into any given department of the science of medicine and its allied sciences. I was pained to observe how rare it was for two experts, of whatsoever period, to agree upon a single essential element. An amateur investigator was left at a loss to fathom why such entirely opposite conclusions should have been arrived at by the members of the same school when presumably both had had the same raw materials to work on. By their raw materials I mean their patients. But so it was.

The ancient apostles of dietetics, the original pathfinders into a hitherto untracked field, had disciples who set out to follow in their footsteps, but before they had traveled very far along the alimentary trail the disciples were quarreling bitterly with the masters' deductions and conclusions. To-day's school was snooty touching on the major opinions of yesterday's crowd, and to-morrow's crowd already made faces at to-day's. On just two points I found a unanimity of opinion among what might be termed the middle group of dietetic explorers as counter-distinguished from the pioneering cult and the modern or comparatively modern. Each one was so absolutely certain that he was so absolutely right and so absolutely certain that all his contemporaries were so absolutely wrong.

At the beginning, it seemed, a reduction of the sufferer's flesh had been attempted by the simple device of bleeding him

(Continued on Page 77)

The annoying dust that so steadily drifts into the home and settles upon upholstery and portières or collects out of convenient reach, may be easily and dustlessly suctioned away by the *new* long-armed air attachments of The Hoover. But to clean rugs with the thoroughness that invariably adds years to their life and beauty, more than air is deemed essential. So The Hoover gently beats rugs to remove all nap-wearing, buried grit. Swiftly it sweeps up stubbornest litter, lifts crushed nap and revives colors. Powerfully it suction cleans. Only The Hoover does all these things and thus repeatedly pays for itself by protecting valuable rugs from avoidable wear. And it is the largest-selling electric cleaner in the world.

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The new Sellers Majestic has an exclusive patented device, an Automatic Extender for both Base Sections. When cupboard doors are opened, both base sections come out; pots and pans are always easy reach without stooping.

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By scientific arrangement of the cabinet base, an extra drawer and 20% more cupboard space have been provided, yet without requiring one more square inch of floor space.

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Don't forget about the Sellers "Fifteen Famous Features," among them the Dust-Proof Cupboard beneath Porcelitop Work Table, Rat Proof Casters, Quick Drawer Pulls, Dovetail Joints and other vital improvements.

The Cabinet Worth While for 15 FAMOUS FEATURES

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THE BEST SERVANT IN YOUR HOUSE

SELLERS

(Continued from Page 74)

copiously—not with a monthly statement, as latterly, but with a lancet. Abundant drinking of vinegar also had been recommended as a means to accomplish the desired end. They were noble drinkers in the olden times, but until I began delving into literature of the subject I did not suspect that there had been any out-and-out vinegar topers.

There was citation in an early work of the interesting case of the Marquis of Cortona, a subchieftain under the Duke of Alva, and a fine fat old butcher he must have been, too, by all tellings. Finding himself grown so rotund that no longer could he enter with zest into the massacre bees and torture outings which the Spaniards were carrying on in the harried Netherlands, the marquis had recourse to vinegar; and so efficacious was the treatment that, as the tradition runs, he soon could wrap his loosened skin about him in great slack folds like a cloak, and thus, close-reefed, go merrily murdering his way across the Low Countries.

One pictures the advantages accruing. In cold weather, now, he might overlap his wrinkles in a clapboarded effect and save the expense of laying in heavy underwear. True, this might give to the wearer a clinker-built appearance; still it would keep him nice and warm, and no doubt he had his armor on outside the rest of his things. But likewise there must have been drawbacks. Suppose, now, the marquis were caught out in blowy weather and the wind worked in under his tucks and the ratlines pulled loose and, all full-rigged and helpless, bellying and billowing and flapping and jibing, he went scudding against his will before the gale. Could he hope to tack and go about before he blew clear over into the next county? I doubt it. And suppose he inflated himself for a party or a reception or something, and a practical joker put a tack in a chair and he sat down on it and had a blow-out. The thought is not a pretty one, yet the thing were possible.

Livery Stable Cases

From these crude beginnings I worked my way down toward the present day. Doctor Banting, of England, the father of latter-day dietetics from whose name in commemoration of his services to mankind we derive the verb intransitive "to bant," had theories wherein his chief contemporaneous German rival, Epstein the Bavarian, radically disagreed with him. Voit, coming along subsequently, disagreed in important details with both. Among the moderns I discerned where Dr. Woods Hutchinson had his pet ideas and Doctor Wiley had his, diametrically opposed. So it went. There was almost as much of disputation here as there is when a federation of women's clubs is holding an annual election. It was all so very confusing to one aiming to do the right thing.

One learned savant flatly laid down the ultimatum that the individual seeking to reduce should cut out all pork products from chitterlings clear through the list to headcheese and give his undivided fealty to the red meats and the white. But one of his brethren was equally positive that I might partake of bacon and even ham in moderation, but urged that I walk around red meat as though it were a pesthouse. Yet a third—a foe, plainly, to the butcher, but a well-wisher to the hay-and-produce dealer if ever there lived one—recommended that I should eliminate all meat of whatsoever character or color and stick closely to fodder, roughage and processed ensilage. I judge he sent his more desperate cases to a livery stable.

According to one dictum, bread was all right up to a certain point, and, according to another, all wrong. This man here held a brief for beans, especially the succulent baked bean; that man yonder served solemn warning upon me that if perversely I persisted to continue to eat baked beans the fat globules would form so fast I would have the sensation that a little boy was inside of me somewhere blowing bubbles. Of course the writer didn't exactly say this, but it was the inference I drew from his remarks.

Eat dried fruits until your seams give, said Doctor A. Avoid dried fruits as you would the plague, counseled the equally eminent Doctor B. Professor C considered the drinking of water with meals highly inadvisable; whereas Professor D said that without adding an extra ounce of weight I might consume water until my fluid contents sloshed up and down in me when I walked, and merely by getting a young lady in Oriental costume to stand alongside me I might qualify at a Sunday-school entertainment for the entire supporting cast of the familiar tableau entitled Rebecca at the Well. He intimated that just so I stopped short of committing suicide as an inside job all would be fine and dandy. I do not claim that these were his words; this is the free interpretation of his meaning. Sink the knife in the butter to the very hilt—there will be no ill effects but only a beneficial outcome—declares such-and-such a food faddist. Eschew butter by all means or accept the consequences, clarions an earnest voice. Well, I never was much of a hand for eschewed butter anyway. We keep our own cow and make our own butter and it seems to slip down, just so.

In the vegetable kingdom the controversy raged with unabated fury. The boiled prune, blandest and most inoffensive of breakfast dishes, formed the basis of a spirited debate. There were pro-prunists and there were con-prunists. The parsnip had its champions and its antagonists; the carrot its defenders and its assailants. In this quarter was the cabbage heartily indorsed, there was it belittled and made naught of. The sprightly spring onion, already socially scorned in some of the best lay circles, suffered attack at the hands of at least one scientific and scholarly professional.

Vitamines Coming Into Style

After reading his strictures I remarked to myself that really there remained but one field of useful popularity for the onion to adorn; in time it might hope to supplant the sunflower as the floral emblem of Kansas, as typifying a great political principle which originated in that state: The Initiative, when one took a chance and ate a young onion; the Referendum, while one's digestive apparatus wrestled with it; the Recall, if it disagreed with one. Alone, of all the vegetables, stood spinach, with not a single detractor.

On this issue the vote in the affirmative practically was by acclamation. I am in position to state that boiled spinach has not an enemy among the experts. This seems but fair—it has so few friends among the eating public.

I observed much and confusing talk of the value of nitrogens, proteids and—when I had reached the ultra-modernists—vitamines. Vitamines, I gathered, had only recently been discovered, yet by the progressives they were held to be of the supremest importance in the equation of properly balanced human sustenance. To my knowledge I had never consciously eaten vitamines unless a vitamine was what gave guaranteed strictly fresh string beans, as served at a table-d'hôte restaurant, that peculiar flavor. Here all along I had figured it was the tinny taste of the can, which shows how ignorant one may be touching on vitally important matters. I visualized a suitable luncheon for one banting according to the newest and most generally approved formula:

RELISH
MIXED GELATINOIDS
POTAGE
STRAINED NITROGEN GUMBO
ENTREE
GRILLED PROTEIDS WITH MINCED GLOBULIN
DESSERT
COMPOTE OF ASSORTED VITAMINES

Or the alternative course for one sincerely desirous of reducing, who believed everything he saw in print, was to cut out all the proscribed articles of food—which meant everything edible except spinach—and starve gracefully on a diet composed exclusively of boiled spinach, with the prospect of dying a dark green death in from three to six weeks and providing one's own protective coloration if entombed in a cemetery containing cedars.

Personally I was not favorably inclined toward either plan, so I elected to let my conscience be my guide, backed by personal observation and personal experimenting. I was traveling pretty constantly this past spring, and in the smoking compartments of the Pullmans, where all men, for some curious reason, grow garrulous and confidential, I put crafty leading questions to such of my fellow travelers as were oversized and made mental notes of their answers for my own subsequent use. Since the Eighteenth Amendment put the nineteenth hole out of commission, prohibition and how to

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evade it are the commonest of all conversational topics among those moving about from place to place in America; but the subject of what a man eats, and more particularly what he eats for breakfast, runs it a close second for popularity.

For example, there is the seasoned transatlantic tourist who, on the occasion of a certain terrifically stormy passage, was for three days the only person on board excepting the captain who never missed a single meal. You find him everywhere; there must be a million or more of him; and he loves to talk about it, and he does But even more frequently encountered is the veteran drummer—no, beg pardon, the veteran district sales manager, for there aren't any drummers any more, or even any traveling salesmen; but instead we have district sales managers featuring strong selling points—I say, even more frequently encountered is the veteran district sales manager, wearing a gravy-colored waistcoat if a tasty dresser, or a waistcoat of a nongravy-colored or contrasting shade if careless, who craves to tell strangers what, customarily, he eats for breakfast. I made it a point to study the proportions and hearken to the disclosures of such a one, and if he carried his stomach in a hanging-garden effect, with terraces rippling down and flying buttresses and all; and if he had a pasty, unhealthy complexion or an apoplectic tint to his skin I said to myself that thenceforth I should apply the reverse English to his favorite matutinal prescription.

The First Day of Martyrdom

And so, having mapped out my campaign of attack against my fat, I rose one morning from my berth in the sleeping car and I dressed; and firmly clutching my new-formed resolution to prevent its escape, I made my way to the dining car and sat down and gave my order to the affable honor graduate of Tuskegee Institute who graciously deigned to wait on me. Now, theretofore, for so far back as I remembered, breakfast had been my heartiest meal of the entire day, with perhaps two exceptions—luncheon and dinner. Precedent inclined me toward ordering about as many pieces of sliced banana as would be required to button a fairly tall woman's princesse frock all the way down her back, with plenty of sugar and cream, and likewise a large porringer of some standard glutinous cereal, to be followed by sausages with buckwheat cakes and a few odd kickshaws and comfits in the way of strawberry preserves and hot buttered toast and coffee that was half cream, and first one thing and then another. But Spartanlike I put temptation sternly behind me and told the officiating collegian to bring me plain boiled prunes, coffee with hot milk and saccharin tablets, dry toast and one dropped egg.

The prunes and the coffee were according to specifications, although, lacking the customary cream and three lumps of sugar, the coffee was in the nature of a profound disappointment. But a superficial inquiry convinced me that the egg was not properly a dropped egg at all. Here was a fallen egg, if ever I saw one. I was filled with pity for it—poor, forsaken, abandoned thing, with none to speak a kind word for it! And probably more sinned against than sinning, too. Perhaps there were hereditary influences to be reckoned with. Perhaps its producer had been incubator raised, with no mother to guide her and only the Standard Oil Company for a foster parent. And what would a New Jersey corporation know about raising a hen? Thus in sudden compassion I mused. To the waiter, though, I said:

"There has been a mistake here, alumnus. This egg never was meant to be dropped—it was meant to be thrown. Kindly remove the melancholy evidences."

He offered to provide a substitute, but the edge of my zest seemed dulled. I made dry toast the climax of my chastely simple repast. It was simple and it was chaste, but otherwise not altogether what I should characterize as a successful repast. It lacked, as it were.

Let us pass along to noontime. Ere noontime came I was consumed with gnawing pains of emptiness. As nearly as I might judge, I contained naught save vast hollow spaces and acoustics and vacuums and empty, echoing, neglected convolutions. Sorely was I tempted to relax the rigors of the just-inaugurated régime; nobly, though, I resisted the impulse. As I look back now on that day I find the memory of my suffering has dimmed slightly. The passage of weeks and months has served to soften the harsh outlines of poignant recollection. What now in retrospect most impresses me is the heroism I displayed, the stark fortitude, the grandeur of will power, the triumph for character. Sheer gallantry, I call it.

For my midday meal I had more dry toast, a reduced portion of boiled tongue and a raw apple—satisfying enough to some, I grant you, but to me no more than a tease to my palate. Long before three o'clock I knew exactly how a tapeworm feels when its landlord goes on a hunger strike. Every salivary gland I owned was standing on tiptoe screaming for help; every little mucous membrane had a sorrow all its own. Each separate fiber of my innermost being cried out for greases and for sugars and for the wonted starchy compounds for to stay it and for to comfort it.

I underwent pangs such as had not been mine since away back yonder in August of 1914, in the time of the sack of Belgium, when the Germans locked up five of us for a day and a night in a cow stable where no self-respecting cow would voluntarily have stayed, and then sent us by train under guard on a three-day journey into Germany, yet all the while kept right on telling us we were not prisoners but guests of the German Army. And at the end of the third day we reached the unanimous conclusion among ourselves that the only outstanding distinction we could see, from where we sat, between being prisoners of the German Army and guests of the German Army was that from time to time they did feed the prisoners. For throughout the journey the eight of us—since by now our little party had grown—lived rather simply and frugally and, I might say, sketchily on rations consisting of one loaf of soldiers' bread, one bottle of mineral water and a one-pound pot of sour and rancid honey which must have emanated in the first place from a lot of very morbid, low-minded bees. However, in those exciting days there were many little moving distractions about, to keep one from brooding o'ermuch on thoughts of lacking provender.

I boast not, but merely utter a verity, when I state that every time I shook myself I shifted the center of population. Where we had been, the lesser wild life of midcontinental Europe abounded. In the matter of a distinction which had come to me utterly without solicitation or effort on my part I have no desire to brag, but in justice to myself—and my boarders—I must add that, at that moment, of all the human beings in Central Europe I was the most densely inhabited. My companions scratched along, doing fairly well, too; but I led the field—I was so much roomier than any one of them was.

The Torch of Luxury

But here aboard this Pullman on this, the dedicatory day of my self-imposed martyrdom, I could not lose myself as I had on that former historic occasion in the ardor of chasing the small game of the country. By four o'clock in the afternoon I could appreciate the sensations of a conch shell on a parlor whatnot. I had a feeling that if anyone were to press his ear up against me he would hear a murmuring sound as of distant sea waves. Yet, mark you, I held bravely out, fighting still the good fight. This, then, was my dinner, if such it might in truth be called: Clear soup, a smallish slice of rare roast beef cut shaving thin, gluten bread sparsely buttered, a cloud of watercress no larger than a man's hand, another raw apple and a bit of domestic cheese—nothing rich, nothing exotic, no melting French *fromages*, no creamy Danish pastries. Only when I reached my demi-tasse, which I took straight, did I permit myself a touch of luxury. I lit my cigar with a genuine imported Swedish parlor match.

Followed then the first comforting manifestation, the first gratefully registered taste of recompense for my privations. I had to speak that night, and in a large hall, too, and I found my voice to be clearer and stronger than usual, and found, also, that I spoke with much less effort than usual. I was sure partial fasting during the day was bearing fruits in the evening, and I was right, as subsequent evening experiences proved to me. I had rather dreaded that hunger gripes would make my night a sleepless one, but it didn't happen. I may

(Continued on Page 81)

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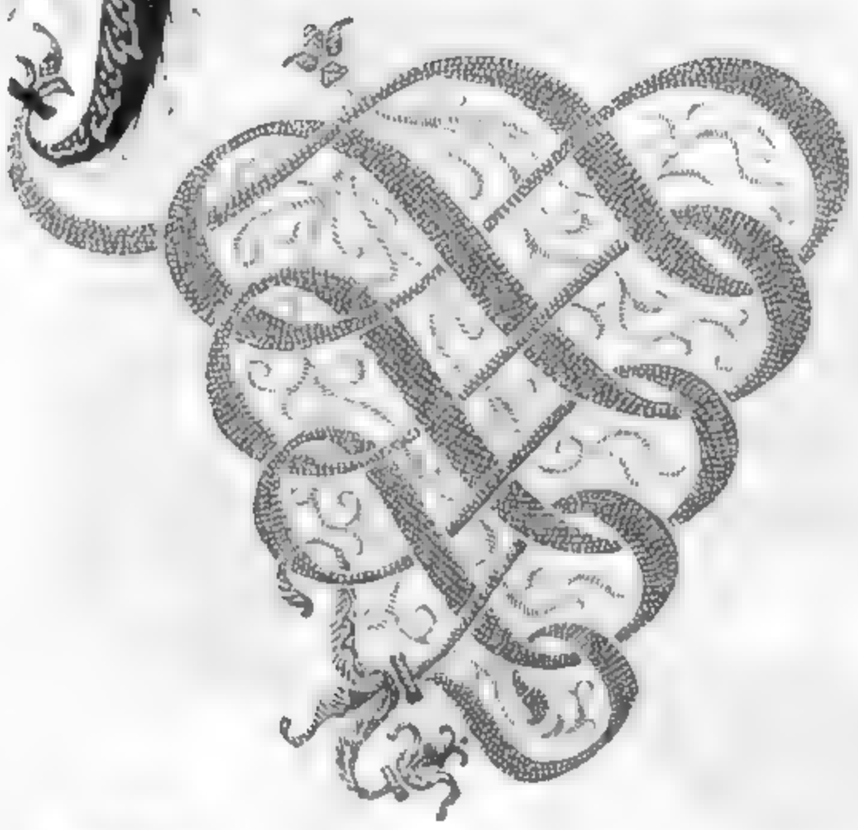

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(Continued from Page 78)

have dreamed longing dreams about victuals, but I tore off eight solid hours of unbridled and—I dare say—uproarious rest.

Next day I kept it up, varying the first day's menus slightly but keeping the bulk consumption down, roughly, to about one-half or possibly one-third what my rations formerly had been. Before night of the second day that all-gone sensation had vanished. Already I had made the agreeable discovery that I could get along and be reasonably happy on from 35 to 50 per cent of what until then I had deludedly thought was required to nourish me. Before the week ended I felt fitter and sprier in every way than I had for years past; more alive, more interested in things, quicker on my feet and brisker in my mental processes than in a long time. The chronic logy, foggy feeling in my head disappeared and failed to return. I may add that to date it still has not returned. Relieved of pressure against its valves—at least I assume that was what came to pass—my heart began functioning as I assume a normal heart should function, and at once the sense of oppression in the neighborhood of the heart was gone.

Within the same week I took most joyful note of the fact that I was losing flesh in the vicinities where I mainly craved to lose it—amidships and at the throat. I still had a double chin in front, but the third one, which I carried behind as a spare—the one which ran all the way round my neck and lapped at the back like a clergyman's collar—was melting away. And unless I was woefully mistaken, I no longer had to fight so desperate a battle with the waistband of my trousers when I dressed in the mornings. I was not mistaken. Glory be and likewise selah! My first and second mezzanines were visibly shrinking. By these signs and portents was I stimulated to continue the campaign so auspiciously launched and so satisfactorily progressing.

Thinner and Happier

I shall not deny that in the second week I did some backsliding. The swing of the tour carried me into the South. It was the South in the splendor of the young springtime when the cardinal bird sang his mating song. With brocading dandelions each pasture gloriously became even as the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and lo, the beginning of the strawberry shortcake season overlapped the last of the smoked-hog-jowl-and-turnip-greens period, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land. Figuratively, I was swept off my feet when a noble example of Southern womanhood put before my famished eyes the following items, to wit: About half a bushel of newly picked turnip greens, rearing islandwise above a sloshing sea of pot licker and supporting upon their fronded crests the boiled but impressive countenance of a hickory-cured shote, the whole being garnished with paired-off poached eggs like the topaz eyes of beauteous blond virgins turned soulfully heavenward; and set off by flankings of small piping-hot corn pones made with meal and water and salt and shortening, as Providence intended a proper corn pone should be made. Then the years rolled away like a scroll and once again was I back in the Kentucky foothills, a lean and lathy sprout of a kid, a limber six-foot length of perpendicular appetite; and it was twelve o'clock for some people, but it was dinner time for me!

My glad low gurgle of anticipatory joy smothered the small inner voice of caution as I leaped, as it were, headlong into that bosky dell of young turnip greens. So, having set my feet on the downward path I backslode some more—for behold, what should come along then but an old-fashioned shortcake, fashioned of crisp biscuit dough, with more fresh strawberries bedded down between its multiplied and mounting layers than you could buy at the Fritz-Charlton for a hundred and ninety dollars.

Right then and there was when and where I lost all I had gained in a fortnight of stalwart self-disciplining; rather it was where I regained all I haply had lost. When, gorged and comatose, I staggered from that fair matron's depleted table I should never have dared to trundle over a wooden culvert at faster than four miles an hour. Either I should have slowed down or waited until they could put in some reënforced-concrete underpinnings. I was right back where I had started, and for the moment didn't care a darn, either. Sin is glorious when you sin gloriously.

But I rallied. I retrieved myself. However, I do not take all the credit to myself for this: circumstances favored me. Shortly I quitted the land of temptation where I had been born, and was back again up North living on dining cars and in hotels, with nothing more seductive to resist than processed pastry and machine-made shortcakes and Thousand Island dressing; which made the fight all the easier to win, especially as regards the last named. I sometimes wonder why, with a thousand islands to choose from, the official salad mixer of the average hotel always picks the wrong one.

I kept on. The thing proved magically easy of accomplishment. By the fit of my clothing, if by nothing else, I could have told that several of my more noticeable convexes were becoming plane surfaces and gave promise in due season of becoming almost concave, some of 'em. But there was other and convincing testimony besides. I could tell it by my physical feelings, by my viewpoint, by my enhanced zest for work and for play. Purposely, for the first month I refrained from weighing myself. When I did begin weighing at regular intervals I found I was losing at a rate of between two and three pounds a week. Moreover, I had now proved to my own satisfaction that within sane reasonable limitations I could resume eating most of the things which formerly I ate to excess and which I had altogether eliminated from my menus during the initiatory stages of dieting.

About the time I emerged from the novitiate class I discerned yet one more gratifying fact. If I were in the woods, camping and fishing, or hunting or tramping or riding or taking any fairly arduous form of exercise, I could eat pretty much anything and everything, no matter how fattening it might be.

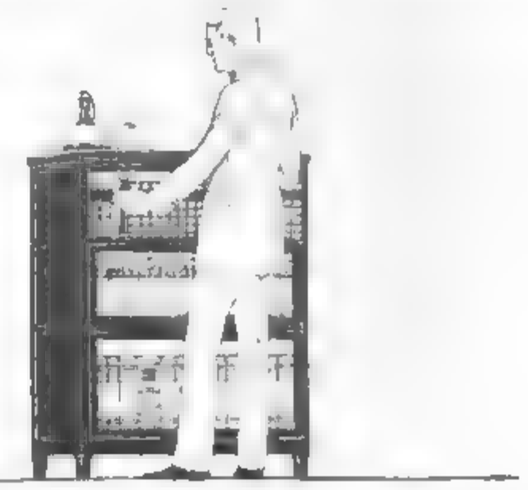
Work in the open air whetted my appetite, but the added exertion burned up the waste matter so that the surplus went into bodily strength instead of into fatty layers. Consumption was larger, but assimilation was perfect.

For my daily life at home, where I am writing this, I have cut out these things: All the cereals; nearly all the white bread; all the hot bread; practically all pastries except very light pastries; white potatoes absolutely; rice to a large extent; sausages and fresh pork and nearly all the ham; cream in my coffee and on fruits; and a few of the starchier vegetables. Of butter and of cheese and of nuts I eat perhaps one-third the amount I used to eat, and of meats, roughly, one-half as much as before the dawn of reason came. Of everything except the items I have just enumerated I eat as freely as I please. And when a person begins to reckon up everything else among the edibles—flesh, fowl, fish, berries, fruits, vegetables and the rest—he finds quite a sizable list.

A Lament for Potatoes

I shall not pretend that I do not pine often for sundry tabooed thungs. Take pies, now—if there is any person alive who likes his pie better than I do he's the king of the pie likers, that's all. And I am desolated at being compelled to bar out the rice—not the gummy, glued-together, sticky, messy stuff which Northerners eat with milk and sugar on it, but real orthodox rice such as only Southerners and Chinamen and East Indians know how to prepare; white and fluffy and washed free of all the lurking library paste; with every grain standing up separate and distinct like well-popped pop corn and treated only with salt, pepper and butter, or with salt, pepper and gravy before being consumed.

And as for white potatoes—well, it distresses me deeply to think that hereafter the Irish potato, except when I'm camping out, will be to me merely something to stopper the spout of a coal-oil can with, or to stab the office pen in on the clerk's desk in an American-plan hotel. For I have ever cherished the Irish potato as one of Nature's most succulent gifts to mankind. I like potatoes all styles and every style, French fried, lyonnaise, O'Brien, shoestring shape, pants-button design, hashed brown, creamed, mashed, stewed, soufflé—if only I know who blew 'em up—and most of all, baked *au naturel* in the union suit. And I miss them and shall keep on missing them. But no longer do I yearn for cream in my coffee, now that it is out of it, and I am getting reconciled to dry toast for breakfast, where once upon a time only members



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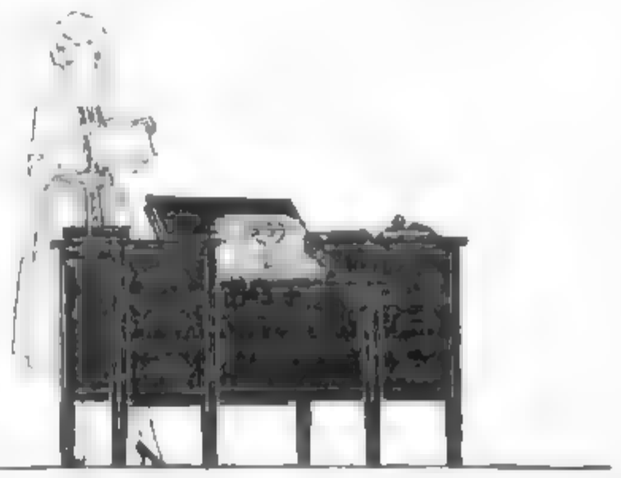

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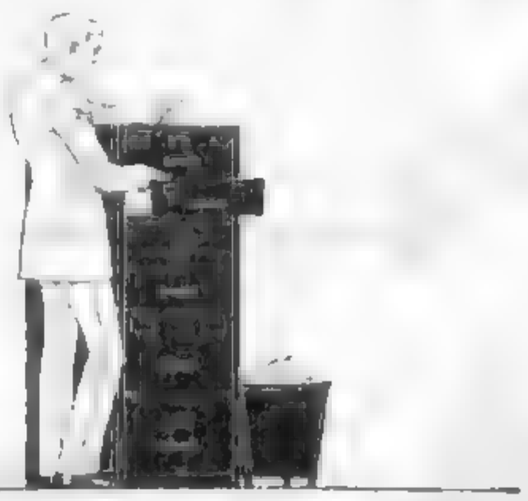

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of the justly famous Flap Jackson family seemed to satisfy.

My advice to the man or the woman who is in the same fix I was in is to go and do likewise, with variations to suit the individual temperament. It means self-denial, but self-denial persevered in is a virtue, and virtue he will find or she will not alone is its own reward but a number of additional rewards as well. Let my late fellow sufferer likewise patronize the gymnasium and the steam room and the cold plunge if he so chooses. If he desires to have automatic pores, all right. As for me, I recall what the Good Book says about the pores which ye have always with ye, and I decline to worry about the present uncultured state of mine. Let him try the electric rollers and the electric baths, if such be his bent; no doubt they have their value. And by all means let him consult a qualified physician if he fears either that he is overdoing or underdoing his Banting. Personally, though, I am satisfied with the plan I tried out, of being my own private test tube.

I claim that I have better information touching on what sustenance I need than any outsider ever can hope to have unless he breaks into me surgically. I claim that a series of rational experiments should tell any rational human how much he needs to eat and what he needs to eat in order to reduce his bulk and yet keep his powers and his bodily vigor unimpaired. I am not speaking now, understand me, of those unfortunates with whom obesity is a disease, but of those who owe their grossness of outline to gluttony. Lacking vital statistics on the subject, I nevertheless dare assert that these latter constitute fully 90 per cent of those among the American people who are distinctly and uncomfortably and frequently unhealthily fat.

Remains but one fly in the ointment. If Tony Sarg or May Wilson Preston or Blumenthal is going to illustrate this treatise, then Tony or Mistress May or Blumy, as the case may be, must revise the old working plans. For my figure is not so much pro as once it was. It is more con, if you get my meaning—the profile curves in toward, instead of being, as formerly, so noticeably from.

Still, I should worry about the troubles of an artist, even though a friend. I weighed myself this morning. Three months ago, when I set out to reduce my belt line and my collar size, I snatched the beam down ker-smack at two hundred and thirty-six pounds, stripped. This morning I weighed exactly one hundred and ninety-seven, including amalgam fillings and the rights of translation into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian.

One hundred and eighty-five pounds is my ultimate aim, and next week I expect to be able to report to inquiring friends further progress. I know exactly where I am going, and I'm on my way. And I feel bully and I'm happy about it and I'm boastfully proud.

Three rousing cheers for lithesome grace regained!

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Cobb

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SOFT CRAWS

(Continued from Page 9)

conceive of a woman with the attractiveness of Madge feeling anything but repulsion for him."

Gertrude had been listening to me intently. Her manner now changed. It became curiously light-hearted. She kissed me affectionately and told me that I was probably right.

"But if he likes her and Madge should happen to fancy him," she said, "what then?"

I told her that out of loyalty to the Henry of old I would do what I could to help him win such a charming woman for his wife.

Gertrude kissed me again.

"Good old Dibsey," she said—for some reason she calls me Dibsey when she is in a particularly pleasant frame of mind—"I knew I could count on you. Suppose we play a foursome this afternoon to help them get acquainted."

"Righto!" I agreed.

II

THE affair between Henry and Madge developed with a rapidity that was astounding. It was apparent from the first that Henry was smitten. He said very little at luncheon, but watched Madge with obvious approval as she and Gertrude chatted about college days.

That same afternoon, as we were attempting to play the foursome we had planned, Henry began the first of his strange advances. At the first tee he took an awkward stance and chopped the ball about thirty yards down the fairway. In the silence which is apt to follow such a stroke he turned and addressed Madge.

"Never did see much in this game," he told her. "Give me a three-ounce rod with something alive at the end of it and I know what to do. This thing"—here he flourished his driver contemptuously—"is—well, it doesn't suit me, that's all."

"You're a fisherman, are you, Mr. Beasly?" asked Madge politely as we went forward from the tee.

I felt that we were on dangerous ground. Later, of course, Madge must be told that Henry's lifework was fishing; but the fact must be broken to her gently and by degrees. I had opened my lips to change the subject, when Gertrude, to my surprise, answered with extraordinary enthusiasm:

"He's an expert, my dear. Just recently he caught nine catalinas at Rainbow Island."

"Really? How wonderful!" said Madge, with an admiring look at Henry.

Henry explained to Gertrude that it was tuna he fished for at Catalina Island, not rainbow trout. Then again addressing Madge he said that tuna ran from fifty to several hundred pounds in weight. Arriving at his ball he stood beside it and described tuna fishing to her at some length.

"Would you mind playing, Hen?" I said "We're holding up the people behind us."

He apologized and at once drove diagonally across the fairway into the rough.

"As I was saying," he resumed, falling into step beside Madge, "the lure used for tuna is flying fish, either trolled behind the boat or suspended sometimes in, sometimes out of the water from a kite. When the tuna strikes, you ——"

"Here's your ball, Hen," I said.

"Thanks," he acknowledged, and shot the ball into a ravine just ahead.

As we advanced towards its edge Henry halted suddenly.

"By Jove!" he said. "That ravine is exactly like a ravine on the west branch of the Broadhead in Pennsylvania. The stream curves around a bluff like that over there and sweeps south. There is a pool about halfway down the ravine. It's too deep to wade. You fish it from the east bank. I've taken some lunkers out of there with a dry fly early in the season. Later they want grasshoppers."

"Will tunas eat a tiny little grasshopper?" asked Gertrude interestedly.

"I'm speaking of trout now," explained Henry. "Hey, boy!" he called to the caddie. "Throw that ball up out of that. I'll just take a whack at it from here."

We managed to play eight holes before dark. That was the last of our golfing together.

It was nearly the last of any companionship between the four of us. I had intended, the following day, to give up my usual morning's work in the study and my afternoon on the links to entertaining our guests. I attempted to put this into effect by joining Madge and Henry, who had gone out into the garden together shortly after breakfast. I had put down Henry's unfortunate discussion of fishing the day before to embarrassment. A frightful duffer at golf, the poor fellow had simply taken refuge in a topic about which he could speak with authority.

As I strolled along the garden path and caught a sudden view of our guests I stopped to observe the pleasant picture they made. They had lingered by the sun dial. Madge was idly tracing the Latin numbers on its face with a slim finger as she listened to what Henry was saying. And Henry! As I noticed the intentness of his look, the earnestness with which he was speaking, my heart went out to him. A charming woman, in a garden new washed with dew and bathed in sunshine, had obviously awakened all the poetry in Henry's nature. He was bending toward Madge

(Continued on Page 85)

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WDT

(Continued from Page 82)

with an almost boyish eagerness that made me think of him as he had been in days gone by. This was something like it, I thought. It might even be possible that no woman could resist such passionate devotion. At that moment I sincerely hoped so.

I was about to withdraw quietly, when there came a shift in the breeze and Henry's words floated to me over a row of hollyhocks.

"And that salmon," I heard, "headed straight down-stream into the rapids. He fought forty-five minutes, so the guide told me afterwards."

I all but staggered where I stood. Was it possible the fellow thought the relating of piscatorial achievements was the way to a woman's heart? It began to look like it. I joined them abruptly and launched at once into an interesting account of my match with Hooper in the finals for the club cup.

I had described each play carefully up to the twelfth hole, I think it was, when Gertrude called my name and I was forced to excuse myself for a moment. Hurrying to the house I asked her with some impatience why she had called.

"I thought you wanted to finish that article," she explained.

"My dear," I said, "that article can wait. I told you yesterday I'd help with your plan. Well—I meant it. I intend to give up everything else. I must get back to them at once."

"It's awfully good of you, Dibsey," said Gertrude, "but I think they can take care of themselves this morning. It isn't necessary for you to give up your work."

"It isn't necessary, eh?" I said. "Do you know what he was doing when I joined them just now? Talking about fish!"

"Was he?" exclaimed Gertrude, brightening. "That's splendid!"

"Splendid?" I repeated. "It's fatal! She can't stand much more of it. That's certain."

"Yes, she can," Gertrude assured me. "Fishing is sacred with him. He's paying her the biggest sort of compliment. He's laying his fish at her feet. She understands."

"Do you think an intelligent woman can listen to fish stories from morning to night?" I scoffed.

"Do you happen to remember," asked Gertrude dreamily, "what you talked to me about, the summer before you proposed?"

"I do not," I replied. "I trust I had more than one topic of conversation."

"Yes, you had two," Gertrude informed me. "Yourself and golf."

I said no more. I simply went to my study, where I remained until luncheon. That afternoon I played my usual round with Hooper and continued my regular itinerary for the rest of the week, washing my hands of the whole affair.

On Thursday morning, I think it was, I heard voices outside my study window. Until that moment I had not the slightest idea that Henry's extraordinary method of wooing would prove anything but disastrous. I was entirely unprepared, therefore, for what I saw when I looked out.

Madge and Henry were on the lawn. Henry had a fishing rod in his hand. They were standing close together. Henry was talking, Madge was listening—this was to be expected—but Madge was looking up at him with intentness, almost adoration in her face. Her expression was so unguarded that I felt like an eavesdropper. I was turning from the window when Henry handed the rod to Madge with a gesture that one might use in presenting a sacred relic or the crown jewels of an empire.

"Now," said he, "with the wrist as I have shown you, cast for that bed of what-you-may-call-'ems over there."

"They're peonies," said Madge.

"All right; peonies," said Henry. "Now cast."

"I'm terribly frightened," breathed Madge. "This is your best rod, isn't it?"

"My best," Henry assured her. "But not too good for you," he added with a deeply meaning look. At this point he happened to see me.

"Oh, hello!" he said with some confusion. "Are we disturbing you? I was just showing the little girl how to use a fly rod."

I told them I was not being disturbed and returned to my desk.

That night when Madge and Gertrude had gone upstairs and I was about to suggest to Henry that we also turn in, he selected a chair, lit a cigar, and after puffing at it in silence for a moment suddenly addressed me.

"Nothing in this bachelor business, old man," he said gruffly without meeting my eye.

I told him I had found a home and a wife more than compensation for the loss of a certain amount of freedom and lack of responsibility.

"Yes," he agreed doubtfully. "I don't know about the home part of it. I've always thought of a wife as a good pal to knock about with. I've been rather on the lookout for a teachable, understanding sort of girl who could learn to handle herself on a stream or in a canoe. I've been so busy that I never ran across one until—well, until now." He turned and met my eye.

"You mean——" I looked significantly toward the ceiling.

He nodded.

"She's the first woman," he confided to me, "who has a natural understanding of the thousand and one details necessary to successful fishing. If things go well I hope to spend the next few years developing her aptitude for the art, or rather science, to which I am devoted. In short, I hope to make an angler of her."

I asked him whether Madge had consented to taking him on as a permanent fishing instructor.

"Well, no," said Henry. "I haven't asked her outright as yet, but I have reason to hope. Just to-day, for instance, she said a beautiful thing: 'Life is a game,' she said. 'An expert fisherman is only playing a different game from the statesman or musician or sculptor. I can understand now how it takes the same skill to land a salmon that it does to write a poem or model a statue.' Those were almost her exact words," he informed me in a voice that shook with emotion.

"I remember what you said about her laughing at men," he went on after a pause. "I wondered about that at first. I understand it perfectly now. A girl like her must have a man she can respect. He must be an expert in his line—whatever it is. Well, whenever a dub wanted to marry her she simply laughed at him. You can't blame her."

It was Gertrude who suggested the motor ride the next day. I have often reminded her of that. She did it as we rose from luncheon. She suggested that we all take a drive that afternoon, returning for a late supper.

As we sat in the motor waiting for our guests I asked Gertrude why she had suggested the drive.

"She's had him steadily for a week and a half," Gertrude explained. And added, "Didn't you notice at luncheon?"

"Notice what?" I asked.

Gertrude gave me a significant look. "She wanted to giggle," she said tensely. At this moment Madge and Henry appeared in the front door. Gertrude raised her voice. "Suppose we let the men sit in front, Madge dear," she suggested.

I had selected a road for the drive which I thought would bring us out through some hilly country rare in our section of the state. We reached these hills at last and coasted down a winding road into a peaceful looking valley. Suddenly we were confronted by an iron bridge, and a moment later saw that it spanned a sizable stream.

Henry clutched my arm in a grip of steel. "Stop!" he cried.

I jammed on the brakes. We came to a halt just at the edge of the bridge. I turned to him, thinking his hat had blown off, and saw him staring at something below and to the right of the bridge. Following his glance I beheld a figure. With his back against a towering sycamore tree on the edge of the stream was a man—an old man. He was fishing. Henry got out of the car and walked to the edge of the bridge.

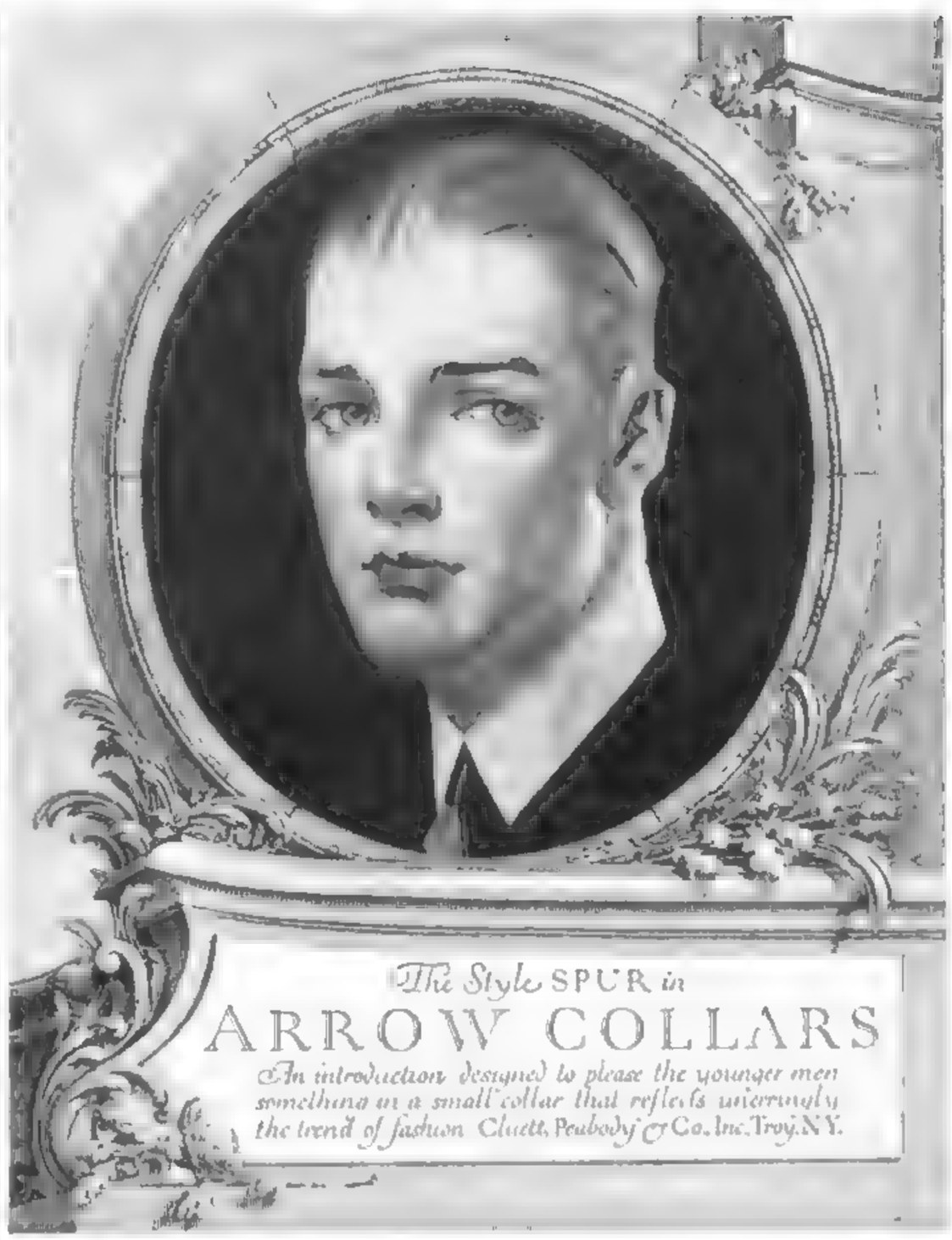
"Any luck?" he called.

For reply the fisherman reached down at his side, seized a bit of line tied to a root, and lifted out of the water three or four sizable fish that flapped a vigorous protest.

"Black bass!" breathed Henry. He turned to us for a moment with the expression of a pilgrim before Mecca. "Black bass!" he repeated. His glance focused sternly on me. "I thought you said there was no fishing."

"I didn't know there was, Hen," I faltered. "Are those good fish?"

"Good?" said Henry. "They're black bass!" He almost screamed the words. "Let's go home right now. I've got to get out my tackle. No—wait! I'll have a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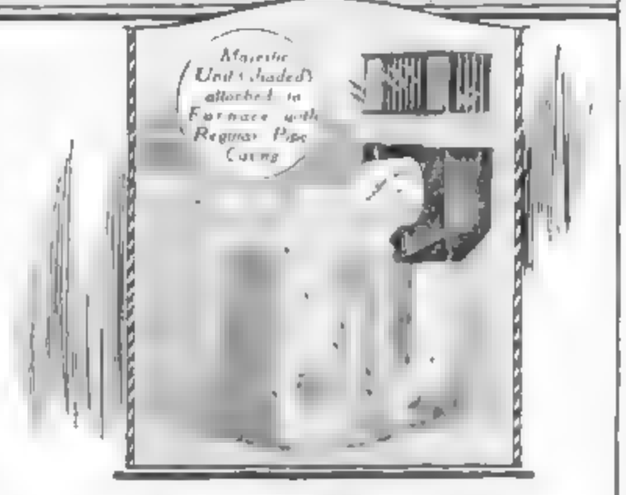

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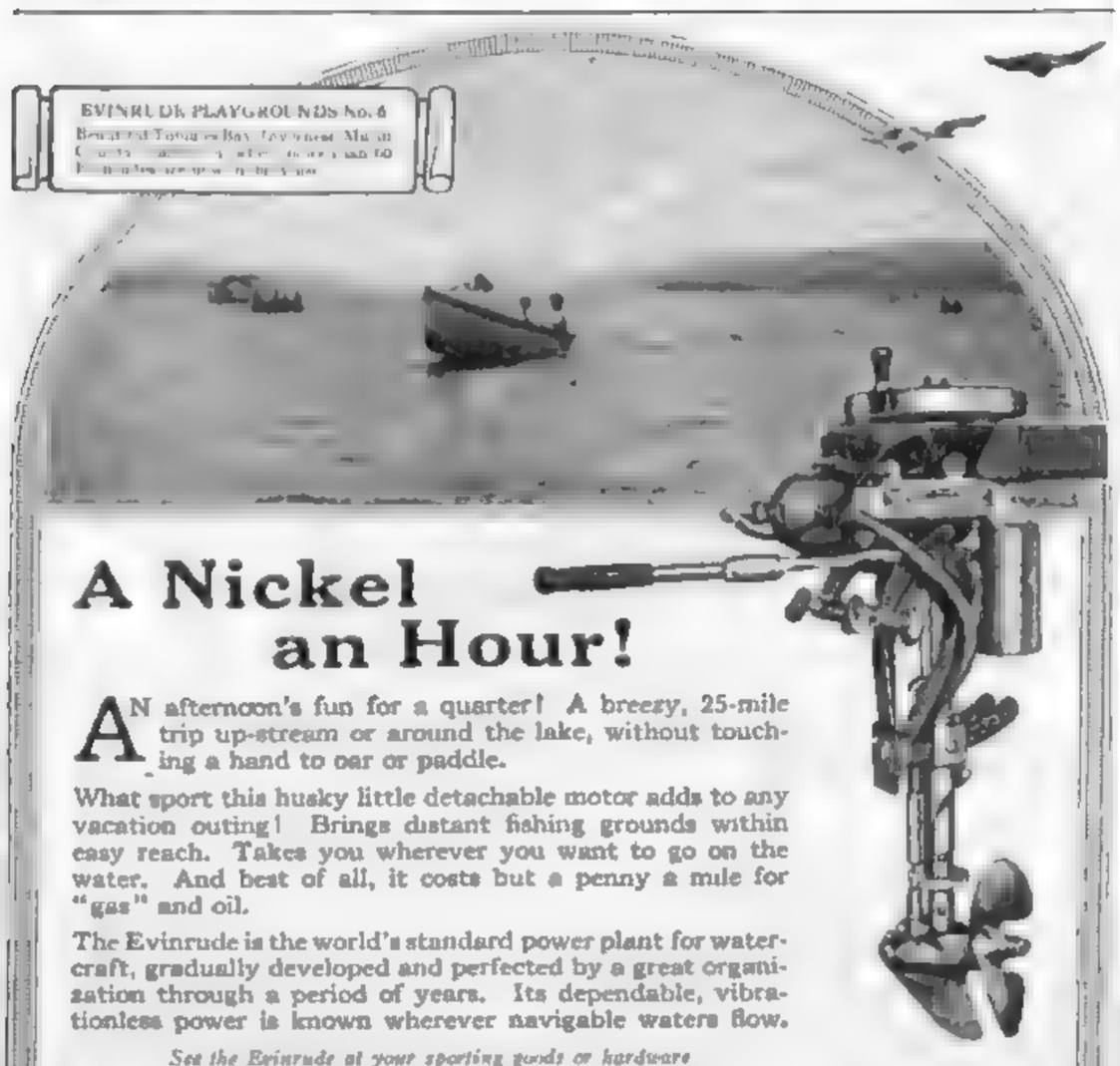

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talk with him." He darted to the steplike bridge abutment, descended it in three leaps and engaged the fisherman in conversation. The word "dam" floated up to us repeatedly.

"Why should he keep swearing at the old man?" asked Madge.

I turned to her and thought I saw an impish light dancing in her green eyes.

"He's not swearing," said Gertrude severely. "They're talking about a place to fish."

This proved to be correct.

"He says there's a pool three miles down," Henry explained as he returned, "that's the best water on the stream. It's below a wooden dam. You follow the road on the other side. We'll give it a try to-morrow. That is," he added, recollecting himself for a moment, "if you are all willing."

"Of course we're willing," said Gertrude. "We'll bring a picnic luncheon and stay all day. We'll drive home now and you can unpack your fishpoles and things to-night, Mr. Beasly."

"Would you mind getting a fairly early start to-morrow?" asked Henry as he climbed into the motor. "The morning fishing is best for bass as a rule."

"Certainly not," Gertrude told him. "We'll have breakfast at seven o'clock if you say so—or is that too early?"

Our breakfast hour was nine o'clock. Madge had appeared each morning at anywhere from nine-thirty to ten. She now gave Gertrude a startled look.

"It seems a little early to me," she murmured.

Henry regarded her for a moment with a fondly superior smile.

"We should be on the stream by not later than six o'clock," he announced. "Five would be better at this time of year, but six will do."

"Oh," said Madge weakly.

A sudden silence fell upon us. Gertrude spoke up heroically.

"What a lark!" she said. "We'll have to get up at four. I haven't seen the sun rise in I don't know when."

We three had little to say as we drove home. Henry, on the contrary, was bubbling with plans for the next day. He devoted an hour that evening to unpacking and bringing down from his room the most extraordinary amount of fishing tackle I had ever seen. As he made trip after trip up and down stairs and the pile grew I wondered how it would be possible to get it all into the motor the following morning. I asked him if all the things he had brought down were necessary.

"Absolutely," he told me. "I'm only selecting tackle that may be essential." He ran his eye speculatively over the pile. "By Jove! I've forgotten a minnow seine," he said, and dived hurriedly for the stairs.

Madge, who had heard my question and Henry's reply, came and looked thoughtfully at the mountain of impedimenta in the hall.

"I don't understand it," she said at last. "Do you?"

"Understand what?"

"The old man at the bridge to-day," she explained, "had nothing but a fishing pole and line, so far as I could see. How do you account for it?"

I could not account for it. I said so frankly. I suggested that she ask Henry. She did so when he returned.

Henry laughed heartily at the question.

"Do you think that old yokel was a fisherman?" he inquired.

"He was catching fish," suggested Madge.

"My dear girl," said Henry in the voice and manner of an instructor in his classroom, "as I have explained to you frequently, fishing is an art and a science. It requires deep study and thorough knowledge of the habits of the fish one is attempting to take. In this way one learns the various lures which may be used for each species. All game fishes are extremely variable in their habits of feeding. Take the black bass, for instance. The small-mouthed black bass is one of the shyest and most variable of all fresh-water fish. It is true that on certain days he will take almost anything—worms, for example. I have no doubt the old man we saw fishing to-day was using the one bait of which he has any knowledge—namely, worms. It happened that the bass would take worms to-day.

"You see here," he went on with a wave of the hand at the pile of contraptions, "the last word in scientific bass tackle. It may be that to-morrow the fish will not be striking readily. I hope this is so. It will give me an opportunity of showing you the great number of lures and methods at my command. Not until you have witnessed a skilled fisherman pitting his knowledge against a wary and reluctant adversary can you fully understand the amount of practice and study required in scientific fishing."

As Henry finished speaking I observed that Madge was regarding him with the same rapt expression I had noticed in her face as she stood on the lawn. She now heaved a sigh.

"It's so tremendously difficult," she said, "I'd never be able to do it in the world."

Henry looked at her tenderly.

"It's not so difficult as it sounds," he encouraged. "It takes a real love and appreciation of the art and"—he either forgot or chose to ignore my presence as he placed a hand over one of hers and added in a low voice—"a year or two of careful instruction."

Having seen what I had seen I was willing to admit that Henry's angling courtship had triumphed. I told Gertrude as we were retiring that I thought they were engaged.

"Not yet," said Gertrude, "but I think they will be to-morrow night."

"Why to-morrow night?" I asked.

"Don't you see what's happened? He's only told her about his fishing so far. Now he'll show her how marvelously he does it, and then ask her to fish the stream of life with him—or something like that. It's working out splendidly. She was beginning to get a little restless. P was worried at luncheon to-day. This will settle it. A man is always at his best doing something he does well. I'm so glad I suggested the drive. How does this alarm clock work? I must set it for four-thirty."

III

WE ARRIVED at the dam specified by the yokel, as Henry had called him, just as the sun peeped over the surrounding hills.

Henry, having unloaded his tackle on the bank, began to array himself in something like a diver's suit and shoes. For a moment I thought he was about to descend below the surface of the pool to take observations. This proved to be a mistake.

"I shall now wade the pool, using a fly," he explained. "I shall try a Parmachene Belle. If you will sit there"—he indicated a row of logs which served as the apron of the dam—"you will be in the best position to see everything I do."

He addressed himself to Madge, but Gertrude and I followed her example and seated ourselves where he had directed.

Henry waded out from the bank. When waist deep he raised his rod, flourished it a few times and cast.

It was a great moment. Madge and Gertrude were absolutely tense. Even I felt a decided thrill as the line shot out over the water, the fly at the end descending gently upon the surface of the pool. For a breathless instant we waited. Nothing happened. Henry simply drew the fly towards him, jerked it out of the water and cast again. He continued to do this until my attention wavered slightly. I began to notice that the log on which I sat was quite damp and rather bumpy. I selected another, but soon found it to be exactly like the first. I stood up promptly when Henry waded from the water and addressed us. So did Madge. So did Gertrude.

"You've noticed that the bass are not rising to the fly," said Henry.

We agreed that we had. He went to his pile of paraphernalia and returned.

"I shall now use a Kalamazoo Wobbler on a casting rod," he stated. "Just sit down where you are."

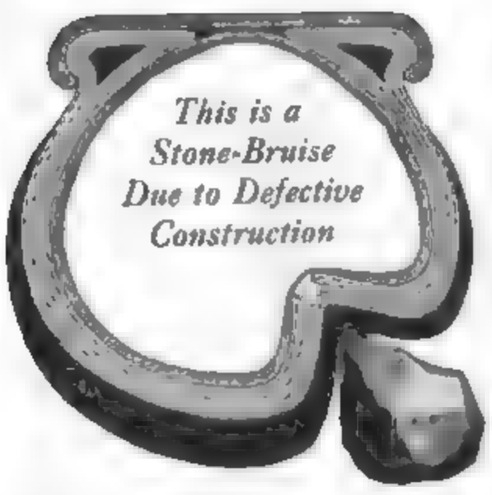
We obeyed. Once more Henry waded into the water. Once more the rod waved. There was a splash in the center of the pool. My heart leaped. Then I discovered that the Wobbler had caused the splash and Henry was now reeling it rapidly in. He continued to cast and reel in, cast and reel in. He was more than patient, I thought, with the Kalamazoo Wobbler. At last he returned to the bank. We had all risen some little time before.

"A Jenkins Floater," said Henry presently, dangling a small shiny contrivance on the end of his line as he descended into the pool. "I wouldn't stand," he called. "They can see your shadows on the water."

I selected the smoothest log available as we again sat down. I thought I heard Madge sigh. Henry cast the Jenkins

(Continued on Page 88)

A Trouble Proof Tire



The above illustration shows a tire due for a blow-out. It has been stone-bruised, the result of a tire defect made worse by a hard blow while running. The fabric, strained or buckled in the process of making, cannot resist the wear and tear, and a stone-bruise almost finishes the tire.

This is what happens after the tire, further weakened by a stone-bruise, is kept in service. We guarantee Hydro-Toron tires against such troubles, also against rim-cut, because the fabric in these tires is not broken, blistered, buckled or strained in the making. Read the answer—our internal hydraulic expansion process.

If you sell tires, write at once on your own letterhead to our nearest office for information on how to make more money in the tire business.

If you use tires, send us your dealer's name and we will send you a beautiful catalog and arrange with your dealer so you can secure Hydro-Toron tires.

No risk — no guessing — no doubtful adjustments—when you buy Hydro-Toron Tires. Every mile *built into* one of these tires is a mile of sure road service.

Our written guarantee of 10,000 miles includes stone-bruise, rim-cut and blow-out, which cause a big percentage of tire troubles.

We are able to do this because our internal hydraulic expansion process of tire making, and the wonderful Toron fabric of which each layer is made, combine to produce a tire that delivers the full rated mileage.

Hydro-Toron tires are oversize—as big as most cord tires. The internal hydraulic expansion process and the Toron fabric result in a tire of extraordinary quality and long life.

The Hydro-Toron tire, after being built up on a collapsible iron core, is laid in the lower half of the mold, and the upper half is then placed upon it gently, without the least crushing, grinding pressure to cause any part of the uncured tire to become misplaced or bruised.

Before going into the mold a heavy fabric bag, strong enough to hold water under pressure, is placed in the tire itself. Then the mold containing tire and bag go into the vulcanizer. The bag is pumped full of water heated to the proper vulcanizing temperature and the right pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch is applied *inside the tire.*

Perfect vulcanization, both from the inside and outside, with *all the pressure from within*, produce a flawless tire. It comes from the vulcanizer with every layer, the tread, the cushion, etc., in proper place—without buckles, blisters, bulges or skips to cause trouble after the tire is in use.

HYDRO-TORON
Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process
TIRES

The wonderful internal hydraulic expansion process makes it possible for us to say that Hydro-Toron tires are in practically all cases unblemished; that there are no "seconds"; that separations, with resulting stone-bruise, rim-cut and blow-out, are so nearly unknown that we are able to guarantee 10,000 miles of road service against these common troubles.

Besides this new method of making, Hydro-Toron tires are *maximum mileage* tires as a result of the Toron fabric used throughout. Every layer is Toron—a fabric so treated that it has a definite affinity for rubber and resists the damaging effects of water and air.

Toron waterproofs the fabric down to the tiniest canal and cell in the fabric—causes more rubber to remain in the fabric.

The holding power of layers to each other, of tread and cushion stock and all parts of the tire, is vastly increased—50% greater, in fact, than with fabric not Toron treated.

Toron (No-Rot) Waterproof Fabric

Toron (No-Rot) Waterproof Fabric possesses a much greater tensile strength. This strength is more evenly distributed.

Toron fabric not only prolongs the life of tires on the wheels, but retards spare tires and tires on the dealer's racks from going bad. The Toron *seals* the tire—fabric and rubber—against the different forms of deterioration. Thousands of these tires are in use. We are making the foregoing statements after knowing what they will do. "Seconds" are practically eliminated.

Remember, our 10,000 mile written guarantee protects you against stone-bruise, rim-cut and blow-out. If such a thing does happen to a Hydro-Toron on your car, we consider it a defect and settle with you on that basis. **For all of this you pay no more than for any standard fabric tire.**

Write to us and we will tell you how and where to buy Hydro-Toron Tires. They should be your next choice.

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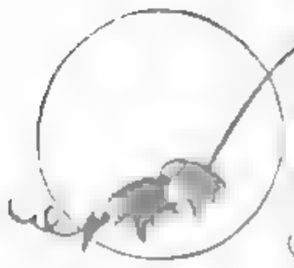
Guaranteed for 10,000 Miles Against Stone Bruise Rim-Cut Blow-Out

as per Complete Guarantee Attached to Each Tire



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Crushed or Grated

For making pies and puddings for salads and desserts, or for serving just as it comes from the container, Hawaiian Crushed or Grated Canned Pineapple is the most convenient pineapple to use.

Hawaiian Crushed or Grated Pineapple is genuine, sun-ripened fruit, packed before sundown on the day that it is picked; thus all its native flavor and lusciousness are preserved.

Buy it at your grocer's, in half dozen or dozen lots. It will keep perfectly until you are ready for its use, and it will always come in handy for the emergency.

At the soda fountain ask for Hawaiian Pineapple drinks and sundaes.

Send for our recipe book describing many attractive ways to serve this delicious fruit.

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Here is a delicious drink that can be quickly prepared with Hawaiian Crushed or Grated Pineapple

Pineapple Hi-Ball—2 cups Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple juice, 2 cups carbonated water. Add carbonated water to the pineapple juice and serve with cracked ice

HAWAIIAN
CRUSHED OR GRATED
PINEAPPLE

(Continued from Page 86)

Floater many times in vain. Likewise the Penobscot Teaser; and after that the Delaware Coaxer proved untrue to its name.

Madge, who had shifted her position from log to log several times, now called to Henry.

"Perhaps this isn't a good place," she suggested. "Perhaps we'd better go somewhere else."

Henry was burrowing in the tackle pile. He answered without looking up.

"This is a splendid piece of water," he said. "I haven't begun to fish it yet."

Madge looked almost wildly at Gertrude. Gertrude turned to me.

"Get the cushions out of the motor," she directed.

Madge promptly embraced her. As I hastened to carry out the suggestion I thanked God I had married such a woman.

I am unable—I must confess it—to give an accurate account of the fishing exhibition from this point on. The cushions had a curious tendency to rob me of the proper alertness of mind necessary to take in its details. I remember falling into a sort of stupor as the sun got higher and warmer. I was dimly aware of the hills about us and the far blue sky above. I heard, as in a dream, the sound of the stream plunging over the center of the dam. I had a feeling that eternity would thus pass, while I listened to the constant voice of falling waters punctuated by the splash of Henry's lures upon that unresponsive pool. So the morning wore away and lunchtime came.

Henry consumed two sandwiches. His manner was a little feverish, I thought. He did not mention the satisfaction he must have felt at finding the bass so acutely wary and reluctant. Nor did he refer in any way to yokels. He simply bolted his sandwiches and returned to the pool.

From then on Henry's efforts became prodigious. He turned over huge stones in a rapids lower down the stream to secure particularly offensive-looking creatures which he called hellgramite. He dug out great hunks of sod from the banks in search of worms. He rolled over tremendous logs to get at the abode of some loathsome-looking white grubs. He charged up and down the rapids with the minnow seine he had nearly forgotten the night before. He left the stream and staggered heavily about a near-by field in the beating sun, pursuing some remarkably active grasshoppers.

With all these things and more I have forgotten he fished in a veritable frenzy, but without result.

The shadows had grown long, the hills had turned to purple, evening was almost upon us when he gave up at last, came and sank down on the bank beside his array of fishing tackle. He did not join us on the dam. From where he sat he explained that on certain days fish absolutely would not feed.

"It's what's called an off day," he said. "Nothing on earth will induce a bass to strike on an off day like this. I'm sorry for your sake," he told Madge, "but you've seen scientific fishing at any rate."

"Yes, indeed!" said Madge. "It's been wonderful."

Gertrude murmured something about better luck next time. Henry did not reply. He got up wearily and began to remove his wading outfit.

At this moment a boy appeared at the edge of the pool. He had come down through the undergrowth from a small cabin perched in a clearing above the stream. He had on blue overalls, a black calico shirt and a white muslin cap with a visor. Across the front of the cap was the word "Gianta" in striking red letters. He carried a long cane fishing pole over his shoulder.

"Ah," said Madge softly. "Another fisherman."

The boy regarded us for a moment with an expression that was startling. I have never seen more concentrated fury on any countenance. The thought came to me that we were trespassing in his favorite pool.

"We're just leaving," I assured him.

He continued to stare at us gloomily, but finally told us that he had to catch a couple of bass for his grandmother. He called her "granmaw" and added unexpectedly, "Durn it!"

"Don't you like to fish?" asked Madge.

"Naw," said the boy, and explained that he wanted to play ball.

We had passed a schoolhouse several hundred yards up the road that morning. I remembered that for the past hour a chorus of shrill voices had risen faintly now and then above the sound of rushing water. This and the cap he wore accounted for the spectacle of a boy fishing against his will.

He straightway got at it. Wading into a shallow cove he stooped and felt about among the stones for a moment. Securing something or other he baited his hook and swung it carelessly into the pool.

"Poor urchin," I thought, and was just turning to help Henry get his impedimenta into the car when I heard Madge gasp and Gertrude scream.

As if in a dream I saw the long cane pole bending toward the water. There was a short struggle, a heave of the pole, and a great fish, glistening in the light from the setting sun, curved through the air and landed with a thud on the bank.

Once more the boy stooped among the stones. Once more he carelessly flipped his bait into the water. Once more the pole bent, the small arms heaved, and out came a fish even larger than the first, to land flapping among the grass and weeds on the bank.

Until that moment Madge, Gertrude and I had been utterly absorbed by the miracle just described. We now remembered Henry. We turned to him simultaneously.

Henry was gazing across the pool. His eyes were bulging. His mouth was undeniably open.

Automatically, like a man in a trance, he addressed the miracle worker.

"What bait did you use?"

The boy had picked up the two fish required of him, stuck his pole over his shoulder and begun to climb the bank. At the top of the bank he paused for an instant.

"What say?" he called above the noise of the water.

"What did you use to catch those bass?" Henry repeated.

The boy regarded Henry for a moment with the doubtful look with which one meets an obvious question.

"What would anybody use this time of the year?" he demanded. And added before he turned and disappeared in the undergrowth, "Soft craws."

Henry did not move. He continued to stare at the spot where the boy had disappeared.

Gertrude now attempted to turn defeat into victory. "Get some soft craws, Mr. Beasly," she called eagerly. "We'll be glad to wait."

Henry only shook his head.

"Go ahead, Hen," I urged. "We've got an hour of daylight left. Get some of the things and start in."

Henry glanced dazedly about him at the welter of rods, reels, nets, waders, tackle of all description, then turned to us with an expression hard to describe. It was a mixture of agony and shame.

"I can't," he said hoarsely. "I don't know what they are."

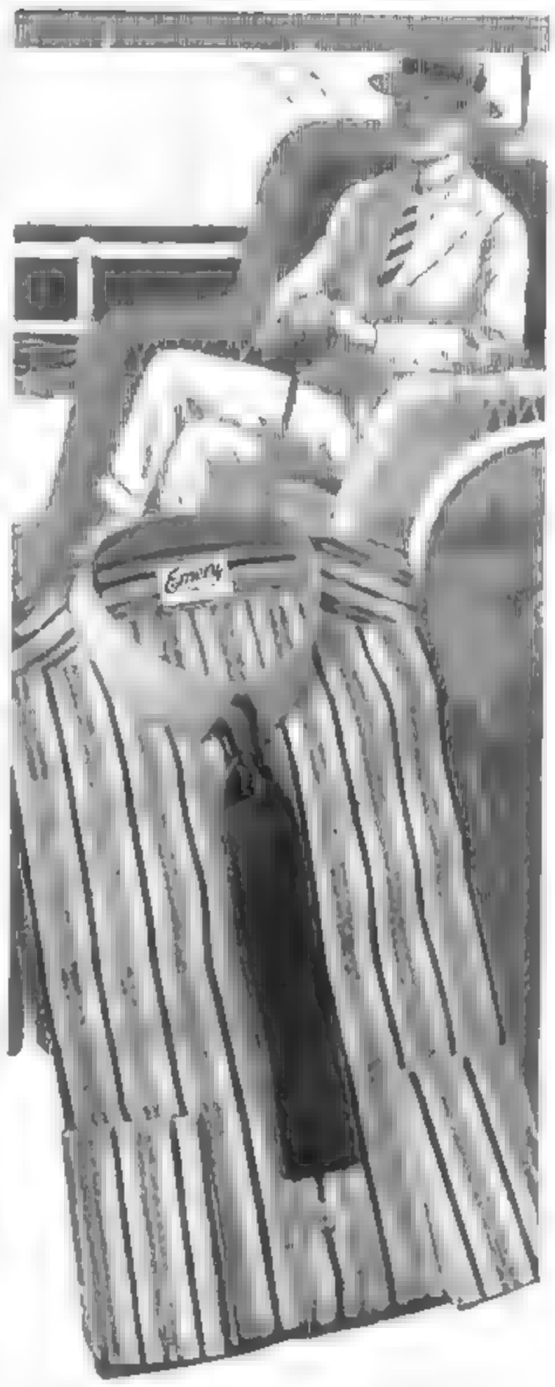
The day had been filled with surprises, but the last was, I think, the most dumfounding. Madge was primarily responsible for it. Without the slightest warning she began to emit a series of choking gasps. These grew in violence until she seemed about to strangle. Before this quite occurred, however, she broke into shriek on shriek, staggering blindly about the apron of the dam. Encountering Gertrude, she clung to her for support while paroxysm after paroxysm shook her.

And now, to add to the horror of the scene, Gertrude was smitten. Her seizure came upon her after a struggle. Her face grew pink, then red, then crimson. Her eyes started from her head. At last she surrendered with the same utter abandon as Madge. From then on they clung to each other, weaving helplessly back and forth.

Henry watched them with awful dignity, his arms folded on his chest. I made my way quickly to his side, but found I could think of nothing to say. It was also impossible to meet his eye. I simply started putting his things into the car while those two graceless females continued to cling to each other on the apron of the dam.

I have never had a more painful experience than the drive home. Henry sat in front with me in a frozen silence which I made no attempt to break. What could I say when now and then sudden suppressed snorts and gurgles, which at times became positive cackles, would rise above the hum of the motor?

Henry departed on an early train next day. So far as I know he did not see Madge before he left.



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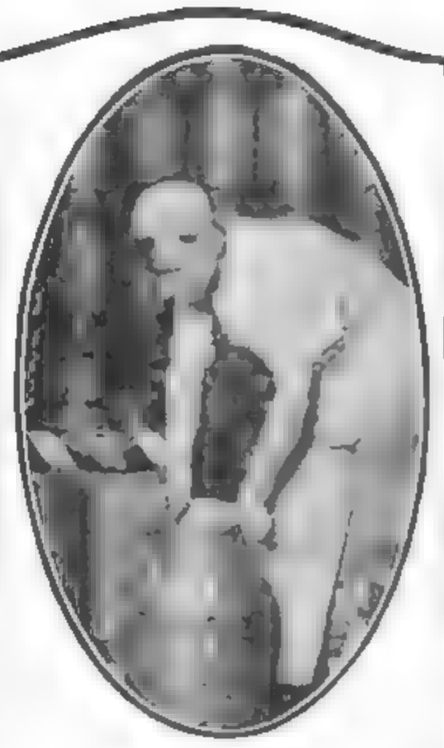

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THE NEW LIGHT ON BURNS

(Continued from Page 19)

wound is kept cool and moist and soft. In the course of a few days the injured area is changed from an absorbing surface into a pouring-out one, and the patient is thus protected in large measure from the poisons of his own injured tissues, taking roughly from three days to a week to reach the same result as the radical treatment does in an hour.

In this method the burn which is best dressed is least dressed, in the sense of thickness and density of coverings. All oils or pastes or thick salves are especially avoided, because they prevent the cooling evaporation and also the outward flow of poisonous substances. Light touches of them may be used on the skin around the edges of the burn to keep the dressings from sticking. But if they are changed frequently enough this should hardly be necessary.

In some cases in which the whole circumference of the limb is scorched so that its under surface cannot be cooled by these evaporating dressings a specially shaped trough, or elongated can constructed of tin, is filled with the desired solution and the limb kept in a continuous bath, with, of course, frequent changes of the water. The water may have antiseptics added to it, or, what is more common, salt enough to make it a little denser or thicker than the blood of the patient, which will result, by what is known as the law of osmosis, in setting up a flow of fluid from the patient's blood vessels into the bath solution, which again washes out the poisons. Blood is usually thicker than water, but the relation can be reversed if you use salt enough. By an apparent contradiction even such a smarting substance as salt, if added to water till the density or specific gravity of blood serum is reached, makes a soothing solution instead of an irritating one.

In very extensive burns the whole body is immersed in a bathtub filled with such saline solutions and the patient kept continuously in it for days at a stretch, which often gives heavenly relief from pain.

Now comes the second part of the new treatment. As soon as the injured surface has been cleared of all its poisonous burned proteins and a steady outward flow set up from it—that is to say, twenty-four hours by the radical method, and from five days to two weeks under the conservative—it becomes necessary to replace the skin, so to speak, or to put on artificial protective coating under which the new skin can grow and spread. Various substances have been used for this—thick vaseline pastes, plates of wax or strips of oiled silk—but the one which gives far and away the best results, and next after unpoisoning is the greatest advance in burn treatment in the past twenty years, is paraffin. This firm white mineral wax, closely resembling in appearance the old-fashioned white or purified beeswax, is blended into a careful mixture of hard paraffin and soft paraffin so as to make a wax which is soft enough—that is to say, has a low enough melting point—to be melted and sprayed over the surface without causing pain by its heat, but at the same time is hard enough to remain solid and firm at the temperature of the body.

The Paraffin Mask

The whole healing wound surface is carefully cleaned and dried and then sprayed over with the melted paraffin. As soon as this first layer is cooled and set a layer of thinnest cotton batting is applied and another coat sprayed over this, until finally a close-fitting mask of the entire surface is produced.

Now comes the singular and unexpected part of the process. Although the scorch may have been so severe and so deep that it looked as if every particle of scarf skin, or flat epithelium, had been utterly destroyed, under the moist, sheltering, hothouse protection of the paraffin mask tiny islands of new skin spring up as if by magic all over the healing surface and proceed over the ground in every direction, like pumpkin vines in midsummer.

What is really happening is that even though all the skin cells of the flat surface may have been destroyed, the little ducts of the sweat glands and of the hair bulbs dip down deeply almost to the muscles below, and so have escaped injury, and from the points where they come up to the surface little islands of new skin blossom and spread rapidly towards each other. Under the old methods these little flecks of epithelium would have been so drugged by the burn poisons as to be almost paralyzed and incapable of healthy new growth, and later choked by the grip of the thick contracting scars.

At all events, so promptly and swiftly do they respond and spread under the new methods that the use of skin grafts, taken from other parts of the patient's body, or from the arm of some courageous and devoted volunteer, has become almost unnecessary since the paraffin treatment has been widely used.

Last but by no means least of its blessed results, the thick scars that used invariably to follow burns of any severity have been strikingly lessened or avoided entirely. This is due to the relief of pain and the doubled rapidity of healing, no longer keeping the damaged area intensely irritated for weeks at a stretch and gorged with blood, pouring out its scar cement, with which it is devotedly but most clumsily attempting to plaster over the open surface.

As these scars, when they harden, shorten markedly at the same time, if they happen to pass across a joint or from the body to the neck or jaw, they will often produce the most unsightly contractions, and even cripplings and deformities, nearly all of which are now avoided by unpoisoning and paraffin. Furthermore, these thick scars choke and destroy the sweat glands under them, so that even when healed the skin over them, deprived of its natural lubricant, is dry, harsh and intensely itchy and subject to cracks.

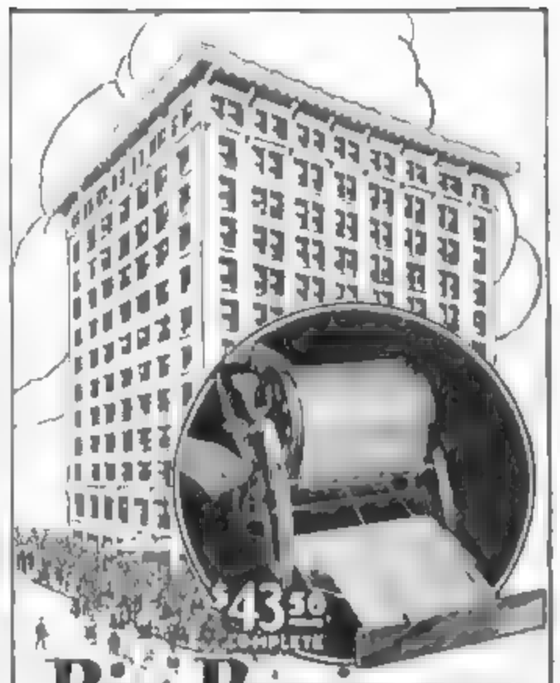
New Home Methods

Such are the precision and accuracy of the new methods that they will not only save life in tragic cases, but also offer aid to the home treatment of mild or comparatively trifling burns. Such little scorches may be gently washed with boiled water, and then, because these burn poisons are usually acid in their reaction, coated over thickly with a soft, moist paste of ordinary baking soda, the alkali of which neutralizes the acid and greatly relieves the pain. One of the best and most grateful emergency methods of applying both the evaporating and the alkaline principles is by quickly scraping up the surface of a fresh-cut raw potato into pulp and then spreading that pulp thickly over the burn and changing it just as fast as it becomes heated or half dried. After the pain has subsided under these methods the little scorch can be washed and again covered with a patch of gauze or lint or clean white—boiled—cotton or linen dipped in a weak solution of ichthyol or picric acid and a light dressing of two or three thicknesses of gauze either bound on with a thin bandage or painted down at its edges with collodion.

Incidentally, solutions of ordinary baking soda—sodium bicarbonate—are frequently used in the modern cooling dressings of more serious burns with excellent results. Where thick blisters form from the scorch a hypodermic needle is thrust into them, the fluid, full as it is of poison proteins, drawn or gently pressed out, and then the blister filled again with a soda solution through the syringe. When the blister shrinks down and the dried skin over it breaks away the surface underneath is practically healed and coated over with new skin.

While this new light and most helpful illumination upon the real danger of burns was growing clearer and brighter a similar candle was beginning to shine in another realm of the healing art, and the two rays reënforced and broadened each other in a most remarkable manner. Much of our proof of the practical value of the new methods, particularly the paraffin mask, was won and demonstrated on a world-wide scale in the red-hot crucible, the blast-furnace laboratory of war. All the terrible brood of flame injuries, gas burns, chemical burns, flame-thrower — *Flammenwerfer* — burns, had their agonies mercifully lessened by the new treatment as its use gradually spread.

Just as there was a new type of burns in this war calling for new methods of dealing with them, so there was a new type of wound, and, as probably everyone knows, our surgery had to be revolutionized to meet it. At first, following the glorious



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and triumphant antiseptic tradition of prewar days, the chief fight was made to keep germs and filth from without out of the wounds, but in vain. Practically every wound was infected, because most of the shells struck the ground first, and their fragments came up loaded with the bacteria of the soil.

But it was soon found that if a very thorough and painstaking surgical house cleaning under ether, like the *débridement* or first stage of the splendid Carrel treatment, was given to every wound, carefully trimming and clearing away every particle of the tissues which was badly damaged and likely to die, eight times out of ten the wound, if not of excessive extent, could be sewed up tight and heal almost as kindly and promptly as a clean cut. The theory being that the majority of the soil germs were removed by this surgical toilet and the healthy tissues were able to deal with the few survivors. This method, the so-called suture primitive, proved remarkably successful in the large majority of wounds, leaving the more extensive ones to be dealt with by the second or continuous irrigation stage of the Carrel method.

Gradually it dawned on the surgeons that some other process was at work, and that they were relieving the wounded by this method from other dangers as well as that of infection by germs. This was strikingly suggested in some of the severest and most extensive wounds, which were followed by the grave condition known as surgical shock—that is, profound depression, failure of the heart's action, chilliness, unconsciousness, often ending in death.

The cause of this surgical shock, which is also one of our most dreaded terrors after severe accidents and surgical operations in civil life, has been one of the most hotly debated questions in medicine for half a century past. All sorts of theories were advanced and championed—loss of blood, profound nervous depression, acidosis of the blood, failure of the breathing center, adrenal exhaustion, thickening of the blood from loss of fluid—but none of them seemed adequate save to its discoverer or champion.

But now the conception dawned in the crowded operating rooms of the clearing stations and war hospitals that part at least of this dreaded and often deadly vital depression was due to the absorption by the wounded soldier of the broken-down poisonous proteins of his own crushed and damaged tissues. It was noticed that some of the severest cases of fatal shock occurred in extensive wounds—by numerous fragments of shell—of the *muscles and soft tissues only*, when neither arteries of any size nor bones nor nerves were damaged at all.

Treating Surgical Shock

The cue was quickly taken and the idea put to practical test. If this absorption of the cleavage products of the wounded man's own damaged tissues was the cause of shock, then gentle compression of the limb above the wound, enough to stop the circulation temporarily and cut off the entrance into the system of the poisons, should relieve the shock. The next case of severe and alarming shock in which the wound was low enough down to allow a bandage to be thrown round the limb above it was selected. A tourniquet was put on and twisted fairly tight. Within ten minutes the shock began to diminish. The patient's condition improved and remained good until the wound could be given a thorough surgical house cleaning.

Then the tourniquet was gradually relaxed, without any return of the shock, and the patient made a gratifying and uninterrupted recovery. This threw a flood of light upon the fact, already discovered by bitter practical experience, that in the World War surgery, in the old legal phrase, "Speed is the essence of the contract," and that in severe, crushing wounds, with shock, everything depended upon operating at the earliest possible moment after the injury.

Eighty successive cases of shock were observed at one dressing station from this point of view, and it was found that of those operated upon within three hours or less of being wounded, eighty-nine per cent recovered; of those that did not reach the station until from three to six hours after the injury, sixty-three per cent recovered; while of those whose operation was delayed for eight hours or more, only twenty-five per cent were saved.

Evidently what was happening was that the patients' own bodies were digesting, or in technical terms autolyzing, their own crushed and damaged tissues and turning them into deadly poisons, and the longer the process went on the deeper and the more dangerous the poisoning.

Once a probable clew had been found, scores of actual cases in corroboration were observed, some of them of the most striking character.

It seemed more than probable that the wonderful triumphs of surgery in the World War, which have now become a household word, saving ninety per cent of all the wounded who survived six hours, was due not only to the clearing out of the majority of the bacteria and prevention of the entrance of any new ones by the suture primitive, but also to the clearing away at the earliest possible moment of every scrap of damaged and devitalized tissue of the patient's own body before it had time to break down and turn itself into deadly poisons.

The reason why this thorough and painstaking clearing out of the wounds was adopted was not with any idea of preventing self-poisoning, for that conception had not dawned yet, but to get rid of as many germs as possible and because the crushed and devitalized tissues would furnish splendid food and a culture medium for the bacteria which were left in the wound, and which could not live and feed upon healthy living tissues.

Protection From Self-Poison

The credit for this new explanation of shock, which, though possibly not the sole or final one, appears to be the most adequate and satisfactory yet suggested, is divided about equally between the medical scientists of the three great Allied nations on the Western Front. It was probably first definitely outlined by Professors Quenu and Delbet, of Paris; then suggested independently by our own Cannon, of Harvard, and taken up by a joint English and American commission on surgical shock, being finally submitted to experimental test in the laboratory in conjunction with Bayliss, of London.

Here Cannon's splendid work amplified and corroborated at every point his toxic or protein-poison theory of shock by a brilliant series of experiments. So that by a merciful paradox out of the horrors of war have come new light on methods of healing, new powers for the ease of suffering and the prevention of crippling and death.

It is safe to say that by the application of the new knowledge and new methods in industrial and other accident surgery, thousands of lives will be saved and tens of thousands of cripplings prevented every year. We are even beginning to speculate upon the particular protein splinter which most frequently causes this self-poisoning and the possibility of securing a serum against it.

At the same time an entirely new and most valuable insight has been given into many other disease conditions, such, for instance, as appendicitis, where the absorption of the poisons from the sufferer's own breaking-down tissues is one of the chief sources of danger, even before infection may occur. In ulcers of the stomach and obstruction of the intestine the same sort of self-poisoning goes on, as well as in certain forms of liver trouble. In cholera and other intense inflammations of the alimentary canal a similar breaking down of the tissues of the intestinal wall takes place, with the production of poisonous protein products which produce the fatal collapse so striking in this disease. The corrosive effect of the bile in severe burns, causing ulcers of the duodenum, as mentioned in the case of the miners, is probably due to the great poison filter of the body, the liver, being unable to strain out or neutralize all the burn poisons and passing some of them on in the bile unchanged.

The number of fields into which the new conception carries us are already too many to enumerate. In fact, if half the present prospects of help from our new knowledge of how to protect ourselves from self-poisons from within as well as from germs from without should come true they may be means of saving full half as many American lives every year as were lost on the battlefields of the Great War. And from this point of view alone our dead who sleep in Flanders fields have not died in vain, but have passed on a beacon torch of healing for the generations yet to come.

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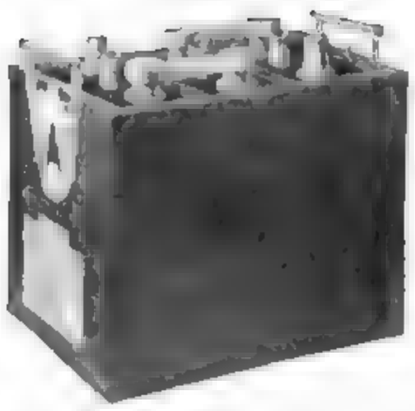

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THE REPARATIONS SETTLEMENT

(Continued from Page 11)

9. DOMESTIC TAX. It is frequently asserted in the French press that German taxes are low, and that large sums could be secured for payment of reparations by increasing taxes. Many practicable methods of internal direct taxation are available: Head tax; income, excess profits and corporation taxes; tax on coal; tax on state monopolies, such as railways, telegraph, telephone, post office, tobacco and alcohol. It is true, viewed internally, that these could be increased to a large figure in all directions, except the head tax. German excess profits and corporation taxes are relatively low. A tax on state monopolies, as at present conducted in Germany, would yield little for the simple reason that railways, telephone, telegraph and post office are run at an enormous deficit because overmanned and undertariffed. Increase in inheritance tax, capital tax levy, tax on war profits and a tax on industry based on index numbers have been proposed as feasible sources of revenue. Once raised and the sums representing the denominated fraction of internal taxes earmarked for reparations, how is the paper money to be got out of the country in a form useful to the Allies?

German taxes are not high and evasion is ubiquitous. The German budget for 1920–21 had a deficit of 81,000,000,000 marks out of a total of 134,000,000,000 marks, with some 19,000,000,000 marks of the deficit still to be covered by a loan. The present system in Germany is for the state to become poorer and the magnates, banks and trusts richer each day.

The new French budget has a heavy deficit, not due to fiscal waste as in Germany but to outlays for restoration of devastated areas. The new British budget is very onerous, and the burden is lightened by no shilling contributed by Germany. The Belgian budget also suffers from the German default. A comparison of the fiscal situations in the four countries is greatly to the discredit of Germany. Opinion in the four countries unites in the view that Germany has premeditated the deficiencies in her budgets, or at least that she declines to apply the obvious corrections.

Expatriated Capital

10. PARTICIPATION IN GERMAN INDUSTRIES. This is a suggestion that has found considerable favor in certain German circles. Participation could be either in proceeds—a certain percentage of the profits—or in ownership of shares. The total gold value of incorporated and appropriate individual industries in Germany in 1913 was a little under 14,000,000,000 marks. These industries have been somewhat expanded; on the other hand, gold has depreciated. Possibly a fair value at present would be 16,000,000,000 gold marks. The German suggestion runs to the effect that 30 per cent, in terms of income or shares, be turned over to the Allies. This would amount to 4,800,000,000 gold marks, or nearly $1,200,000,000. Obviously this figure, though helpful, is not large enough to solve the immediate problem. If participation were in profits an elaborate system would have to be organized to insure correct audit. If participation were to be in holdership of shares definite methods of procedure would need to be instituted. The Germans on the one hand would wish to be protected against possible abuse of power that may arise when one holder has 30 per cent of the shares while the others are scattered.

On the other hand, the holder of the 30 per cent would need to be protected against arbitrary and fraudulent action by holders of the 70 per cent. The proposition, however, remains a tangible method of payment of reparation.

11. FOREIGN VALUES. In 1913 Germany possessed foreign investments aggregating nearly $5,000,000,000. These were distributed in three ways. A large proportion were in countries that became enemy, and the properties were subject to sequestration by enemy property custodians. Large blocks were in neutral countries contiguous to Germany and thus under direct control. Other blocks were in neutral countries distant from Germany and thus subject only to indirect control, though free of seizure by the Allies. In 1916 the German Government instituted registration of foreign securities held by citizens of the empire. This was largely evaded by concealment and by smuggling the securities into adjacent neutral countries. Since the armistice such expatriation has continued. The German holders of securities cached in neutral countries draw on the accrued income, allow income to accumulate or sell the security. During recent months it has become quite the thing to sell foreign securities and return the proceeds to Germany under the name of foreign capital, to participate in German industries with freedom from capital tax levy.

The sequestrated German property in foreign hands is stated in Germany to amount to about 9,000,000,000 gold marks. Competent economists in Germany value the German foreign holdings in neutral countries at about the same figure, the total being about $4,500,000,000 at normal exchange. A levy upon such securities would be very advantageous to the Allies, because it would yield gold and provoke no competition with industries. The Germans resist confiscation on the ground that their government would not or could not reimburse them, and for the additional theoretical reason that these securities represent, more than their gold reserve, the actual basis of circulation of paper money in Germany.

It is clear that a capital levy on foreign securities of German subjects cannot be applied to the holdings in Germany and in neutral countries. But it could be done with respect to the sequestrated holdings in the United Kingdom, France, Italy and the United States.

12. TRANSFER OF ALLIED DEBTS. An indirect form of immediate reparation would be the transfer to Germany of the debts of the United Kingdom, France and Italy and Belgium to the United States, thus releasing obligations for interest charges at the moment and repayment within the next ten years. This would have an immediate effect upon the value of sterling, franc and lira. It would represent a substantial reparation involving no industrial competitions. Apparently there is little objection to this scheme in Germany.

13. A FOREIGN LOAN. If a foreign loan could be floated, largely in neutral countries and in the United States, divided into two parts, one devoted to purchase of raw materials for Germany and the other turned over to the Allies in terms of gold, an immediate reparation would be accomplished without industrial complications and with a positive benefit to the recovery of production in Germany. Questions of priority, security, rate of interest, term and method of repayment complicate the project. In addition, mortgage money is scarce in the world at present and confidence in German pledges none too high.

The Problem of Conversion

14. ISSUE OF INTERNAL LOANS. These would need to be German state bonds with priority over war loans. An internal loan, for example, of 20,000,000,000 marks, if it could be floated, would represent immediate reparation, subject, of course, to the recurring difficulty of getting the paper money out of Germany to the Allies in the form useful to them. The Germans resist the suggestion on the ground that they will need to issue large loans in order to cover the deficit in their budget and that further loans could not be absorbed. If priority were given to a loan for reparations the necessary loans for covering the deficit in the budget would be much more difficult to float.

Mention has been made repeatedly that many of the methods of raising indemnities yield only paper money in Germany and leave the problem of converting this into gold or bills outside of Germany. It cannot be dogmatically stated that such conversion could not be done; but to what extent, the experiment alone could determine. Germany seems to have surprisingly little difficulty in selling paper marks throughout

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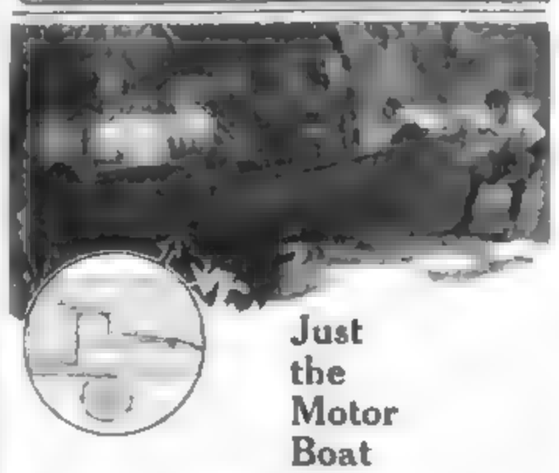

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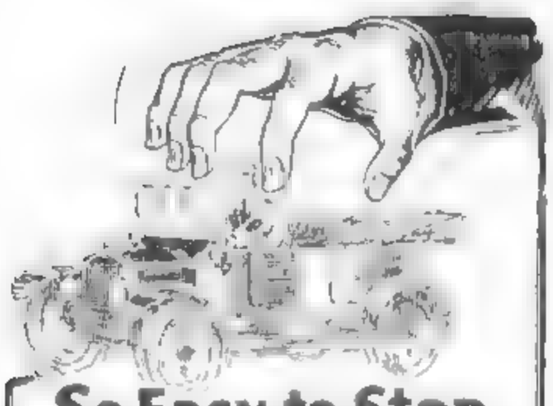

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the world at present. Most of her imports are paid for with foreign bills secured by sale of paper marks. According to German economists, there are supposed to be between 17,000,000,000 and 20,000,000,000 paper marks outside of Germany. Where these figures are obtained is not stated. To what extent the world would absorb German marks in addition to the present daily sale, the offerings conducted under proper auspices, with correct publicity and carried on with the purpose of producing the maximum result and not with desire to sabotage by wrecking the value of the mark, cannot be determined except by trial. But when a Frenchman views the German imports of cotton he naturally wonders why German marks could not be sold for American bills of exchange to be turned over to France for purchase of cotton.

Paper marks turned over to the Allies in Germany could, of course, be used in the purchase of goods. The result would be that the Allies would become merchandisers of German goods in their home markets and throughout the world, in competition with Germans engaged in the same trade. One can conceive situations in which goods might be preferable to bills of foreign exchange. But certainly the plan does not make for simplicity.

The $250,000,000, first payment in indemnity, paid in May, was accomplished partly through the sale of paper marks in foreign countries. The Germans also sold European bills of exchange. That had, of course, the effect of raising the premium on the dollar. Thus the contention of the Allies that Germany could market her exchange to a greater extent than she had been willing to do was given a concrete confirmation.

15. In 1913 the invisible resources of Germany brought in about 2,000,000,000 gold marks. This was secured from foreign investments, banking, shipping, insurance and expenditures of tourists. A certain fraction of this remains, mostly interest on foreign investments. The banking, insurance and shipping have practically passed into the hands of the United Kingdom, the United States and Japan. If the commodity resources of Germany are unable to pay her reparations, why should not the invisible resources be resurrected? In other words, why should not a certain volume of shipping, insurance and banking be returned to Germany in order that earnings of these services might be added to the sums otherwise secured for payment of reparations? This is the thought that continually recurs to the Belgians, French and Italians, who observe that writers in the United Kingdom confine their arguments to reparations to be secured from the commodity resources of Germany.

German Opinion Divided

The political situation in Germany has had an important bearing on the development of negotiations. The cabinets are delicately balanced on a knife edge. One group of Germans believe that the country has a moral obligation to make reparation. In this group are workmen, social democrats, intellectual idealists and pacifists. A second group, mostly socialists and middle-class tradespeople, believe in making reparation because it has been pledged and is to be accepted as the result of defeat. A third group, including traders, manufacturers and bankers, favor payment of reparation as good business and sound politics. "Reparations mean orders." A fourth group, of the same composition as the last, hold the contrary view and endeavor in every way to reduce the obligations and thwart the fulfillment. To the extreme right stand the militarists, aristocrats, agrarians and most of the university classes, who support the dictum of Count Westarp that Germany alone of all the combatants was without guilt in the course and conduct of the war. From this position it is but a step to claiming reimbursement for the costs of military occupation of Belgium and Northern France. Harassed by internal conflicts, the last coalition cabinet found it difficult indeed to formulate any plan that would not defeat its sponsor in the Reichstag. The distrust of German sincerity in the negotiations, so universally felt in foreign lands, is shared in German liberal circles, who regarded the tactics of the government as reprehensible.

That the chancellor of an empire should acknowledge publicly and officially, orally before his parliament and in documents over his signature, that the world with which he was dealing mistrusts the motives and distrusts the pledges of his government was a situation amazing enough to afford food for reflection to the historians and philosophers of Germany. Even after the retirement of the cabinet the ultimatum would not have been accepted by the Reichstag upon the merits of the proposition. The right wing yielded to force, to the fear of the consequences of occupation of the district of the Ruhr. The agreement will be carried out, so far as the right wing is concerned, solely because of fear of a later occupation of the Ruhr if the nation commit default. The right wing does not object especially to the amount of indemnity, but to the reason for imposition. If the right wing were told that the sum demanded represented the price of defeat they would agree in theory. They object to disarmament because that implies that the country cannot be trusted. They object to the trial of war criminals because that casts reflection on their methods of warfare. They object to indemnity under the armistice—the stipulations of Erzberger—because that was based upon the proposition that German methods of warfare on civilians were uncivilized. With the psychology of a warlike people, they understand that victors impose terms on losers, as Bismarck did in 1871; and to this the right wing would have little objection. This distinction between the objections to reparation because of reason for reparation rather than because of amount of reparation must not be lost on Americans, since it is certain to reappear in every dispute over the carrying out of the formal agreements.

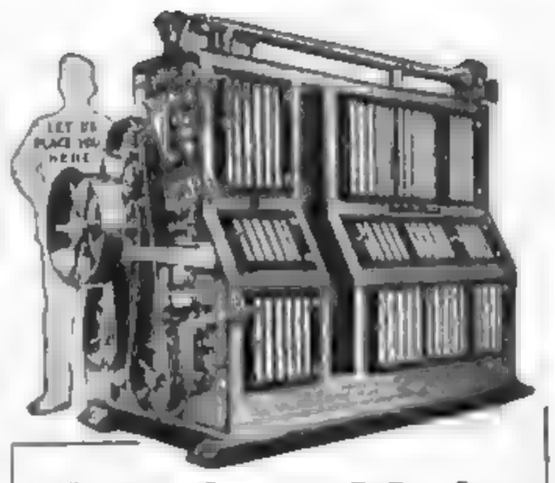
The Annual Minimum

The final proposition of the Allied nations, accepted by Germany early in May, represented a noteworthy achievement in negotiations. The proposal was in the first place strictly legal, in full conformity with the Treaty of Versailles. The figures set are moderate. The possible maximum figure is the obligation determined by the Reparations Commission, 132,000,000,000 gold marks; the possible minimum figure is 50,000,000,000 gold marks, the amount offered by Germany. The terms are elastic and adaptable. The payments, in annuities and in total, are proportioned to the prosperity of Germany. The widest scope in modalities is made available. Germany contracted to pay within the month $250,000,000 in gold or equal values. This has been fulfilled. Germany is to pay 12,000,000,000 gold marks—$3,000,000,000, this to cover the sum in default—and bonds covering this sum were to be delivered to the Reparations Commission before July first. Before November first a second installment of bonds is to be turned over, 38,000,000,000 gold marks—$9,500,000,000.

These two sets of bonds are to be retired according to a prescribed manner. For this purpose, first, Germany has contracted to deliver to the Allies annually 2,000,000,000 gold marks. This she may collect according to any of the above stated modalities. Second, she agreed to levy an export tax of 26 per cent, of which 1 per cent is to be applied to specified amortization.

The annual interest and sinking fund charges of the 50,000,000,000 mark gold bonds amount to 3,000,000,000 marks, or $750,000,000. This is the sum that represents the minimum annual reparation. And no further reparation is to be exacted should the annual exports of Germany not exceed $1,000,000,000. The annual payment of $750,000,000 would extinguish the $12,500,000,000 gold bonds in a little more than thirty years.

Should the export trade of Germany return to the $2,000,000,000 mark—the prewar figure—she would pay $520,000,000 in export tax and $500,000,000 directly. This would amount to more than the sum required to meet the charges for interest and amortization on the $12,500,000,000 bonds. Then the Reparations Commission may issue additional bonds corresponding to the additional payments. If the exports were to rise to $3,000,000,000, then the payments derived from the export tax would equal $780,000,000, and the Reparations Commission would issue proportionately more bonds. The total amount that may be issued under this third group is 82,000,000,000 gold marks. These are to be issued only if, as and when the trade of Germany yields export-tax



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payments to cover the charges for interest and amortization, and to that extent only. Under these circumstances, the damming back of capital and interest charges is entirely avoided, and the indemnity rises with the production and prosperity of Germany.

The bonds that were to be delivered to the Reparations Commission on July first and those to be turned over on November first, $12,500,000,000, are to be divided among the Allies. France receives 52 per cent, the United Kingdom 22, Italy and Belgium each 10 per cent, and the remainder is distributed among the smaller Allied countries. These bearer bonds become the properties of the named governments.

Naturally the Allies will wish to sell at least a part of these bonds. Ready money is what they need. To whom are 5 per cent German bonds to be sold? It seems certain that the bonds held by the United Kingdom, France, Belgium and Italy cannot be sold in those countries to private investors or to banks. The British do not want them, because they have no intention of building up industrial competitors in Germany. The French and the Italians have no funds to send out of their countries. Germany's neutral neighbors may be counted upon to purchase some. Possibly German citizens may buy some. If the discount were heavy the bonds would represent an attractive investment to Germans who have faith in the recovery of their country. Any manipulation that would force down the price of the bonds would be to the interest of the German investor. But the Allies and Germany alike look to the neutral nations of the world, and to the United States, for the disposal of these bonds. With the current rates of interest, these bonds cannot be sold at par, in all likelihood only at heavy discount.

The next crisis in the reparation situation will occur in November. The quarterly payment falls due in November and includes one-quarter of the fixed annual sum, $125,000,000, and the sum representing the export tax on the trade of the second quarter of the calendar year, possibly $50,000,000. It is hardly to be expected that world trade will revive sufficiently during the next few months to enable the Germans to expand export trade to the plane required fully to meet the specified payment. If Germany defaults, the holders of the bonds—the governments of the Allies or private investors—will have to press her for payment. The pressure of investors may be disregarded. But the Allies would certainly press for payment, and this according to the terms of the ultimatum could take the form of occupation of the Ruhr. Without doubt therefore the date of the next quarterly payment may be a critical day. Germany has every immediate motive for payment and the Allies have every power of enforcement.

It seems clear, from the operations attending the payment of the $250,000,000 in May, that the Germans will find it to their advantage to make the quarterly payments, when not in goods or in kind, in terms of dollar exchange. And if the German finance minister does not convert his payments into dollar exchange the Reparations Commission would most likely do so. This may be expected to lead to noticeable or even violent fluctuations in the rates of exchange at a time when stabilization in exchange rates is most obviously desirable. Nor is it to be assumed that such sharp increase in the premium of the dollar is of advantage to American trade. Clearly, the periodic character of the payments of reparation will tend to increase the difficulties of international trade.

The human factor in the situation must not be lost sight of. The question of reparations is not simply a problem in banking. Owing to the circumstances of the war, the human factor demands that Germany exert the maximum effort in reparation. No figure can be set in advance; reparation must be by the method of trial and error. The established agreement provides for adaptations in payments, to be arranged between Germany and the Reparations Commission, so designed as to enable Germany to make free use of any and all of the possible modalities of payment. With each quarter, if Germany sincerely works and saves, the limitations of reparations will become clearer—the limitations of what the Allies can accept from Germany, the limitations of her powers of production in all lines.

During the process of payments Germany must be accorded freedom of economic activities, otherwise full production and trade cannot be achieved. It has often been remarked that the world cannot return to normal economics until the terms of reparation are settled. It may also be observed that the reparations will not be carried out unless the trade processes of the world are free and normal.

German and British economists are agreed that Germany now faces increase in production costs and elevation in domestic prices for domestic products. The Russian market will be sorely missed in the immediate future, and it is difficult to see how it is to be replaced. France loses not only the interest on her loans to Russia, but also the reparation share of the profits of German trade with Russia.

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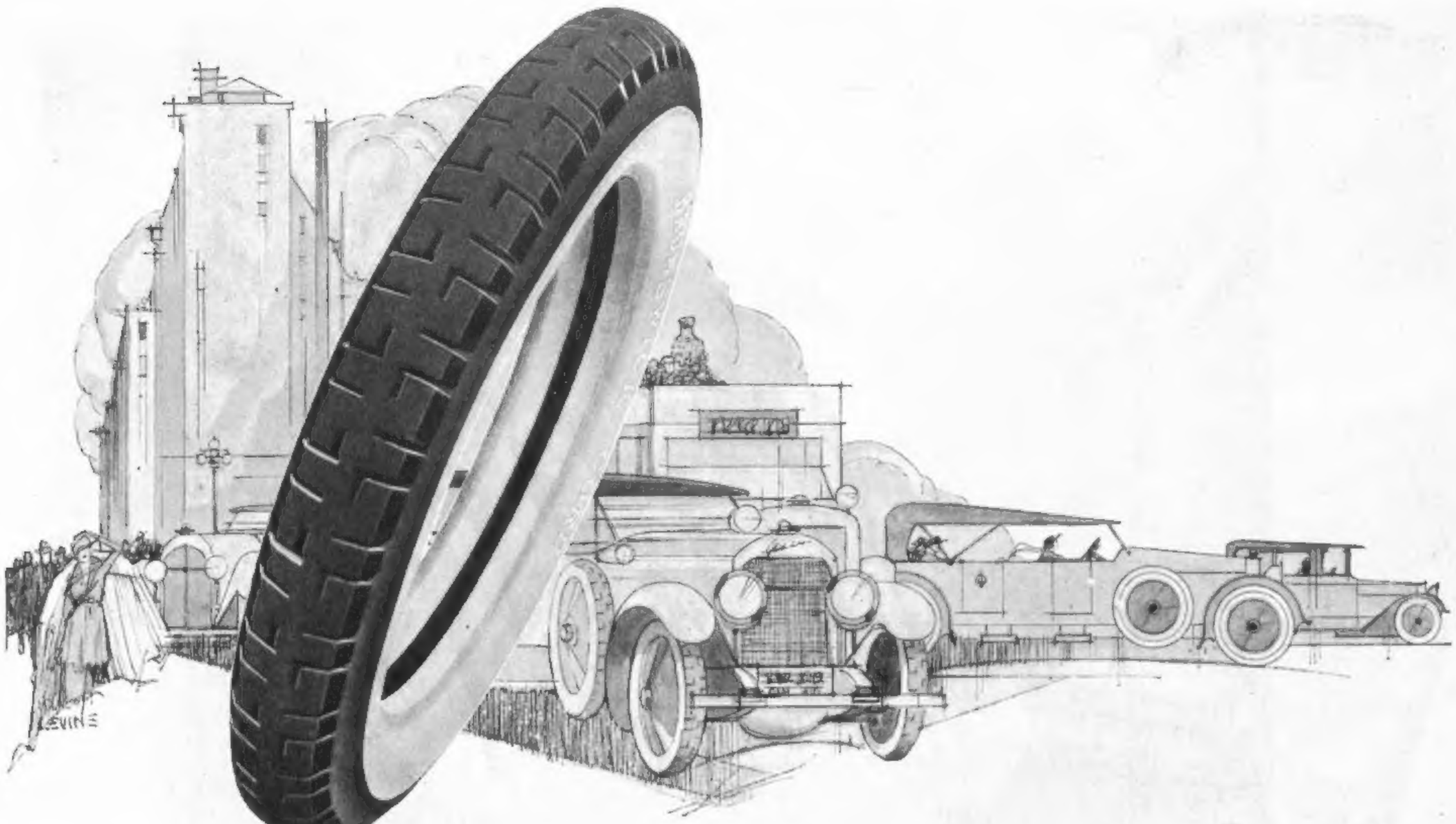

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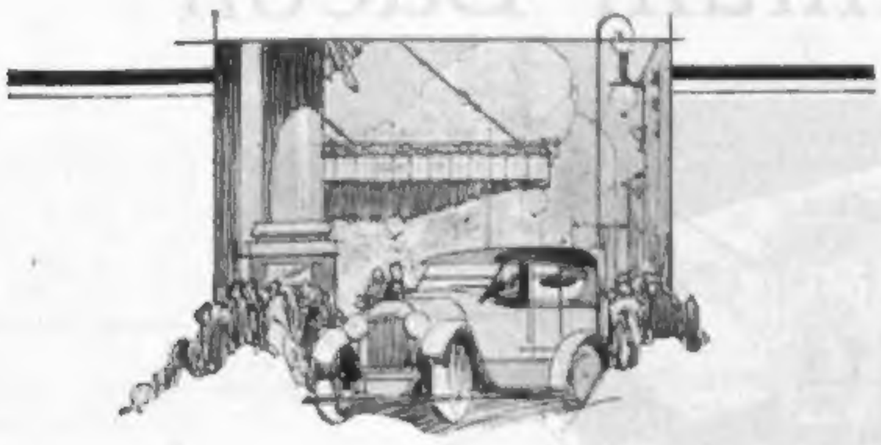

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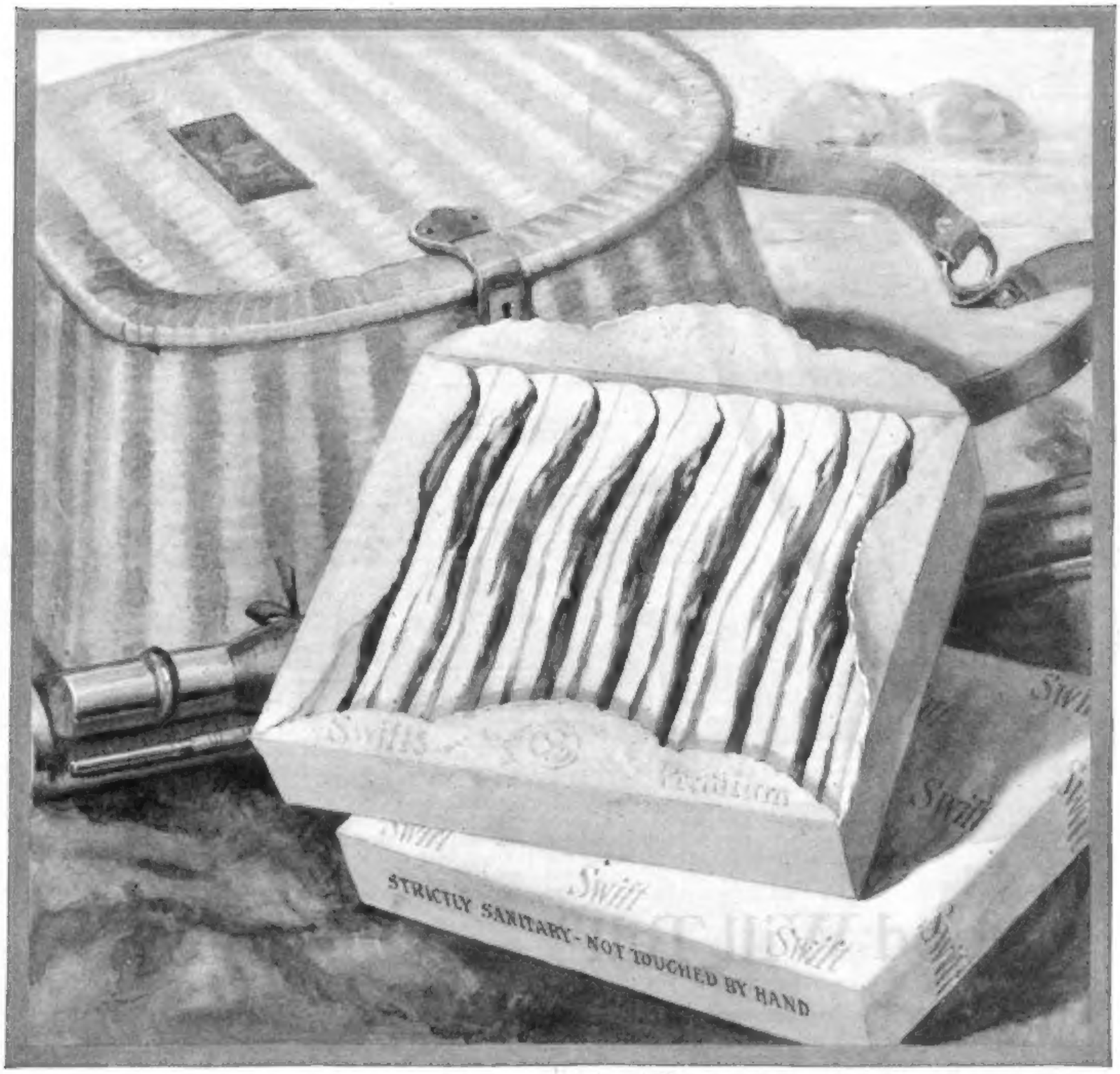

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